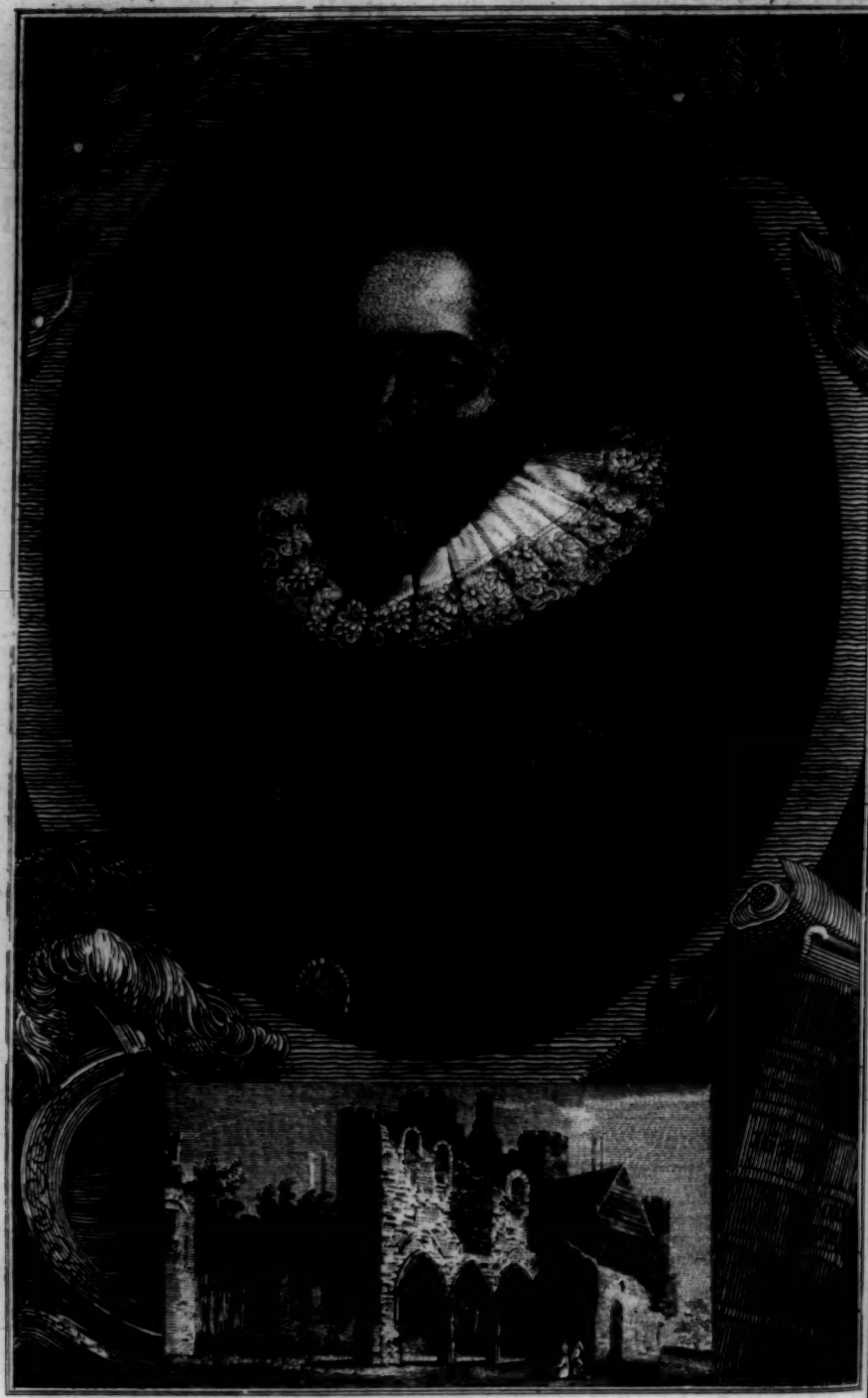
THE

PLAYS AND POEMS

OF

WILLIAM SHAKSPEARE.

VOLUME THE FIFTEENTH.



HENRY WRIOTHESLEY,
EARL OF SOUTHAMPTON.
Engraved by A. Ferguson, from an original Picture in the collection of His Grace the Duke of Bedford

THE

PLAYS AND POEMS

OF

WILLIAM SHAKSPEARE.

VOLUME THE FIFTEENTH.

CONTAINING

VENUS AND ADONIS.
RAPE OF LUCRECE.
OTHELLO, THE MOORE OF VENICE.

DUBLIN:

PRINTED BY JOHN EXSHAW, No. 98, GRAFTON-STREET.

1794.

45.
8. 30.
579.

VENUS AND ADONIS.

Vilia miretur vulgus, mihi flavus Apollo
Pocula Caſtalia plena miniſtret aqua. Ovid.

THE EPISTLE.

TO THE RIGHT HONOURABLE

HENRY WRIOTHESLY,

EARL of SOUTHAMPTON, and BARON of TICHFIELD.

RIGHT HONOURABLE,

I KNOW not how I ſhall offend in dedicating my unpoliſhed lines to your lordſhip, nor how the world will cenſure me for chooſing ſo ſtrong a prop to ſupport ſo weak a burthen: only, if your honour ſeem but pleaſed, I account myſelf highly praiſed, and vow to take advantage of all idle hours, till I have honoured you with ſome graver labour. But if the firſt heir of my invention prove deformed, I ſhall be ſorry it had ſo noble a godfather, and never after ear ſo barren a land [1], for fear it yield me ſtill ſo bad a harveſt. I leave it to your honourable ſurvey, and your honour [2] to your heart's content; which I wiſh may always anſwer your own wiſh, and the world's hopeful expectation.

Your Honour's in all duty,

WILLIAM SHAKSPEARE.

[1] —ear *ſo barren a land,*] To *ear*, is to plow. MALONE.

[2] —*and your* honour—] This was formerly the uſual mode of addreſs to noblemen. So, in a letter written by Sir Francis Bacon to Robert, lord Cecil, July 3, 1603: "Laſtly, for this divulged and almoſt proſtituted title of knighthood, I could without charge, by your *honour's* mean, be content to have it,—." Birch's Collection, p. 24. MALONE.

MEMOIRS

OF

HENRY WRIOTHESLY,

THE THIRD EARL OF SOUTHAMPTON.

OF the nobleman to whom Shakſpeare has addreſſed the only two pieces that he appears ever to have publiſhed, few particulars are known. However, the circumſtances, of his having been the moſt intimate friend of Robert earl of Eſſex, and, according to tradition, the liberal benefactor of our poet, have endeared his memory to poſterity. His grandfather Thomas, the firſt earl, was lord chancellor in the time of King Henry VIII. and one of his executors. His father Henry, who died in 1583, was a Roman Catholick, and a ſtrenuous partizan of Mary queen of Scots. Our great poet's patron was born in 1573. In December, 1585, he became a member of Saint John's college in Cambridge [3], and was admitted to the degree of bachelor of arts in 1589, after a reſidence of four years in the univerſity, "where (ſays a contemporary writer [4],) he ſpent his time in the ſtudie of good letters, and after confirmed that ſtudie, with travaile and foraigne obſervation."

He accompanied lord Eſſex as a volunteer in the expedition to Cadiz in 1596; and, in the following year, he was appointed captain of the *Garland*, one of Queen Elizabeth's beſt ſhips, (for in thoſe times the firſt nobility, though not bred to the ſea, occaſionally ſerved in the navy,) and acted as vice-admiral of the firſt ſquadron in the fleet that ſailed againſt the Azores. In that

[3] In the book of matriculation, which my friend Dr. Farmer very obligingly examined at my requeſt, is the following entry: "Hen. Comes Sowthampton, impubes 12°. an°." St. John's Coll. Dec. 11, 1585.

[4] HONOUR IN HIS PERFECTION, or a Treatiſe in commendation of the vertues and renowned vertuous undertakings of the illuſtrious and heroick princes, Henrie earle of Oxenforde, Henrie earle of Southampton, and Robert earle of Eſſex. By G. M. [Gervais Markham.] 4to. 1624.

expedition,

expedition, happening, with only three of the Queen's ſhips and a few merchant-men, to fall in with thirty-five ſail of Spaniſh galleons, laden with the treaſures of South America, he ſunk one of them, diſperſed ſeveral others that were afterwards taken, and drove the reſt into a bay of the iſland of Tercera, which was then unaſſailable.—After the Engliſh had taken and ſpoiled the town of Villa Franca, the enemy finding that moſt of them were gone aboard their ſhips, and that only the earls of Eſſex and Southampton, with a few others, remained on ſhore, came down upon them with all their force, but were received with ſuch ſpirit, that many of the Spaniards were put to the ſword, and the reſt obliged to retreat. On this occaſion lord Southampton behaved with ſuch gallantry that he was knighted in the field by lord Eſſex, "ere (ſays the writer abovementioned,) he could dry the ſweat from his brows, or put his ſword up in the ſcabbard."

In 1598 he attended his noble friend to Ireland, as General of the horſe; from which employment (after having greatly diſtinguiſhed himſelf by overcoming the rebels in Munſter,) he was diſmiſſed by the peremptory orders of Queen Elizabeth, who was offended with him for having preſumed to marry Miſs Elizabeth Vernon, [in 1596,] without her majeſty's conſent; which in thoſe days was eſteemed a heinous offence. This lady (of whom there is an original picture at Sherborne Caſtle in Dorſetſhire, the ſeat of lord Digby,) was firſt couſin to lord Eſſex.

When that nobleman, for having returned from Ireland without the permiſſion of the Queen, was confined at the lord keeper's houſe, lord Southampton withdrew from court. At this period a circumſtance is mentioned by a writer of that time, which correſponds with the received account of his admiration of Shakſpeare. "My lord Southampton and lord Rutland (ſays Rowland Whyte in a letter to Sir Robert Sydney, dated in the latter end of the year 1599, SYDNEY PAPERS, Vol. II. p. 132,) came not to the court [at Nonſuch]. The one doth but very ſeldome. They paſs away the tyme in London, *merely in going to plaies every day.*" At this time *King Henry V.* which had been produced in the ſpring of that year, and contains an elegant compliment to lord Eſſex, was probably exhibiting with applauſe. Roger

earl

earl of Rutland (to whom lord Eſſex addreſſed that pathetick letter which is printed in Howard's Collection, Vol. II. p. 521, where it is abſurdly entitled "A letter to the earl of *Southampton*.") was married to the daughter of lady Eſſex by her firſt huſband, Sir Philip Sydney.

Lord Southampton being condemned for having joined the earl of Eſſex in his wild project, that amiable nobleman generouſly ſupplicated the Lords for his unfortunate friend, declaring at the ſame time that he was himſelf not at all ſolicitous for life; and we are told by Camden, who was preſent at the trial, that lord Southampton requeſted the peers to intercede for her majeſty's mercy, (againſt whom he proteſted that he had never any ill intention,) with ſuch ingenuous modeſty, and ſuch ſweet and perſuaſive elocution, as greatly affected all who heard him. Though even the treacherous enemies of Eſſex (as we learn from Oſborne,) ſupplicated the inexorable Elizabeth, to ſpare the life of lord Southampton, he for ſome time remained doubtful of his fate, but at length was pardoned: yet he was confined in the Tower during the remainder of the Queen's reign. Bacon mentions that on her death he was much viſited there. On the firſt of April, 1603, ſix days only after her deceaſe, King James ſent a letter for his releaſe; of which there is a copy in the Muſeum. It is dated at Holyrood Houſe, and directed "to the nobility of England, and the right truſty and well beloved the counſel of ſtate ſitting at Whitehall."—On the 10th of the ſame month lord Southampton was releaſed, the king, at the ſame time that he ſent the order for his enlargement, honouring him ſo far as to deſire him to meet him on his way to England. Soon afterwards his attainder was reverſed, and he was inſtalled a knight of the Garter. In the ſame year he was conſtituted governour of the Iſle of Wight, and of Cariſbrooke caſtle; in which office, ſays the hiſtorian of that iſland, (from the manuſcript memoirs of Sir John Oglander,) "his juſt, affable, and obliging deportment gained him the love of all ranks of people, and raiſed the iſland to a moſt flouriſhing ſtate, many gentlemen reſiding there in great affluence and hoſpitality."

By the machinations of lord Eſſex's great adverſary, the earl of Saliſbury, (whoſe mind ſeems to have been as crooked as his body,) it is ſuppoſed King James was perſuaded

perſuaded to believe that too great an intimacy ſubſiſted between lord Southampton and his queen; on which account, (though the charge was not avowed, diſaffection to the king being the crime alledged,) he was apprehended in the latter end of June 1604; but there being no proof whatſoever of his diſloyalty, he was immediately releaſed. In the ſummer of 1612, as we are told by Rowland Whyte, he went to Spa, much diſguſted at not having obtained a ſeat in the council. His military ardour ſeems at no period of his life to have deſerted him. In 1614 we find him with the romantick lord Herbert of Cherbury, at the ſiege of Rees in the dutchy of Cleve. In 1619, he was at length appointed a privy counſellor. Two years afterwards, having joined the popular party, who were juſtly inflamed at the king's ſupineneſs and puſillanimity, in ſuffering the Palatinate to be wreſted from his ſon-in-law, and, what was a ſtill more heinous offence, having rebuked the duke of Buckingham for a diſorderly ſpeech that he had made in the Houſe of Lords, he was committed to the cuſtody of the dean of Weſtminſter, at the ſame time that the earl of Oxford and Sir Edward Coke were ſent to the Tower; but he was ſoon enlarged.

On the rupture with Spain in 1624, he was appointed jointly with the young earl of Eſſex and the lords Oxford and Willoughby, to the command of ſix thouſand men, who were ſent to the Low-countries, to act under prince Maurice againſt the Spaniards; but was cut off by a fever at Berghen-op-zoom on the 10th of November in that year. The ignorance of the Dutch phyſicians, who bled him too copiouſly, is ſaid to have occaſioned his death. He left three daughters, (Penelope, who married William lord Spencer of Wormleighton; Anne, who married Robert Wallop of Farley, in the county of Southampton, ſon of Sir Henry Wallop, knight; and Elizabeth, who married Sir Henry Eſtcourt, knight;) and one ſon, Thomas, who was lord high treaſurer of England in the time of King Charles II. His eldeſt ſon James, who had accompanied him in this his laſt campaign, died a few days before, of the ſame diſorder that proved fatal to his father.

Wilſon, the hiſtorian, who attended lord Eſſex in this expedition, is more particular. In his *Hiſtory of King James*, he ſays, they were both ſeized with a fever at *Roſendale*,

Roſendale, which put an end to the ſon's life; that lord Southampton, having recovered of the fever, departed from Roſendale with an intention to bring his ſon's body into England; but at Berghen-op-zoom "he died of a *lethargy*, in the view and preſence of the relater;" and that the two bodies were brought in the ſame bark to Southampton. He was buried at Tichfield in Hampſhire.

Lady Southampton ſurvived her huſband many years, King Charles I. having been concealed by her for ſome time in the manſion houſe of Tichfield, (which lord Clarendon calls "a noble ſeat,") after his eſcape from Hampton Court in Nov. 1647.

Their ſon Thomas, the fourth earl of Southampton, dying in May, 1667, without iſſue male, the title became extinct. He left three daughters. Magdalene, the youngeſt, died unmarried. Rachael, his ſecond daughter, married, firſt, Francis lord Vaughan, eldeſt ſon of Richard, earl of Carbery; and afterwards the illuſtrious William lord Ruſſel, by whom ſhe had Wriotheſly, the ſecond duke of Bedford. Lady Elizabeth, the eldeſt daughter, married Edward Noel, (eldeſt ſon of Baptiſt Viſcount Campden,) who in 1680 was created Baron Noel of Tichfield, and in 1682, earl of Gainſborough. Their only ſon Wriotheſly Baptiſt earl of Gainſborough died in 1690, leaving only two daughters; of whom Elizabeth, the elder, married Henry the firſt duke of Portland, and Rachael married Henry the ſecond duke of Beaufort. On a partition of the real and perſonal property between thoſe two noble families, about the year 1735, lord Southampton's eſtate at Tichfield, which had belonged to a monaſtery of Ciſtercian monks in the time of King Henry VIII. was part of the ſhare of the duke of Beaufort, and now belongs to Peter Delmé, eſq. *Beaulieu*, in Hampſhire, which at preſent belongs to the repreſentatives of the late duke of Montagu, was, if I miſtake not, formerly the property of our earl of Southampton.

From Rowland Whyte's letters lord Southampton ſeems to have been very fond of tennis, at which game he once loſt 18000 crowns in Paris, on one match; [2250l. ſterl.] and ſir John Oglander, in his manuſcript memoirs of the Iſle of Wight, relates as a proof of his affable deportment in his government, that he uſed to play

play at bowls twice a week on Saint George's Down, with the principal gentlemen of the iſland.

He is ſaid, on the authority of Sir William D'Avenant, to have given Shakſpeare the ſum of 1000l. to complete a purchaſe, which was at leaſt equivalent to 5000l. at this day. This alone will for ever immortalize his memory.

Of this amiable and accompliſhed nobleman there is an original portrait at Gorhambury, the ſeat of lord viſcount Grimſton, by Vanſomer, as I conceive; another at Woburn Abbey, by Miervelt; and two in the poſſeſſion of his grace the duke of Portland; one a whole length, when he was a young man, and the other a half length, when he was a priſoner in the Tower. Each of the noble poſſeſſors of theſe pictures, in the moſt obliging manner permitted drawings to be made from them for the uſe of the preſent work.

From the teſtimony of Camden [5] and others, he appears to have been no leſs devoted to the muſes than to military atchievements. We find his name, as well as that of his friend Eſſex, prefixed to many publications of thoſe times; and two poets have expreſsly ſung his praiſes. Their verſes, though of little merit, ſerving in ſome meaſure to illuſtrate his character, I ſhall ſubjoin them. MALONE.

[5] "Edwardus VI. eundem honorem anno ſui regno primo Thomæ Wriotheſley Angliæ Cancellario detulit, cujus e filio Henrico nepos Henricus eodem hodie lætatur; qui in primo ætatis flore *præſidio bonarum literarum et rei militaris ſcientia* nobilitatem communit, ut uberiores fructus maturiore ætate patriæ et principi profundat." Camdeni *Britannia*, 8vo. 1600, p. 240.

TO

HENRY WRIOTHESLY,

EARL OF SOUTHAMPTON.

By SAMUEL DANIEL, 1605.

Non fert ullum ictum illæſa fælicitas.

HE who hath never warr'd with miſery,
Nor ever tugg'd with Fortune, and diſtreſs,
Hath had no occaſion nor no field to try
The ſtrength and forces of his worthineſs:
Thoſe parts of judgment which felicity
Keeps as conceal'd, affliction muſt expreſs;
And only men ſhew their abilities,
And what they are, in their extremities.

The world had never taken ſo full note
Of what thou art, hadſt thou not been undone,
And only thy affliction hath begot
More fame than thy beſt fortunes could have done.
For ever by adverſity are wrought
The greateſt works of admiration,
And all the fair examples of renown
Out of diſtreſs and miſery are grown.

Mutius the fire, the tortures Regulus,
Did make the miracles of faith and zeal:
Exile renown'd and grac'd Rutilius:
Impriſonment and poiſon did reveal
The worth of Socrates: Fabricius'
Poverty did grace that common-wealth
More than all Syllaes riches got with ſtriſe;
And Catoes death * did vie with Cæſar's life.

* I have in this and the preceding line preſerved the old ſpelling. MALONE.

Not

Not to be unhappy is unhappineſs,
And miſery not to have known miſery:
For the beſt way unto diſcretion is
The way that leads us by adverſity:
And men are better ſhew'd what is amiſs,
By the expert finger of calamity,
Than they can be with all that fortune brings,
Who never ſhews them the true face of things.

How could we know that thou could'ſt have endur'd
With a repoſed cheer, wrong and diſgrace,
And with a heart and countenance aſſur'd
Have look'd ſtern death and horrour in the face?
How ſhould we know thy ſoul had been ſecur'd
In honeſt counſels, and in ways unbaſe,
Hadſt thou not ſtood to ſhew us what thou wert,
By thy affliction that deſcry'd thy heart?

It is not but the tempeſt that doth ſhew
The ſea-man's cunning: but the field that tries
The captain's courage: and we come to know
Beſt what men are, in their worſt jeopardies:
For lo, how many have we ſeen to grow
To high renown from loweſt miſeries,
Out of the hands of death; and many a one
To have been undone, had they not been undone!

He that endures for what his conſcience knows
Not to be ill, doth from a patience high
Look only on the cauſe whereto he owes
Thoſe ſufferings, not on his miſery:
The more he endures, the more his glory grows,
Which never grows from imbecility:
Only the beſt compoſed and worthieſt hearts
God ſets to act the hardeſt and conſtant'ſt parts.

Upon

Upon the death of the moſt noble lord

HENRY, EARL OF SOUTHAMPTON,

Written by Sir JOHN BEAUMONT, Bart. 1624:

Printed by his Son in 1629.

WHEN now the life of great SOUTHAMPTON ends,
His fainting ſervants and aſtoniſh'd friends
Stand like ſo many weeping marble ſtones,
No paſſage left to utter ſighs, or groans:
And muſt I firſt diſſolve the bonds of grief,
And ſtrain forth words, to give the reſt relief?
I will be bold my trembling voice to try,
That his dear name may not in ſilence die.
The world muſt pardon, if my ſong be weak;
In ſuch a caſe it is enough to ſpeak.
My verſes are not for the preſent age;
For what man lives, or breaths on England's ſtage,
That knew not brave SOUTHAMPTON, in whoſe ſight
Moſt place their day, and in his abſence night?
I ſtrive, that unborn children may conceive,
Of what a jewel angry fates bereave
This mournful kingdom; and, when heavy woes
Oppreſs their hearts, think ours as great as thoſe.
In what eſtate ſhall I him firſt expreſs?
In youth, or age, in joy, or in diſtreſs?
When he was young, no ornament of youth
Was wanting in him, acting that in truth
Which Cyrus did in ſhadow; and to men
Appear'd like Peleus' ſon from Chiron's den:
While through this iſland Fame his praiſe reports,
As beſt in martial deeds, and courtly ſports.
When riper age with winged feet repairs,
Grave care adorns his head with ſilver hairs;
His valiant fervour was not then decay'd,
But join'd with counſel, as a further aid.

Behold

Behold his conſtant and undaunted eye,
In greateſt danger, when condemn'd to die!
He ſcorns the inſulting adverſary's breath,
And will admit no fear, though near to death.
But when our gracious ſovereign had regain'd
This light, with clouds obſcured, in walls detain'd;
And by his favour plac'd this ſtar on high,
Fix'd in the Garter, England's azure ſky;
He pride (which dimms ſuch change) as much did hate,
As baſe dejection in his former ſtate.
When he was call'd to ſit, by Jove's command,
Among the demigods that rule this land,
No power, no ſtrong perſuaſion, could him draw
From that, which he conceiv'd as right and law.
When ſhall we in this realm a father find
So truly ſweet, or huſband half ſo kind?
Thus he enjoy'd the beſt contents of life,
Obedient children, and a loving wife.
Theſe were his parts in peace; but O, how far
This noble ſoul excell'd itſelf in war!
He was directed by a natural vein,
True honour by this painful way to gain.
Let Ireland witneſs, where he firſt appears,
And to the fight his warlike enſigns bears.
And thou, O Belgia, wert in hope to ſee
The trophies of his conqueſts wrought in thee;
But Death, who durſt not meet him in the field,
In private by cloſe treachery made him yield.—
I keep that glory laſt, which is the beſt;
The love of learning, which he oft expreſt
By converſation, and reſpect to thoſe
Who had a name in arts, in verſe or proſe.
Shall ever I forget, with what delight,
He on my ſimple lines would caſt his ſight?
His only memory my poor work adorns,
He is a father to my crown of thorns.
Now ſince his death how can I ever look,
Without ſome tears, upon that orphan book?
Ye ſacred Muſes, if ye will admit
My name into the roll which ye have writ
Of all your ſervants, to my thoughts diſplay
Some rich conceit, ſome unfrequented way,

Which

Which may hereafter to the world commend
A picture fit for this my noble friend:
For this is nothing, all these rhimes I scorn;
Let pens be broken, and the paper torn;
And with his last breath let my music cease,
Unless my lowly poem could increase
In true description of immortal things;
And, rais'd above the earth with nimble wings,
Fly like an eagle from his funeral fire,
Admir'd by all, as all did him admire.

VENUS AND ADONIS[1].

EVEN as the ſun with purple-colour'd face
Had ta'en his laſt leave of the weeping morn,

[1] Our authour himſelf has told us that this poem was his firſt compoſition. It was entered in the Stationers' books by Richard Field, on the 18th of April, 1593; and again by —— Harriſon, ſen. on the 23d of June, 1594; in which year I ſuppoſe it to have been publiſhed, though I have not met with an edition of ſo old a date. The earlieſt copy that I have ſeen, was printed by R. F. for John Harriſon, in ſmall octavo, 1596, with which I have been furniſhed by the kindneſs of the rev. Mr. Warton.—This poem is frequently alluded to by our authour's contemporaries. "As the ſoul of Euphorbus (ſays Meres in his *Wit's Treaſury*, 1598,) was thought to live in Pythagoras, ſo the ſweet, witty ſoul of Ovid lives in mellifluous and honey-tongued Shakſpeare. Witneſs his *Venus and Adonis*, his *Lucrece*," &c.—In the early part of Shakſpeare's life, his poems ſeem to have gained him more reputation than his plays;—at leaſt they are oftener mentioned, or alluded to. Thus the authour of an old comedy called *The Return from Parnaſſus*, written about the year 1602, in his review of the poets of the time, ſays not a word of his dramatick compoſitions, but allots him his portion of fame ſolely on account of the poems that he had produced. When the name of William Shakſpeare is read, one of the characters pronounces this elogium:

"Who loves Adonis' love, or Lucrece' rape?
"His ſweeter verſe contains heart-robbing life;
"Could but a graver ſubject him content,
"Without love's fooliſh lazy languiſhment."

This ſubject was probably ſuggeſted to Shakſpeare either by Spenſer's deſcription of the hangings in the *Lady of Delight's* Caſtle, FAERY QUEEN. B. III. c. i. ſt. 34, et ſeq. 4to, 1590, or by a ſhort piece entitled *The Sheepheard's Song of Venus and Adonis*, ſubſcribed with the letters H. C. (probably Henry Conſtable,) which, I believe, was written before Shakſpeare's poem; though I have never ſeen any earlier copy of it than that which we find in *England's Helicon*, 1600. He had alſo without doubt read the account of Venus and Adonis in the tenth book of Ovid's *Metamorphoſes*, tranſlated by Golding, 1567, though he has choſen to deviate from the claſſical ſtory, which Ovid and Spenſer had ſet before him, following probably the model preſented to him by the engliſh poem juſt mentioned. See the notes at the end. MALONE.

Roſe-

Roſe-cheek'd Adonis [2] hied him to the chaſe;
Hunting he lov'd, but love he laugh'd to ſcorn:
Sick-thoughted Venus makes amain unto him,
And like a bold-fac'd ſuitor 'gins to woo him.

Thrice fairer than myſelf, (thus ſhe began,)
The field's chief flower, ſweet above compare,
Stain to all nymphs, more lovely than a man,
More white and red than doves or roſes are [3];
Nature that made thee, with herſelf at ſtrife [4],
Saith that the world hath ending with thy life [5].

Vouchſafe, thou wonder, to alight thy ſteed,
And rein his proud head to the ſaddle-bow;
If thou wilt deign this favour, for thy meed
A thouſand honey ſecrets ſhalt thou know:

[2] Roſe-cheek'd *Adonis*—] So, in *Timon of Athens*:

" —bring down the *roſe-cheek'd* youth
" To the tub-faſt and the diet." STEEVENS.

Our authour perhaps remembered Marlowe's *Hero and Leander*:

" The men of wealthy Seſtos every yeare,
" For his ſake whom their goddeſs held ſo deare,
" *Roſe-cheek'd Adonis*, kept a ſolemn feaſt," &c. MALONE.

[3] *More white and red than doves* or *roſes are*;] Thus the octavo, 1596. We might better read (as Dr. Farmer obſerves to me):

—than doves *and* roſes are.

I think it probable, however, that for this ſlight inaccuracy the authour, and not the printer, is anſwerable. MALONE.

[4] Nature *that made thee, with herſelf at* ſtrife,] With this conteſt between *art* and *nature*, &c. I believe every reader will be ſurfeited before he has gone through the following poems. The lines under the print of Noah Bridges, engraved by Faithorne, have the ſame thought:

" Faithorne, with *nature* at a noble *ſtrife*," &c.

It occurs likewiſe in *Timon of Athens*. STEEVENS.

We have in a ſubſequent paſſage a conteſt between *art* and nature, but here ſurely there is none. I muſt alſo obſerve that there is ſcarcely a book of Shakſpeare's age, whether in proſe or verſe, in which this *ſurfeiting* compariſon (as it may be called,) may not be found, MALONE.

[5] *Saith that the world hath ending with thy life.*] So in *Romeo and Juliet*:

" And when ſhe dies, with beauty dies her ſtore."
STEEVENS.

Here

Here come and ſit, where never ſerpent hiſſes,
And being ſet, I'll ſmother thee with kiſſes:

And yet not cloy thy lips with loath'd ſatiety,
But rather famiſh them amid their plenty [6],
Making them red and pale with freſh variety;
Ten kiſſes ſhort as one, one long as twenty:
A ſummer's day will ſeem an hour but ſhort,
Being waſted in ſuch time-beguiling ſport.

With this, ſhe ſeized on his ſweating palm,
The precedent of pith and livelihood [7],
And, trembling in her paſſion, calls it balm,
Earth's ſovereign ſalve to do a goddeſs good:
Being ſo enrag'd deſire doth lend her force,
Courageouſly to pluck him from his horſe.

Over one arm the luſty courſer's rein,
Under the other was the tender boy,
Who bluſh'd and pouted in a dull diſdain,
With leaden appetite, unapt to toy;
She red and hot, as coals of glowing fire,
He red for ſhame, but froſty in deſire.

The ſtudded bridle on a ragged bough
Nimbly ſhe faſtens; (O how quick is love!)
The ſteed is ſtalled up, and even now
To tie the rider ſhe begins to prove:
Backward ſhe puſh'd him, as ſhe would be thruſt,
And govern'd him in ſtrength, though not in luſt.

[6] *And yet not cloy thy lips with loath'd ſatiety,*
But rather famiſh them amid their plenty,] So, in *Antony and Cleopatra*:
" ——other women cloy
" The appetites they feed; but ſhe makes hungry,
" Where moſt ſhe ſatisfies." MALONE.

[7] —*ſhe ſeizeth on his* ſweating palm,
The precedent of pith and livelihood,] So, in *Antony and Cleopatra*, Charmian ſays:—if an *oily palm* be not a *fruitful prognoſtication*, I cannot ſcratch mine ear." STEEVENS.
Again, in *Othello*:
" —This hand is moiſt, my lady;
" This argues fruitfulneſs and liberal heart;—
" Hot, hot, and moiſt." MALONE.

So

So ſoon was ſhe along, as he was down,
Each leaning on their elbows and their hips:
Now doth ſhe ſtroke his cheek, now doth he frown,
And 'gins to chide, but ſoon ſhe ſtops his lips:
And kiſſing ſpeaks, with luſtful language broken,
If thou wilt chide, thy lips ſhall never open.

He burns with baſhful ſhame; ſhe with her tears
Doth quench the maiden burning of his cheeks *;
Then with her windy ſighs, and golden hairs,
To fan and blow them dry again ſhe ſeeks:
He ſaith, ſhe is immodeſt, blames her 'miſs [8];
What follows more, ſhe murders with a kiſs [9].

Even as an empty eagle, ſharp by faſt,
Tires with her beak on feather, fleſh, and bone [1],
Shaking her wings, devouring all in haſte,
Till either gorge be ſtuff'd, or prey be gone;
Even ſo ſhe kiſs'd his brow, his cheek, his chin,
And where ſhe ends, ſhe doth anew begin †.

Forc'd to content [2], but never to obey,
Panting he lies, and breathing in her face;

She

* ——*ſhe with her* tears
Doth quench the maiden burning in his cheeks;] So, in Marlowe's *King Edward II.*
"Wet with my tears, and dried again with ſighs."
MALONE.

[8] —*her* 'miſs;] That is, her *miſbehaviour*. FARMER. The ſame ſubſtantive is uſed in the 35th *Sonnet*. Again, in *Hamlet*:
"Each toy ſeems prologue to ſome great *amiſs*." MALONE.

[9] —*ſhe* murders *with a kiſs*.] Thus the edition of 1596. So, in *King Richard III.*
"Come, couſin, canſt thou quake, and change thy colour?
"*Murder thy breath* in middle of a word?"
The ſubſequent copies have *ſmothers*. MALONE.

[1] Tires *with her beak on feather, fleſh, and bone*,] To *tire* is to *peck*. So, in Decker's *Match me in London*, a comedy, 1631:
"—— the vulture *tires*
"Upon the eagle's heart." MALONE.

† *And where ſhe ends ſhe doth anew begin*.] So, Dryden.
"Never ending, ſtill beginning,"— MALONE.

[2] *Forc'd to* content,—] I once thought that the meaning of the latter words was, to content or ſatisfy *Venus*; to endure her kiſſes. So, in *Hamlet*.
"—it doth much *content* me to hear him ſo inclin'd."

But

She feedeth on the ſteam, as on a prey,
And calls it heavenly moiſture, air of grace;
Wiſhing her cheeks were gardens full of flowers,
So they were dew'd with ſuch diſtilling ſhowers [3].

Look how a bird lies tangled in a net,
So faſten'd in her arms Adonis lies;
Pure ſhame and aw'd reſiſtance made him fret,
Which bred more beauty in his angry eyes*:
Rain added to a river that is rank [4],
Perforce will force it overflow the bank.

Still ſhe entreats, and prettily entreats,
For to a pretty ear ſhe tunes her tale [5];

Still

But I now believe that the interpretation given by Mr. Steevens is the true one. *Content* is a ſubſtantive, and means *acquieſcence*. MALONE.

It is plain that Venus was not *ſo* eaſily *contented*. *Forc'd to content*, I believe, means that Adonis was *forced* to *content himſelf* in a ſituation from which he had no means of eſcaping. Thus Caſſio in *Othello*:

"So ſhall I clothe me in a *forc'd content*." STEEVENS.

[3] ——————flowers,
So they were dew'd *with ſuch diſtilling ſhowers.*] So, in *Macbeth*:

"To *dew* the ſovereign *flower*, and drown the weeds."
STEEVENS.

* *Which bred more* beauty *in his* angry eyes:] So, in *Twelfth Night*:

"O, what a deal of ſcorn looks *beautiful*
"In the contempt and *anger* of his lip!" MALONE.

[4] —*to a river that is* rank,] Full; abounding in the quantity of its waters. So, in *Julius Cæſar*:

"Who elſe muſt be let blood, who elſe is *rank*?"

Again, more appoſitely in *King John*:

"We will untread the ſteps of damned flight;
"And, like a 'bated and retired *flood*,
"Leaving our *rankneſs* and irregular courſe,
"Stoop low within thoſe bounds we have o'erlook'd."
MALONE.

[5] *For to a pretty* ear *ſhe tunes her tale*;] Thus the old copy. I ſuſpect the poet wrote *air*. The two words were, I believe in the time of our authour, pronounced alike; and hence perhaps aroſe the miſtake. MALONE.

This is turning Venus into a mere recitative-finger. The poet very plainly tells us that ſhe entreats and laments *prettily*, becauſe

Still is he ſullen, ſtill he low'rs and frets,
'Twixt crimſon ſhame and anger, aſhy-pale;
Being red, ſhe loves him beſt; and being white,
Her beſt [6] is better'd with a more delight.

Look how he can, ſhe cannot chooſe but love;
And by her fair immortal hand ſhe ſwears
From his ſoft boſom never to remove,
Till he take truce with her contending tears,
Which long have rain'd, making her cheeks all wet;
And one ſweet kiſs ſhall pay this countleſs debt [7].

Upon this promiſe did he raiſe his chin,
Like a di-dapper peering through a wave,
Who being look'd on, ducks as quickly in;
So offers he to give what ſhe did crave;

becauſe ſhe is conſcious that her entreaties and lamentations are addreſſed to a *pretty ear*. She ſtrives to make her diſcourſe correſpond with the *beauty* of its object. So, the Queen in *Hamlet*, addreſſing herſelf to the corpſe of Ophelia: "*Sweets* to the *ſweet!*" Beſides, is it uſual to talk of *tuning* any thing to an *air?* STEEVENS.

If my conjecture be right, Shakſpeare, in making Venus *tune* her *tale* to a pleaſing *air*, or, in other words, woo Adonis with that melody of voice which renders even beauty itſelf more attractive, only uſed the ſame language that he has employed in other places. So, in *The Rape of Lucrece*:

"Feaſt-finding minſtrels, *tuning* my *defame*,"

Again, more appoſitely, in *The Two Gentlemen of Verona*:

"——*to* their *inſtruments*
"*Tune* a deploring *dump*."

Again, *ibid.*

"And *to* the nightingale's complaining *notes*
"*Tune* my *diſtreſſes*, and record my woes."

Tuning a tale to a pretty air, is reciting a ſtory with harmonious cadence,—as the words of a ſong are recited with the accompaniment of muſick. MALONE.

[6] *Her* beſt *is better'd*—] This is the reading of the edition in 1596. That of 1636 and the modern editions read—*breaſt*. MALONE.

[7] *And one ſweet* kiſs *ſhall* pay *this* countleſs debt.] So, in *Titus Andronicus*:

"——*kiſs* for *kiſs*
"Thy brother Marcus tenders on thy lips:
"Oh were the *ſum* of theſe that I ſhould pay
"*Countleſs* and infinite, yet would I *pay* them." STEEV.

But

But when her lips were ready for his pay,
He winks, and turns his lips another way.

Never did paſſenger in ſummer's heat
More thirſt for drink, than ſhe for this good turn.
Her help ſhe ſees, but help ſhe cannot get;
She bathes in water, yet in fire muſt burn:
O, pity, 'gan ſhe cry, flint-hearted boy;
'Tis but a kiſs I beg; why art thou coy?

I have been woo'd, as I entreat thee now,
Even by the ſtern and direful god of war;
Whoſe ſinewy neck in battle ne'er did bow,
Who conquers where he comes, in every jar;
Yet hath he been my captive and my ſlave,
And begged for that which thou unaſk'd ſhalt have.

Over my altars hath he hung his lance,
His batter'd ſhield, his uncontrolled creſt,
And for my ſake hath learn'd to ſport and dance,
To coy, to wanton [8], dally, ſmile, and jeſt;
Scorning his churliſh drum, and enſign red,
Making my arms his field, his tent my bed.

Thus he that over-rul'd, I overſway'd,
Leading him priſoner in a red-roſe chain *:

[8] *To* coy, *to wanton*, &c.] So, in *A Midſummer-Night's Dream:*

" While I thy amiable cheeks do *coy*." STEEVENS.

* *Leading him priſoner in a* red-roſe chain:] So *Ronſard*, Livre xiv. Ode xxiii:

" Les Muſes lierent un jour
" Des *chaiſnes de roſes* Amour," &c.

Several of Ronſard's Odes had been tranſlated into Engliſh. See Puttenham, 1589, as quoted to this purpoſe by Dr. Farmer, Vol. VIII. p. 114, n. 4. W.

Some of *Anacreon's* Odes, which Ronſard had imitated in French, were tranſlated into Engliſh; and it is very probable that the ode above quoted was one of thoſe which were tranſlated; for it is an imitation of Anacreon's thirtieth ode, beginning, Αι μυσαι, &c. and ſtands in Ronſard's works in the oppoſite page to the Bacchanalian ode which Shakſpeare ſeems to have had in his thoughts in *Timon of Athens*. MALONE.

Strong-

Strong-temper'd ſteel his ſtronger ſtrength obey'd,
Yet was he ſervile to my coy diſdain [9].
O, be not proud, nor brag not of thy might,
For maſt'ring her that foil'd the god of fight.

Touch but my lips with thoſe fair lips of thine,
(Though mine be not ſo fair, yet are they red,)
The kiſs ſhall be thine own as well as mine:—
What ſeeſt thou in the ground? hold up thy head;
Look in mine eye-balls, there thy beauty lies:
Then why not lips on lips, ſince eyes on eyes?

Art thou aſham'd to kiſs? then wink again,
And I will wink; ſo ſhall the day ſeem night;
Love keeps his revels where there be but twain;
Be bold to play, our ſport is not in ſight:
Theſe blue-vein'd violets whereon we lean,
Never can blab, nor know not what we mean.

The tender ſpring upon thy tempting lip
Shews thee unripe; yet may'ſt thou well be taſted;
Make uſe of time, let not advantage ſlip;
Beauty within itſelf ſhould not be waſted:
Fair flowers that are not gather'd in their prime,
Rot and conſume themſelves in little time.

Were I hard-favour'd, foul, or wrinkled-old,
Ill-nurtur'd *, crooked, churliſh, harſh in voice,
O'er-worn, deſpiſed, rheumatick and cold,
Thick-ſighted, barren, lean, and lacking juice [1],
Then might'ſt thou pauſe, for then I were not for thee;
But having no defects, why doſt abhor me?

9 —ſervile to *my coy diſdain.*] So, in *Meaſure for Meaſure*:
" *Servile to* all the ſkiey influences." STEEVENS.

* *Ill-nurtur'd*—] That is, ill-educated, ill-bred. So, in Painter's *Palace of Pleaſure*, Vol. I. Nov. 61.
" —— they thought themſelves moſt bleſſed, if they might attaine the delightful preſence of this *well-nurtur'd* dame."
MALONE.

1 —*and lacking* juice,] Thus the octavo 1596. The edition of 1600 has—*joice*. The word *juice*, as Dr. Farmer informs me, is ſo pronounced in the midland counties. MALONE.

Thou

Thou canſt not ſee one wrinkle in my brow;
Mine eyes are grey [2], and bright, and quick in turning;
My beauty as the ſpring doth yearly grow,
My fleſh is ſoft and plump, my marrow burning;
My ſmooth moiſt hand, were it with thy hand felt,
Would in thy palm diſſolve, or ſeem to melt.

Bid me diſcourſe, I will enchant thine ear [3],
Or, like a fairy, trip upon the green,
Or, like a nymph, with long diſhevell'd hair,
Dance on the ſands, and yet no footing ſeen [4]:
Love is a ſpirit all compact of fire,
Not groſs to ſink, but light, and will aſpire [5].

Witneſs this primroſe bank whereon I lie;
Theſe forceleſs flowers like ſturdy trees ſupport me.
Two ſtrengthleſs doves will draw me through the ſky,
From morn till night, even where I liſt to ſport me:
Is love ſo light, ſweet boy, and may it be
That thou ſhould'ſt think it heavy unto thee?

Is thine own heart to thine own face affected?
Can thy right hand ſeize love upon thy left?
Then woo thyſelf, be of thyſelf rejected,
Steal thine own freedom, and complain of theft.

[2] *Mine eyes are* grey,] What we now call *blue* eyes, were in Shakſpeare's time called *grey* eyes, and were conſidered as eminently beautiful. See a note on *Romeo and Juliet*, Act. III. ſc. i. MALONE.

[3] —*I will enchant thine* ear,] It appears from the correſponding rhime, that this word was formerly pronounced as if it were written *air*. In our authour's native county it is ſtill ſo pronounced by the vulgar. MALONE.

[4] *Or, like a nymph, with long diſhevell'd hair,*
Dance on the ſands, and yet no footing ſeen:] So, in *The Tempeſt*:
" And ye, that on the *ſands* with *printleſs feet*
" Do chaſe the ebbing Neptune,"—. MALONE.

[5] *Love is a ſpirit all* compact *of fire,*
Not groſs to ſink, but light, and will aſpire.] So, in *The Comedy of Errors*: " Let love, being light, be drowned, if ſhe ſink."
Compact is, made up, compoſed. MALONE.

Narciſſus ſo, himſelf himſelf forſook,
And dy'd to kiſs his ſhadow in the brook.

Torches are made to light, jewels to wear,
Dainties to taſte, freſh beauty for the uſe;
Herbs for their ſmell, and ſappy plants to bear;
Things growing to themſelves are growth's abuſe [6]:
Seeds ſpring from ſeeds, and beauty breedeth beauty;
Thou wert begot,—to get it is thy duty.

Upon the earth's increaſe [3] why ſhould'ſt thou feed,
Unleſs the earth with thy increaſe be fed?
By law of nature thou art bound to breed,
That thine may live, when thou thyſelf art dead;
And ſo, in ſpite of death, thou doſt ſurvive,
In that thy likeneſs ſtill is left alive.

By this, the love-ſick queen began to ſweat,
For, where they lay, the ſhadow had forſook them,
And Titan, tired in the mid-day heat,
With burning eye [4] did hotly overlook them;
Wiſhing

[6] *Things* growing to themſelves *are growth's abuſe:* Alluding to twinn'd cherries, apples, peaches, &c. which accidentally grow into each other. Thus our author ſays, King Henry VIII. and Francis I. embraced "as they *grew together*" STEEVENS.

Shakſpeare, I think, meant to ſay no more than this; *that thoſe things which grow only* to [or *for*] *themſelves*, without producing any fruit, or benefiting mankind, do not anſwer the purpoſe for which they were intended. Thus, in a ſubſequent paſſage:

"So in *thyſelf thyſelf* art made away."

Again, in our authour's 95th *Sonnet:*

"The ſummer's flower is to the ſummer ſweet,
"Though *to itſelf* it only *live and die.*"

Again, more appoſitely in the preſent poem:

"Poor flower! quoth ſhe, this was thy father's guiſe,—
"For every little grief to wet his eyes;
"*To grow unto himſelf* was his deſire,
"And ſo 'tis thine—." MALONE.

[3] *Upon the earth's* increaſe—] i. e. upon the produce of the earth. MALONE.

[4] *And Titan—with burning eye, &c.*] So, in *K. Henry V.*

"—like a lacker, from the riſe to ſet,
"Sweats in the *eye* of *Phœbus.*" MALONE.

Wiſhing Adonis had his team to guide,
So he were like him, and by Venus' ſide.

And now Adonis, with a lazy ſpright,
And with a heavy, dark, diſliking eye,
His low'ring brows o'er-whelming his fair ſight,
Like miſty vapours, when they blot the ſky,—
Souring his cheeks [5], cries, Fie, no more of love;
The ſun doth burn my face; I muſt remove.

Ah me, (quoth Venus,) young, and ſo unkind [6]?
What bare excuſes mak'ſt thou to be gone!
I'll ſigh celeſtial breath [7], whoſe gentle wind
Shall cool the heat of this deſcending ſun;
I'll make a ſhadow for thee of my hairs;
If they burn too, I'll quench them with my tears.

The ſun that ſhines from heaven, ſhines but warm [8],
And lo, I lie between that ſun and thee;
The heat I have from thence doth little harm,
Thine eye darts forth the fire that burneth me:
And were I not immortal, life were done,
Between this heavenly and earthly ſun.

Art thou obdurate, flinty, hard as ſteel,
Nay more than flint, for ſtone at rain relenteth?

[5] Souring *his* cheeks,] So, in *Coriolanus*:
"—Some news is come,
"That *turns* their *countenances*."
Again, in *Timon of Athens*:
"Has friendſhip ſuch a faint and milky heart,
"It *turns* in leſs than two nights?" MALONE.

[6] —young *and ſo* unkind?] So, in *K. Lear*, Act I. ſc. i.:
"So *young*, and ſo *untender?*" STEEVENS.

[7] *I'll* ſigh *celeſtial* breath,—] So, in *Coriolanus*:
"———Never man
"*Sigh'd* truer *breath*." MALONE.

[8] *The ſun that ſhines from heaven, ſhines but warm,*] The ſun affords only a natural and genial heat: it warms, but it does not *burn*. "Thou ſun," exclaims Timon, Act V. ſc. ii. "that *comfort'ſt, burn!*" MALONE.
So, in *K. Lear*:
"—her eyes are fierce, but thine
"Do *comfort*, and not *burn*." W.

Art thou a woman's ſon, and canſt not feel
What 'tis to love? how want of love tormenteth?
O, had thy mother borne ſo bad a mind [9],
She had not brought forth thee, but died unkind [1].

What am I, that thou ſhould'ſt contemn me this [2]?
Or what great danger dwells upon my ſuit?
What were thy lips the worſe for one poor kiſs?
Speak, fair; but ſpeak fair words, or elſe be mute:
Give me one kiſs, I'll give it thee again,
And one for intereſt, if thou wilt have twain.

Fie, lifeleſs picture, cold and ſenſeleſs ſtone,
Well-painted idol, image, dull and dead,
Statue, contenting but the eye alone,
Thing like a man, but of no woman bred;
Thou art no man, though of a man's complexion,
For men will kiſs even by their own direction.

This ſaid, impatience chokes her pleading tongue,
And ſwelling paſſion doth provoke a pauſe;
Red cheeks and firy eyes blaze forth her wrong;
Being judge in love, ſhe cannot right her cauſe:
And now ſhe weeps, and now ſhe fain would ſpeak,
And now her ſobs do her intendments [3] break.

Sometimes

[9] *O had thy mother*, &c.] So, in *All's well that ends well*:
" —— but you are cold and ſtern;
" And now *you ſhould be as your mother was*,
" When your ſweet ſelf was got." MALONE.

[1] —unkind.] That is, unnatural. *Kind* and *nature* were formerly ſynonymous. MALONE.

[2] *What am I, that thou ſhould'ſt contemn me* this?] *That thou ſhould'ſt contemn me this*, means, *that thou ſhould'ſt contemptuouſly refuſe this favour that I aſk*. MALONE.

I ſuppoſe, without regard to the exactneſs of the rhime, we ſhould read —*thus*. *Thus* and *kiſs* correſpond in ſound as well as *unlikely* and *quickly*, *adder* and *ſhudder*, which we meet with afterwards. STEEVENS.

[3] —*her* intendments—] i. e. intentions. Thus, in *Every Man in his Humour*: " ——but I, ſpying his *intendment*, diſcharg'd my petronel into his boſom." STEEVENS.

Sometimes ſhe ſhakes her head, and then his hand,
Now gazeth ſhe on him, now on the ground;
Sometimes her arms infold him like a band;
She would, he will not in her arms be bound:
And when from thence he ſtruggles to be gone,
She locks her lilly fingers, one in one [4].

Fondling, ſhe ſaith, ſince I have hemm'd thee here,
Within the circuit of this ivory pale,
I'll be thy park, and thou ſhalt be my deer [5];
Feed where thou wilt, on mountain or in dale:
Graze on my lips [6]; and, if thoſe hills be dry,
Stray lower, where the pleaſant fountains lie [7].

Within this limit is relief enough,
Sweet bottom-graſs, and high delightful plain,
Round riſing hillocks, brakes obſcure and rough,
To ſhelter thee from tempeſt and from rain;
Then be my deer, ſince I am ſuch a park;
No dog ſhall rouze thee, though a thouſand bark.

[4] *She locks* her *lilly fingers, one in one.*] Should we not read—
She locks *their* lilly fingers, one in one. FARMER.
I do not ſee any need of change—The arms of Venus at preſent infold Adonis. To prevent him from eſcaping, ſhe renders her hold more ſecure, by *locking* her hands together.
MALONE.

[5] *I'll be* thy *park, and thou ſhalt be my deer*;] The old copy has—*the* park. For this ſlight emendation I am anſwerable. The ſame errour has often happened in our authour's plays. —The image preſented here occurs again in *The Comedy of Errors:*

" —my decayed fair
" A ſunny look of his would ſoon repair;
" But, too unruly *deer*, he breaks the *pale*,
" And feeds from home." MALONE.

Again, in *The Merry Wives of Windſor:* "—I will never take you for my love again, but *I will always count you my dear.*" STEEVENS.

[6] Feed *where thou wilt, on mountain or in dale;*
Graze on my lips;] So, in *Love's Labour's Loſt:*
" —unleſs we *feed* on your *lips*." MALONE.

[7] —*where the* pleaſant fountains *lie.*] So, Strumbo, in the tragedy of *Locrine:* " —the *pleaſant* water of your ſweet *fountain.*" AMNER.

At this Adonis ſmiles, as in diſdain,
That in each cheek appears a pretty dimple:
Love made thoſe hollows, if himſelf were ſlain,
He might be buried in a tomb ſo ſimple;
Fore-knowing well, if there he came to lie,
Why there love liv'd, and there he could not die.

Theſe lovely caves, theſe round enchanting pits,
Open'd their mouths to ſwallow Venus' liking:
Being mad before, how doth ſhe now for wits?
Struck dead at firſt, what needs a ſecond ſtriking *?
Poor queen of love, in thine own law forlorn,
To love a cheek that ſmiles at thee in ſcorn!

Now which way ſhall ſhe turn? what ſhall ſhe ſay?
Her words are done, her woes the more increaſing;
The time is ſpent, her object will away,
And from her twining arms doth urge releaſing:
Pity,—(ſhe crys) ſome favour,—ſome remorſe;—
Away he ſprings, and haſteth to his horſe.

But lo, from forth a copſe that neighbours by,
A breeding jennet, luſty, young, and proud,
Adonis' trampling courſer doth eſpy,
And forth ſhe ruſhes, ſnorts, and neighs aloud:
The ſtrong-neck'd ſteed, being tied unto a tree,
Breaketh his rein, and to her ſtraight goes he.

Imperiouſly he leaps, he neighs, he bounds,
And now his woven girts he breaks aſunder;
The bearing earth with his hard hoof he wounds †,
Whoſe hollow womb reſounds like heaven's thunder;
The iron bit he cruſheth 'tween his teeth,
Controlling what he was controlled with [8].

His

* *Struck dead at firſt, what needs a ſecond ſtriking!*] So, in *Cymbeline*:
" What ſhall I need to draw my ſword? The paper
" Hath cut her throat already." W.

† *The bearing earth with his hard hoof*, &c.] So, Virgil, Æn. VIII.
Quadrupedante putrem ſonitu quatit ungula campum.
MALONE.

[8] Controlling *what he was* controlled *with*.] So, in *K. John*:
" *Controulment* for *controulment*. So anſwer France."
STEEVENS.

His ears up prick'd; his braided hanging mane
Upon his compaſs'd creſt [9] now ſtands on end;
His noſtrils drink the air [1], and forth again,
As from a furnace, vapours doth he ſend [2]:
His eye, which ſcornfully gliſters like fire,
Shews his hot courage and his high deſire.

Sometimes he trots, as if he told the ſteps,
With gentle majeſty, and modeſt pride;
Anon he rears upright, curvets and leaps,
As who ſhould ſay, lo! thus my ſtrength is try'd;
And thus I do to captivate the eye
Of the fair breeder that is ſtanding by.

What recketh he his rider's angry ſtir,
His flattering holla [3], or his *Stand, I ſay?*
What cares he now for curb, or pricking ſpur?
For rich capariſons, or trapping gay?
He ſees his love, and nothing elſe he ſees,
For nothing elſe with his proud ſight agrees.

Look, when a painter would ſurpaſs the life,
In limning out a well-proportion'd ſteed,

His

[9] *Upon his* compaſs'd *creſt*—] *Compaſs'd* is *arched*. *A compaſs'd ceiling* is a phraſe yet in uſe. MALONE.

So, in *Troilus and Creſſida*: "—ſhe came to him the other day into the *compaſs'd* window," i. e. the *bow* window. STEEVENS.

[1] *His noſtrils* drink the air,—] So, Ariel in the *Tempeſt*:
"I *drink the air* before me." STEEVENS.
Again, in *Timon of Athens*:
"——and through him
"*Drink* the free *air*." MALONE.

[2] *His noſtrils drink the air, and forth again,*
As from a furnace, vapours doth he ſend;] So, in *As you Like it*:
"—And then the lover,
"Sighing like *furnace*, with a woeful ballad."
In this deſcription of a horſe Shakſpeare ſeems to have had the book of *Job* in his thoughts. MALONE.
As from a furnace, vapours doth he ſend;] So, in *Cymbeline*:
He *furnaceth* the thick ſighs from him." STEEVENS.

[3] *His flatt'ring* holla,] This ſeems to have been formerly a term of the manege. So, in *As you like it*: "Cry *holla* to thy tongue, I pr'ythee; it *curvets* unſeaſonably." MALONE.

His art with nature's workmanſhip at ſtrife [4],
As if the dead the living ſhould exceed;
So did this horſe excell a common one,
In ſhape, in courage, colour, pace, and bone.

Round-hoof'd, ſhort-jointed, fetlocks ſhag and long,
Broad breaſt, full eyes, ſmall head, and noſtril wide,
High creſt, ſhort ears, ſtraight legs, and paſſing ſtrong,
Thin mane, thick tail, broad buttock, tender hide:
Look what a horſe ſhould have, he did not lack,
Save a proud rider on ſo proud a back.

Sometime he ſcuds far off, and there he ſtares;
Anon he ſtarts at ſtirring of a feather *;
To bid the wind a baſe he now prepares [5],
And whe'r he run, or fly, they know not whether [6];
For through his mane and tail the high wind ſings,
Fanning the hairs, who wave like feather'd wings.

He

[4] *His* art *with* nature's *workmanſhip at* ſtrife,] So, in Daniel's *Complaint of Roſamond*, 1592:

"He greets me with a caſket richly wrought;
"So rare, that *art* did ſeem to *ſtrive* with *nature*,
"To expreſs the cunning workman's curious thought."
MALONE.

So, in *Timon of Athens*:

"It tutors *nature*: *artificial ſtrife*
"Lives in theſe touches, livelier than life." STEEVENS.

* *Anon he ſtarts at ſtirring of a feather*;] So, in *King Richard III*:

"Tremble and ſtart at wagging of a ſtraw," MALONE.

[5] *To* bid *the wind* a baſe *he now prepares*,] To *bid the wind a baſe*, is to challenge the wind to a conteſt for ſuperiority. *Baſe* is a ruſtick game, ſometimes termed *priſon-baſe*; properly *priſon-bars*. It is mentioned by our authour in *Cymbeline*: —"lads more like to *run the country baſe*," &c. Again, in *The Two Gentlemen of Verona*:

"Indeed I *bid the baſe* for Protheus." MALONE.

[6] *And* whe'r *he run or fly, they know not whether*;] *Whe'r* for *whether*. So, in *King John*:

"Now ſhame upon thee, *whêr* he does or no."

Again, in a poem *in praiſe of Ladie P—*, *Epitathes, Epigrammes*, &c. by G. Turberville, 1567:

"I doubt *where* Paris would have choſe
"Dame Venus for the beſt." MALONE.

He looks upon his love, and neighs unto her;
She anſwers him, as if ſhe knew his mind:
Being proud, as females are, to ſee him woo her,
She puts on outward ſtrangeneſs [7], ſeems unkind;
Spurns at his love, and ſcorns the heat he feels,
Beating his kind embracements with her heels.

Then, like a melancholy malecontent,
He vails his tail [8], that, like a falling plume
Cool ſhadow to his melting buttocks lent;
He ſtamps, and bites the poor flies in his fume:
His love perceiving how he is enrag'd,
Grew kinder, and his fury was aſſuag'd.

His teſty maſter goeth about to take him;
When lo, the unback'd breeder, full of fear,
Jealous of catching, ſwiftly doth forſake him,
With her the horſe, and left Adonis there:
As they were mad, unto the wood they hie them,
Out-ſtripping crows that ſtrive to over-fly them.

All ſwoln with chaſing, down Adonis ſits,
Banning [9] his boiſterous and unruly beaſt;
And now the happy ſeaſon once more fits,
That love-ſick Love by pleading may be bleſt;
For lovers ſay, the heart hath treble wrong,
When it is barr'd the aidance of the tongue [1].

An oven that is ſtopp'd, or river ſtay'd,
Burneth more hotly, ſwelleth with more rage:
So of concealed ſorrow may be ſaid;
Free vent of words love's fire doth aſſuage;

But

[7] —*outward* ſtrangeneſs,—] i. e. ſeeming coyneſs, ſhyneſs, backwardneſs. Thus Jachimo, ſpeaking of his ſervant to Imogen: "He's *ſtrange* and peeviſh." STEEVENS.

[8] *He* vails *his tail*,—] To *vail*, in old language, is to *lower*. MALONE.

[9] Banning—] i. e. curſing. So, in *King Richard III*:
"Fell *banning* hag," &c. STEEVENS.

[1] —*the heart hath treble wrong,*
When it is barr'd the aidance of the tongue.] So, in *Macbeth*:
"——the grief that does not ſpeak,
"Whiſpers the o'er fraught heart, and bids it break."
STEEVENS.

But when the heart's attorney once is mute,
The client breaks [2], as deſperate in his ſuit.

He ſees her coming, and begins to glow,
(Even as a dying coal revives with wind,)
And with his bonnet hides his angry brow;
Looks on the dull earth with diſturbed mind [3];
Taking no notice that ſhe is ſo nigh,
For all aſkaunce he holds her in his eye.

O, what a ſight it was, wiſtly to view
How ſhe came ſtealing to the wayward boy!
To note the fighting conflict of her hue!
How white and red each other did deſtroy *!
But now, her cheek was pale, and by and by
It flaſh'd forth fire, as lightning from the ſky.

Now was ſhe juſt before him as he ſat,
And like a lonely lover down ſhe kneels;
With one fair hand ſhe heaveth up his hat,
Her other tender hand his fair cheek feels:
His tender cheek receives her ſoft hand's print,
As apt as new-fall'n ſnow takes any dint.

O, what a war of looks was then between them!
Her eyes, petitioners, to his eyes ſuing;
His eyes ſaw her eyes as they had not ſeen them;
Her eyes woo'd ſtill, his eyes diſdain'd the wooing:
And

[2] *But when the heart's* attorney *once is mute,*
The client *breaks*, &c.] So, in *King Richard III:*
" Why ſhould calamity be ſo full of *words?*
" Windy *attorneys* to their *client* woes,—." STEEVENS.

[3] *Looks on the* dull earth, &c.] So, in *The Two Gentlemen of Verona:*
" She excells each mortal thing
" Upon the *dull earth* dwelling." STEEVENS.

* —*the fighting conflict of her hue!*
How white and red, &c.] So, in *The Taming of the Shrew:*
" Such *war of white and red* within her cheeks."
Again, in *Hamlet:*
" Sir, in my heart there was a kind of *fighting*." W. MALONE.

And all this dumb play had his acts made plain
With tears, which, chorus-like, her eyes did rain [4].

Full gently now she takes him by the hand;
A lilly prison'd in a gaol of snow,
Or ivory in an alabaster band;
So white a friend engirts so white a foe:
This beauteous combat, wilful and unwilling,
Show'd like two silver doves that sit a billing.

Once more the engine of her thoughts began:
O fairest mover on this mortal round,
Would thou wert as I am, and I a man,
My heart all whole as thine, thy heart my wound;
For one sweet look thy help I would assure thee,
Though nothing but my body's bane would cure thee.

Give me my hand, saith he, why dost thou feel it?
Give me my heart, saith she, and thou shalt have it;
O give it me, lest thy hard heart do steel it [5],
And being steel'd, soft sighs can never grave it [6]:
Then love's deep groans I never shall regard,
Because Adonis' heart hath made mine hard.

For shame, he cries, let go, and let me go;
My day's delight is past, my horse is gone,
And 'tis your fault I am bereft him so;
I pray you hence, and leave me here alone;
For all my mind, my thought, my busy care,
Is how to get my palfrey from the mare.

Thus she replies: Thy palfrey, as he should,
Welcomes the warm approach of sweet desire.

[4] *And all this* dumb play *had his* acts *made plain*
With tears, which, chorus-like, *her eyes did rain.*] From the present passage, I think it probable, that this first production of our authour's muse was not composed till after he had left Stratford, and became acquainted with the theatre. MALONE.

[5] —*left thy hard heart do* steel it,] So, in *Othello*:
" ——thou dost *stone my heart.*" STEEVENS.

[6] ——*soft sighs can never* grave it,] Engrave it, i. e. make an impression on it. STEEVENS.

Affection is a coal that muſt be cool'd;
Elſe, ſuffer'd, it will ſet the heart on fire:
The ſea hath bounds, but deep deſire hath none *;
Therefore no marvel though thy horſe be gone.

How like a jade he ſtood, tied to a tree,
Servilely maſter'd with a leathern rein!
But when he ſaw his love, his youth's fair fee,
He held ſuch petty bondage in diſdain;
Throwing the baſe thong from his bending creſt,
Enfranchiſing his mouth, his back, his breaſt.

Who ſeeks his true love in her naked bed,
Teaching the ſheets a whiter hue than white [7],
But, when his glutton eye ſo full hath fed,
His other agents aim at like delight [8]?
Who is ſo faint, that dare not be ſo bold,
To touch the fire, the weather being cold?

Let me excuſe thy courſer, gentle boy;
And learn of him, I heartily beſeech thee,
To take advantage on preſented joy;
Though I were dumb, yet his proceedings teach thee:
O learn to love; the leſſon is but plain,
And, once made perfect, never loſt again.

I know not love, (quoth he,) nor will not know it,
Unleſs it be a boar, and then I chaſe it;

'Tis

* *The ſea hath bounds, but deep deſire hath none*;] So, in *Macbeth*:

"—but there's no bottom, none,
"To my voluptuouſneſs." W.

[7] *Who ſeeks his true love in her* naked bed,
Teaching the ſheets a whiter hue than white,] So, in *Cymbeline*:

"———Cytherea,
"How bravely thou becom'ſt thy *bed! freſh lilly!*
"And *whiter than the ſheets.*"

I have followed the earlieſt and moſt authentick copy yet diſcovered, that of 1596. The octavo 1600, reads—Who *ſees*. MALONE.

[8] *His other* agents *aim at like delight?*] So alſo Macbeth expreſſeth himſelf to his wife:

"———I am ſettled, and *bend up*
"*Each corporal agent* to this terrible feat." AMNER.

'Tis much to borrow, and I will not owe it;
My love to love is love but to diſgrace it [9];
For I have heard it is a life in death,
That laughs, and weeps, and all but with a breath [1].

Who wears a garment ſhapeleſs and unfiniſh'd?
Who plucks the bud before one leaf put forth [2]?
If ſpringing things be any jot diminiſh'd,
They wither in their prime, prove nothing worth:
The colt that's back'd and burthen'd being young,
Loſeth his pride, and never waxeth ſtrong.

You hurt my hand with wringing; let us part [3],
And leave this idle theme, this bootleſs chat:
Remove your ſiege from my unyielding heart;
To love's alarm it will not ope the gate [4]:

Diſmiſs

[9] *My love to love is love but to diſgrace it*;] My inclination towards love is only a deſire to render it contemptible.—The ſenſe is almoſt loſt in the jingle of words. MALONE.

[1] *For I have heard it is a* life in death,
That laughs and weeps,] So, in *King Richard III*:
" For now they kill me with a *living death*."
Again in *Troilus and Creſſida*:
" Theſe *lovers* cry,—Oh! oh! they die!
" Yet that which ſeems the wound to kill,
" *Doth turn oh! oh! to ha! ha! he!*"
" *So dying love lives ſtill*:
" Oh! oh! a while; but ha! ha! ha!
" Oh! oh! groans out for ha! ha! ha!" MALONE.

[2] *Who plucks the* bud *before one leaf put forth?*] So, in *The Sheepheard's Song of Venus and Adonis*, by H. C. 1600.
" I am now too young
" To be wonne by beauty;
" Tender are my years,
" I am yet a *bud*." MALONE.

[3] *You hurt my hand with* wringing; *let us part*,] So, in the ſong above quoted:
" Wind thee from mee, Venus,
" I am not diſpoſed;
" Thou *wringeſt* me too hard,
" Pr'ythee let me goe:
" Fie, what a pain it is,
" Thus to be encloſed!" MALONE.

[4] Remove *your* ſiege *from my unyielding heart*;
To love's *alarm it will not ope the gate*:] So, in *Romeo and Juliet*:

" You

Diſmiſs your vows, your feigned tears, your flattery;
For where a heart is hard, they make no battery.

What! canſt thou talk, (quoth ſhe,) haſt thou a tongue?
O, would thou had'ſt not, or I had no hearing!
Thy mermaid's voice [5] hath done me double wrong;
I had my load before, now preſs'd with bearing:
Melodious diſcord, heavenly tune harſh-ſounding,
Earth's deep-ſweet muſick, and heart's deep-ſore wounding.

Had I no eyes, but ears, my ears would love
That inward beauty and inviſible [6];
Or, were I deaf, thy outward parts would move
Each part in me that were but ſenſible:
Though neither eyes nor ears, to hear nor ſee,
Yet ſhould I be in love, by touching thee.

Say, that the ſenſe of feeling [5] were bereft me,
And that I could not ſee, nor hear, nor touch,
And nothing but the very ſmell were left me,
Yet would my love to thee be ſtill as much;

For

"You—to *remove* that *ſiege* of grief from her,——."
Again, ibid:
"She will not ſtay the *ſiege* of *loving terms*." MALONE.

[5] *Thy* mermaid's *voice*—] Our ancient writers commonly uſe *mermaid* for *Syren*. STEEVENS.

[6] —*and* inviſible;] I ſuſpect that both for the ſake of better rhime, and better ſenſe, we ſhould read *invincible*. Theſe words are miſprinted, alternately one for the other, in *K. Henry IV.* P. II. and *K. John*. STEEVENS.

In the preſent edition, however, the reader will find the word *inviſible*, in the paſſage referred to in *K. John*, and *invincible*, in the ſecond part of *K. Henry IV.* as thoſe words ſtand in the old copy,

An oppoſition was, I think, clearly intended between external beauty, of which the eye is the judge, and a melody of voice, (which the poet calls *inward beauty*,) ſtriking not the ſight but the ear. I therefore believe *inviſible* to be the true reading. MALONE.

[7] *Say, that the ſenſe of* feeling—] Thus the octavo, 1596. All the modern editions read—*reaſon*. MALONE.

For from the ſtill'tory of thy face excelling
Comes breath perfum'd [6], that breedeth love by ſmelling.

But O, what banquet wert thou to the taſte,
Being nurſe and feeder of the other four!
Would they not wiſh the feaſt ſhould ever laſt,
And bid Suſpicion double lock the door [7]?
Leſt jealouſy, that four unwelcome gueſt [8],
Should, by his ſtealing in, diſturb the feaſt.

Once more the ruby-colour'd portal open'd [9],
Which to his ſpeech did honey paſſage yield;
Like a red morn, that ever yet betoken'd
Wreck to the ſea-man, tempeſt to the field,
Sorrow to ſhepherds, woe unto the birds,
Guſt and foul flaws [1] to herdmen and to herds.

This ill preſage adviſedly ſhe marketh:—
Even as the wind is huſh'd before it raineth [2],

Or

[6] *Comes* breath perfum'd, &c.] So, in Conſtable's poem:
" *Breathe* once more thy *balmie wind:*
" It ſmelleth of the mirrh tree
" That to the world did bring thee,
" Never was *perfume* ſo ſweet." MALONE.

[7] *And bid Suſpicion double lock the door?*] A bolder or happier perſonification than this, will not readily be pointed out in any of our authour's plays. MALONE.

[8] *Leſt jealouſy, that four unwelcome gueſt*, &c.]
—ne quis malus invidere poſſit,
Quum tantum ſciat eſſe baſiorum. *Catullus.* MALONE.

[9] —*the ruby-colour'd* portal *open'd*,] So, in *K. Henry IV.* P. II:
" —By his *gates of breath*
" There lies a downy feather,"—.
Again, in *Romeo and Juliet:*
" ——and *lips*, O you
" The *doors* of *breath*," &c.
Shakſpeare probably remembered the expreſſion of the pſalmiſt: " Set a watch, O Lord, before my mouth, and keep the *door of my lips.*" MALONE.

[1] —*foul flaws*—] i. e. violent blaſts of wind. STEEVENS.

[2] *Even as the* wind *is* huſh'd before it raineth,] So, in *Hamlet:*
" But, as we often ſee *againſt ſome ſtorm*—
" The bold *winds* ſpeechleſs, and the orb below
" As *huſh as death*," &c. STEEVENS.

Or as the wolf doth grin before he barketh,
Or as the berry breaks before it ſtaineth,
Or like the deadly bullet of a gun [3],
His meaning ſtruck her ere his words begun [4].

And at his look ſhe flatly falleth down,
For looks kill love, and love by looks reviveth:
A ſmile recures the wounding of a frown;
But bleſſed bankrupt, that by love ſo thriveth!
The ſilly boy believing ſhe is dead,
Claps her pale cheek, till clapping makes it red;

And in amaze brake off his late intent,
For ſharply he did think to reprehend her,
Which cunning love did wittily prevent:
Fair fall the wit, that can ſo well defend her!
For on the graſs ſhe lies, as ſhe were ſlain,
Till his breath breatheth life in her again.

He wrings her noſe, he ſtrikes her on the cheeks,
He bends her fingers, holds her pulſes hard;
He chafes her lips; a thouſand ways he ſeeks
To mend the hurt that his unkindneſs marr'd;
He kiſſes her; and ſhe, by her good will,
Will never riſe, ſo he will kiſs her ſtill.

The night of ſorrow now is turn'd to day *:
Her two blue windows [5] faintly ſhe up-heaveth,

Like

[3] *Or like the deadly bullet of a gun,*] So, in *Romeo and Juliet*:

" —that name
" Shot from the *deadly* level of a *gun*,"—. STEEVENS.

[4] *His meaning ſtruck her, ere his words begun.*] So, in *K. Henry IV.* P. II:

" But Priam found the fire, ere he his tongue."

Our authour is inaccurate. He ſhould have written *began*. MALONE.

* *The night of ſorrow now is turn'd to day:*] So, in *King Richard III*:

" And turn his infant morn to aged night." MALONE.

[5] *Her two* blue *windows*—] So, in *Antony and Cleopatra*:

" —Downy *windows*, cloſe;
" And golden Phœbus never be beheld
" Of eyes again ſo royal!" MALONE.

This

Like the fair ſun, when in his freſh array
He cheers the morn, and all the world relieveth:
And as the bright ſun glorifies the ſky [6],
So is her face illumin'd with her eye;

Whoſe beams upon his hairleſs face [7] are fix'd,
As if from thence they borrow'd all their ſhine.
Were never four ſuch lamps together mix'd,
Had not his clouded with his brows' repine;
But hers, which through the cryſtal tears gave light,
Shone like the moon, in water ſeen by night [8].

O, where am I, quoth ſhe? in earth or heaven,
Or in the ocean drench'd, or in the fire?
What hour is this? or morn or weary even?
Do I delight to die, or life deſire?
But now I liv'd, and life was death's annoy:
But now I dy'd, and death was living joy.

O, thou didſt kill me;—kill me once again:
Thy eyes' ſhrewd tutor, that hard heart of thine,
Hath taught them ſcornful tricks, and ſuch diſdain,
That they have murder'd this poor heart of mine [9];

And

This thought is more dilated in *Cymbeline*:

"—the encloſed *lights* now canopied
"Under theſe *windows*:—white and *azure!* laced
"With *blue* of heaven's own tinct." STEEVENS.

[6] —glorifies *the ſky*,] So, in *King John*:
"Do *glorify* the banks that bound them in." STEEV.

[7] —*his* hairleſs *face*—] So, in *K. John*:
"This *unhair'd* ſaucineſs, and boyiſh troops." STEEV.

[8] *But hers, which through the cryſtal tears gave light,*
Shone like the moon, in water ſeen by night.] So, in *Love's Labour's Loſt*:

"Nor ſhines the ſilver *moon* one half ſo bright,
"Through the *tranſparent boſom of the deep*,
"As doth thy face *through tears* of mine *give light*;
"Thou ſhin'ſt in every tear that I do weep." MALONE.

[9] —*murder'd this poor heart*—] So, in *K. Henry V*:
"The king hath *kill'd his heart*." STEEVENS.

Again, in *K. Richard II*:

"—'twere no good part
"To take on me to keep, and *kill thy heart*."
MALONE.

And theſe mine eyes, true leaders to their queen,
But for thy piteous lips no more had ſeen.

Long may they kiſs each other, for this cure!
O, never let their crimſon liveries wear!
And as they laſt, their verdure ſtill endure,
To drive infection from the dangerous year[1]!
That the ſtar-gazers, having writ on death,
May ſay, the plague is baniſh'd by thy breath.

Pure lips, ſweet ſeals in my ſoft lips imprinted[2],
What bargains may I make, ſtill to be ſealing?
To ſell myſelf I can be well contented,
So thou wilt buy, and pay, and uſe good dealing;
Which purchaſe if thou make, for fear of ſlips[3]
Set thy ſeal-manual on my wax-red lips.

A thouſand kiſſes buys my heart from me[4];
And pay them at thy leiſure, one by one.
What is ten hundred kiſſes unto thee?
Are they not quickly told, and quickly gone?

Say

[1] *their* verdure *ſtill endure,*
To drive infection *from the dangerous year!*] I have ſomewhere read, that in rooms where plants are kept in a growing ſtate, the air is never unwholeſome. STEEVENS.

[2] *Pure lips*, ſweet ſeals *in my ſoft lips imprinted,*] We meet with the ſame image in *Meaſure for Meaſure:*

" Take, O take thoſe lips away,
" That ſo ſweetly were forſworn;—
" But my kiſſes bring again,
" *Seals of love*, but ſeal'd in vain."

Again, in *Troilus and Creſſida:*

" With diſtinct breath, and *conſign'd kiſſes* to them."

The epithet *ſoft* has a peculiar propriety. MALONE.

[3] *—for fear of* ſlips,] i. e. of *counterfeit* money. See note on *Romeo and Juliet*, Act II. ſc. iv.

" —what *counterfeit* did I give you?
" *Mer.* The *ſlip*, ſir, the *ſlip*," &c. STEEVENS.

[4] *A thouſand kiſſes* buys *my heart from me*;] So in *Troilus and Creſſida:*

" We two, that with ſo many thouſand ſighs
" Did *buy* each other," &c. MALONE.

Say, for non-payment that the debt ſhould double *,
Is twenty hundred kiſſes ſuch a trouble?

Fair queen, quoth he, if any love you owe me,
Meaſure my ſtrangeneſs with my unripe years [4];
Before I know myſelf, ſeek not to know me;
No fiſher but the ungrown fry forbears:
The mellow plumb doth fall, the green ſticks faſt,
Or being early pluck'd, is ſour to taſte.

Look, the world's comforter, with weary gait,
His day's hot taſk hath ended in the weſt:
The owl, night's herald, ſhrieks [5], 'tis very late;
The ſheep are gone to fold, birds to their neſt;
And coal-black clouds that ſhadow heaven's light,
Do ſummon us to part, and bid good night.

Now let me ſay *good night*, and ſo ſay you;
If you will ſay ſo, you ſhall have a kiſs.
Good night, quoth ſhe; and, ere he ſays *adieu*,
The honey fee of parting tender'd is:
Her arms do lend his neck a ſweet embrace;
Incorporate then they ſeem; face grows to face [6].

Till

* *Say, for non-payment that the debt ſhould double,*] The poet was thinking of a conditional bond's becoming forfeited for non-payment: in which caſe, the entire penalty (uſually the double of the principal ſum lent by the obligee) was formerly recoverable at law. MALONE.

[4] *Meaſure my* ſtrangeneſs—] i. e. my baſhfulneſs, my coyneſs. So, in *Romeo and Juliet*:

"—I'll prove more true,
"Than thoſe that have more cunning to be *ſtrange*."

MALONE.

[5] *The* owl, night's herald, ſhrieks, &c.] So, in *Macbeth*:

"It was the *owl* that *ſhriek'd*, the fatal bellman,
"Which gives the ſtern'ſt good-night."

In *Romeo and Juliet*, the *lark* is called the *herald of the morn*.

STEEVENS.

[6] —*a ſweet* embrace;
Incorporate then they ſeem; *face* grows *to face*.] So, in *K. Henry VIII*:

"—— how they clung
"In their *embracements*, as they *grew* together."

STEEVENS.

Again,

Till, breathleſs, he diſjoin'd, and backward drew
The heavenly moiſture, that ſweet coral mouth,
Whoſe precious taſte her thirſty lips well knew,
Whereon they ſurfeit, yet complain on drought:
He with her plenty preſs'd, ſhe faint with dearth,
(Their lips together glew'd,) fall to the earth.

Now quick Deſire hath caught the yielding prey,
And glutton-like ſhe feeds, yet never filleth;
Her lips are conquerors, his lips obey,
Paying what ranſom the inſulter willeth;
Whoſe vulture thought doth pitch the price ſo high,
That ſhe will draw his lips' rich treaſure dry.

And having felt the ſweetneſs of the ſpoil,
With blind-fold fury ſhe begins to forage;
Her face doth reek and ſmoke, her blood doth boil,
And careleſs luſt ſtirs up a deſperate courage;
Planting oblivion, beating reaſon back,
Forgetting ſhame's pure bluſh, and honour's wreck [7].

Hot, faint, and weary, with her hard embracing,
Like a wild bird being tam'd with too much handling,
Or as the fleet-foot roe, that's tir'd with chaſing,
Or like the froward infant, ſtill'd with dandling,
He now obeys, and now no more reſiſteth,
While ſhe takes all ſhe can, not all ſhe liſteth [8].

What

Again, in *All's well that ends well:* "I *grow* to you, and our parting is a tortured body."—In the ſame manner as here, in Conſtable's Poem Venus promiſes to let Adonis go, if he will give her a kiſs. She complains of its ſhortneſs, and takes another:

"When ſhe had thus ſpoken,
"She gave him a token,
"*And their naked boſoms met.*" MALONE.

[7] *Forgetting ſhame's pure bluſh,*] Here the poet charges his heroine with having forgotten what ſhe can never be ſuppoſed to have known. Shakſpeare's *Venus* may ſurely ſay with *Quartilla* in *Petronius:* "*Junonem meam iratam habeam, ſi unquam me meminerim virginem fuiſſe.*" STEEVENS.

[8] *While ſhe takes all ſhe can, not all ſhe liſteth.*] Thus Pope's *Eloiſa:*

"Give all thou canſt, and let me dream the reſt."

AMNER.

What wax ſo frozen but diſſolves with temp'ring,
And yields at laſt to every light impreſſion [9]?
Things out of hope are compaſs'd oft with vent'ring,
Chiefly in love, whoſe leave [1] exceeds commiſſion:
Affection faints not like a pale-fac'd coward,
But then woos beſt, when moſt his choice is froward.

When he did frown, O, had ſhe then gave over,
Such nectar from his lips ſhe had not ſuck'd.
Foul words and frowns muſt not repel a lover;
What though the roſe have prickles, yet 'tis pluck'd:
Were beauty under twenty locks kept faſt,
Yet love breaks through, and picks them all at laſt.

For pity now ſhe can no more detain him;
The poor fool [2] prays her that he may depart:
She is reſolv'd no longer to reſtrain him;
Bids him farewel, and look well to her heart,
The which, by Cupid's bow ſhe doth proteſt [3],
He carries thence incaged in his breaſt [4].

Sweet

[9] —*diſſolves with* temp'ring,
And yields at laſt to every light impreſſion?] So, in *K. Henry IV.* P. II: "I have him already *tempering* between my finger and my thumb, and ſhortly will I *ſeal* with him."
STEEVENS.

It ſhould be remembered that it was the cuſtom formerly to ſeal with ſoft wax, which was *tempered* between the fingers, before the impreſſion was made. MALONE.

[1] —*whoſe* leave—] i. e. whoſe licentiouſneſs. STEEVENS.

[2] *The* poor fool—] This was formerly an expreſſion of tenderneſs. So, King Lear, ſpeaking of Cordelia:
"And my *poor fool* is hang'd." MALONE.

[3] —by Cupid's bow *ſhe doth* proteſt,] So, in *A Midſummer Night's Dream:*
"I *ſwear* to thee by *Cupid's* ſtrongeſt *bow*." MALONE.

[4] *He carries thence* incaged *in his breaſt.*] Thus the octavo, 1596. So, in *K. Richard II:*
"And yet *incaged* in ſo ſmall a verge,"—.
The edition of 1636 and all the modern copies read—*engaged.*
This is a thought which Shakſpeare has often introduced. So, in *As you Like it:*
"That thou might'ſt join her hand in his,
"Whoſe *heart within her boſom is.*"

Again,

Sweet boy, ſhe ſays, this night I'll waſte in ſorrow,
For my ſick heart commands mine eyes to watch.
Tell me, love's maſter *, ſhall we meet to morrow?
Say, ſhall we? ſhall we? wilt thou make the match?
He tells her, no; to-morrow he intends
To hunt the boar with certain of his friends.

The boar! (quoth ſhe) whereat a ſudden pale,
Like lawn being ſpread upon the bluſhing roſe [5],
Uſurps her cheek: ſhe trembles at his tale,
And on his neck her yoking arms ſhe throws:
She ſinketh down, ſtill hanging on his neck,
He on his belly falls, ſhe on her back.

Now is ſhe in the very liſts of love [6],
Her champion mounted for the hot encounter:
All is imaginary ſhe doth prove,
He will not manage her, although he mount her;
That worſe than Tantalus' is her annoy,
To clip Elyſium, and to lack her joy [7].

Even

Again, in *Love's Labour's Loſt*:
" Hence ever then *my heart is in thy breaſt*."
Again, in *K. Richard III*:
" Even ſo thy breaſt incloſeth my poor heart."
MALONE.

* love's *maſter*—] Thou, who art maſter of me, the queen of love. MALONE.

[5] *The boar! (quoth ſhe) whereat a ſudden* pale,
Like lawn being ſpread upon the bluſhing roſe,] So, in *The Sheepheard's Song of Venus and Adonis*, by H. C. 1600:
" Now, he ſayd, let's goe;
" Harke, the hounds are crying;
" Griſlie boare is up,
" Huntſmen follow faſt.
" At the name of *boare*
" Venus ſeemed dying:
" Deadly-colour'd *pale*
" *Roſes overcaſt*." MALONE.

Like lawn *being ſpread upon the bluſhing* roſe,] So again, in *The Rape of Lucrece*:
" —red as *roſes* that on *lawn* we lay." STEEVENS.

[6] —*in the very* liſts of love,] So alſo John Dryden, in his play called *Don Sebaſtion*:
" The ſprightly bridegroom on his wedding night,
" More gladly enters not the *liſts of love*." AMNER.

[7] *To* clip *Elyſium*,] To *clip* in old language is to *embrace*. MALONE.

Even as poor birds, deceiv'd with painted grapes [8],
Do ſurfeit by the eye, and pine the maw,
Even ſo ſhe languiſheth in her miſhaps,
As thoſe poor birds that helpleſs berries ſaw [9]:
The warm effects [1] which ſhe in him finds miſſing,
She ſeeks to kindle with continual kiſſing [2]:

But all in vain; good queen, it will not be:
She hath aſſay'd as much as may be prov'd;
Her pleading hath deſerv'd a greater fee;
She's Love, ſhe loves, and yet ſhe is not lov'd.
Fie, fie, he ſays, you cruſh me; let me go;
You have no reaſon to withhold me ſo.

Thou had'ſt been gone, quoth ſhe, ſweet boy, ere this,
But that thou told'ſt me, thou would'ſt hunt the boar.
O, be adviſ'd; thou know'ſt not what it is
With javelin's point a churliſh ſwine to gore,
Whoſe

[8] —birds *deceiv'd with* painted grapes,] Alluding to a celebrated work of one of the ancient painters. STEEVENS.

Our authour alludes to the celebrated picture of Zeuxis, mentioned by Pliny, in which ſome grapes were ſo well repreſented that birds lighted on them to peck at them.

Sir John Davies has the ſame alluſion in his *Noſce teipſum*, 1599:

"Therefore the bee did ſeek the painted flower,
"And *birds of grapes the cunning ſhadow peck.*"

MALONE.

[9] *As thoſe poor birds that* helpleſs berries *ſaw*:] *Helpleſs berries* are berries that afford no *help*, i. e. nouriſhment. STEEV.

I once thought that a different meaning was intended to be conveyed; but I now believe, Mr. Steevens is right. So, in the *Comedy of Errors*:

"So thou—
"With urging *helpleſs* patience would'ſt relieve me."

MALONE.

[1] *The warm* effects—] I think we ſhould read *affects*. So, in *Othello*:

"——the young *affects*
"In me defunct." STEEVENS.

[2] *She ſeeks to* kindle *with continual* kiſſing:] So, in *Antony and Cleopatra*:

"*Quicken* with *kiſſing*:—had my lips that power,
"Thus would I wear them out." STEEVENS.

Whoſe tuſhes never-ſheath'd he whetteth ſtill,
Like to a mortal butcher [3], bent to kill.

On his bow-back he hath a battle ſet
Of briſtly pikes, that ever threat his foes;
His eyes, like glow-worms, ſhine when he doth fret *;
His ſnout digs ſepulchres where'er he goes;
Being mov'd, he ſtrikes what e'er is in his way,
And whom he ſtrikes, his crooked tuſhes ſlay.

His brawny ſides, with hairy briſtles arm'd,
Are better proof than thy ſpear's point can enter;
His ſhort thick neck cannot be eaſily harm'd;
Being ireful, on the lion he will venture:
The thorny brambles and embracing buſhes,
As fearful of him, part; through whom he ruſhes [4].

Alas, he nought eſteems that face of thine,
To which Love's eyes pay tributary gazes;

Nor

[3] *Like to a* mortal *butcher*;—] *Mortal* for *deadly*. So, in *Othello*:

"And you, ye *mortal* engines," &c. MALONE.

* *On his bow-back he hath a battel ſet*
Of briſtly pikes, that ever threat his foes;
His eyes, like glow-worms, ſhine when he doth fret;] In this deſcription Shakſpeare had perhaps in view that given by Ovid of the boar that ſlew Meleager. See Golding's tranſlation, Book VIII.

"His *eyes* did gliſter blood and fire; right dreadful was to ſee
"His brawned *back*; right dreadful was his haire, which grew as thicke
"With pricking points as one of them could well by other ſticke:
"And, like a front of armed *pikes* ſet cloſe in *battel* ray,
"The ſturdie *briſtles* on his back ſtood ſtaring up alway."
MALONE.

[4] *The thorny brambles and embracing buſhes,*
As fearful of him, part; through whom he ruſhes.] Thus Virgil deſcribing the rapid paſſage of two centaurs through the woods:

"——dat euntibus ingens
"Sylva locum, et magno cedunt virgulta fragore."
STEEVENS.

Nor thy ſoft hands, ſweet lips, and cryſtal eyne,
Whoſe full perfection all the world amazes;
But having thee at vantage, (wond'rous dread!)
Would root theſe beauties as he roots the mead.

O, let him keep his loathſome cabin ſtill [5];
Beauty hath nought to do with ſuch foul fiends:
Come not within his danger [6] by thy will;
They that thrive well, take counſel of their friends:
When thou didſt name the boar, not to diſſemble,
I fear'd thy fortune, and my joints did tremble.

Didſt thou not mark my face? Was it not white?
Saw'ſt thou not ſigns of fear lurk in mine eye?
Grew I not faint? And fell I not downright?
Within my boſom, whereon thou doſt lie,
My boding heart pants, beats, and takes no reſt,
But, like an earthquake, ſhakes thee on my breaſt.

For where love reigns, diſturbing jealouſy
Doth call himſelf affection's ſentinel;
Gives falſe alarms, ſuggeſteth mutiny,
And in a peaceful hour doth cry, *kill, kill* [7];
Diſtemp'ring gentle love with his deſire,
As air and water doth abate the fire.

This

[5] —*his loathſome* cabin *ſtill*;] *Cabin* in the age of Queen Elizabeth ſignified a ſmall mean dwelling place, and was much in uſe. The term ſtill is uſed univerſally through Ireland, where the word *cottage* is ſcarcely ever employed. MALONE.

[6] *Come not within his danger*—] This was a common expreſſion in Shakſpeare's time, and ſeems to have meant, Expoſe not yourſelf to one who has the power to do you miſchief. MALONE.

[7] *And in a peaceful hour doth cry*, kill, kill;] Theſe were, I think, the words formerly uttered when orders were iſſued to an army for general ſlaughter. I have met with a paſſage to this purpoſe in a book of Shakſpeare's age, but cannot now turn to it. MALONE.

So, in *King Lear*:

"And when I have ſtolen upon theſe ſons-in-law,
"Then *kill, kill, kill*." STEEVENS.

This four informer, this bate-breeding ſpy [8],
This canker, that eats up love's tender ſpring [9],
This carry-tale [1], diſſenſions jealouſy,
That ſometimes true news, ſometime falſe doth bring [2],
Knocks at my heart, and whiſpers in mine ear,
That if I love thee, I thy death ſhould fear:

And more than ſo, preſenteth to mine eye
The picture of an angry chafing boar,
Under whoſe ſharp fangs on his back doth lie
An image like thyſelf, all ſtain'd with gore;
Whoſe blood upon the freſh flowers being ſhed,
Doth make them droop with grief, and hang the head.

What ſhould I do, ſeeing thee ſo indeed,
That trembling at the imagination,
The thought of it doth make my faint heart bleed?
And fear doth teach it divination [3]:

I propheſy

[8] —*bate-breeding*—] So, in *The Merry Wives of Windſor*, Mrs. Quickly obſerves that John Rugby is "no tell-tale, no *breed-bate*." *Bate* is an obſolete word ſignifying *ſtrife, contention*. STEEVENS.

[9] —*love's tender ſpring*,] I once thought that *love's tender ſpring* meant the tender bloſſoms of growing love. *Printemps d'amour*. So, in *The Rape of Lucrece*:

"Unruly blaſts wait on the *tender ſpring*."

Again, in the preſent poem:

"*Love's* gentle *ſpring* doth always freſh remain;—."

But I am now of opinion that *ſpring* is uſed here, as in other places, for a young ſhoot or plant. So, in *The Comedy of Errors*:

"Even in the ſpring of love, thy *love-ſprings* rot."

MALONE.

This canker, *that* eats up *love's tender ſpring*,,] So, in *Romeo and Juliet*:

"Full ſoon the *canker* death *eats up* that plant."

STEEVENS.

[1] *This* carry-tale,—] So, in *Love's Labour's Loſt*:

"Some *carry-tale*, ſome pleaſe-man," &c. STEEV.

[2] *That ſometimes true news, ſometime falſe doth bring*,]

"Tam ficti pravique tenax quam nuntia veri." *Virgil.*

STEEVENS.

[3] *And fear doth teach it* divination:] So, in *K. Henry IV.* P. II.

"Tell thou thy earl, his *divination* lyes." STEEVENS.

And

I propheſy thy death, my living ſorrow,
If thou encounter with the boar to-morrow.

But if thou needs wilt hunt, be rul'd by me;
Uncouple at the timorous flying hare [4],
Or at the fox, which lives by ſubtilty,
Or at the roe, which no encounter dare:
Purſue theſe fearful creatures o'er the downs,
And on thy well-breath'd horſe keep with thy hounds.

And when thou haſt on foot the purblind hare,
Mark the poor wretch, to overſhut his troubles [5],
How he out-runs the wind, and with what care
He cranks * and croſſes, with a thouſand doubles:
The many muſits through the which he goes [6],
Are like a labyrinth to amaze his foes.

And fear doth teach it divination:
I propheſy thy death, &c.] So, in *Romeo and Juliet*:
" O God! I have an ill-*divining* ſoul;
" Methinks I *ſee thee*, now thou art ſo low,
" *As one dead* in the bottom of a tomb." MALONE.

[4] *But if thou needs wilt hunt, be rul'd by me;*
Uncouple at the timorous flying hare,] So, in *The Sheep-heard's Song of Venus and Adonis*, by H. C. 1600:
" *Speake, ſayd ſhe, no more*
" *Of following the boare,*
" Thou unfit for ſuch a chaſe;
" *Courſe the feareful hare,*
" Veniſon do not ſpare,
" If thou wilt yield Venus grace." MALONE.

[5] —*to over*-ſhut *his troubles*,] I would read over-*ſhoot*, i. e. fly beyond. STEEVENS.

To *ſhut up* in Shakſpeare's age ſignified to *conclude*. I believe therefore the text is right. MALONE.

* *He* cranks—] i. e. he *winds*. So, in *Coriolanus*, the belly ſays,
" I ſend it through the rivers of your blood,
" And through the *cranks* and offices of man," &c.
Again, more appoſitely, in *K. Henry IV.* P. I.
" See how this river comes me *cranking* in—."
MALONE.

[6] *The many* muſits *through the which he goes*,] *Muſits* are ſaid by the lexicographers to be *the places through which the hare goes for relief*. The modern editions reads *umfits*. MALONE.

A *muſet* is a gap in a hedge. See Cotgrave's explanation of the French word *Trouée*. STEEVENS.

Sometime he runs among a flock of ſheep,
To make the cunning hounds miſtake their ſmell;
And ſometime where earth-delving conies keep,
To ſtop the loud purſuers in their yell;
And ſometime ſorteth with a herd of deer [1];
Danger deviſeth ſhifts; wit waits on fear:

For there his ſmell with others being mingled,
The hot ſcent-ſnuffing hounds are driven to doubt,
Ceaſing their clamorous cry till they have ſingled
With much ado the cold fault cleanly out;
Then do they ſpend their mouths: Echo replies,
As if another chaſe were in the ſkies [2].

By this, poor Wat, far off upon a hill,
Stands on his hinder legs with liſtening ear,
To harken if his foes purſue him ſtill;
Anon their loud alarums he doth hear;
And now his grief may be compared well
To one ſore ſick, that hears the paſſing bell [3].

Then ſhalt thou ſee the dew-bedabbled wretch
Turn, and return, indenting with the way;
Each envious briar his weary legs doth ſcratch [4],
Each ſhadow makes him ſtop, each murmur ſtay:
For miſery is trodden on by many,
And being low, never reliev'd by any.

Lie

[1] *And ſometime* ſorteth *with a herd of deer*;] *Sorteth* means *accompanies*, conſorts with. *Sort* anciently ſignified a *troop*, or *company*. MALONE.

[2] ——*Echo replies,*
As if another chaſe were in the ſkies.] So Dryden:
"With ſhouting and hooting we pierce through the ſky,
"And echo turns hunter, and doubles the cry."
STEEVENS.

[3] *To one ſore ſick, that* hears the paſſing bell.] This thought is borrowed by Beaumont and Fletcher in *Philaſter*:
"——like one who languiſhing
"*Hears his ſad bell*——. STEEVENS.

[4] *Each envious* briar *his weary* legs *doth* ſcratch,] So, in *The Taming of the Shrew*:
"——roaming through a *thorny* wood
"*Scratching* her *legs*." STEEVENS.

Lie quietly, and hear a little more;
Nay, do not ſtruggle, for thou ſhalt not riſe:
To make thee hate the hunting of the boar,
Unlike thyſelf,—thou hear'ſt me moralize [3].
Applying this to that, and ſo to ſo;
For love can comment upon every woe.

Where did I leave?—No matter where, quoth he;
Leave me, and then the ſtory aptly ends:
The night is ſpent. Why, what of that, quoth ſhe:
I am, quoth he, expected of my friends;
And now 'tis dark, and going I ſhall fall;
In night, quoth ſhe, deſire ſees beſt of all [4].

But if thou fall, O then imagine this,
The earth, in love with thee, thy footing trips,
And all is but to rob thee of a kiſs [5].
Rich preys make rich men thieves; ſo do thy lips
Make modeſt Dian cloudy and forlorn,
Leſt ſhe ſhould ſteal a kiſs, and die forſworn [6].

[3] *Unlike thyſelf thou hear'ſt me moralize,*] Thus the octavo, 1596. The edition of 1636, and the modern copies, read: Unlike *myſelf.*—But the original copy is right. *Unlike thyſelf* refers to *the hunting of the boar*, which Venus conſiders as a rude ſport, ill ſuited to the delicate frame of Adonis. To *moralize* here means to *comment*; from *moral*, which our authour generally uſes in the ſenſe of *latent meaning*. So, in *The Taming of the Shrew:* "He has left me here behind to expound the meaning or *moral* of his ſigns and tokens."
MALONE.

[4] *In night, quoth ſhe, deſire ſees beſt of all.*] So, in Marlowe's *Hero and Leander*, which preceded the preſent poem:
"—dark night is Cupid's day." MALONE.
I verily believe that a ſentiment ſimilar, in ſome ſort, to another uttered by that forward wanton Juliet, occurreth here:
"Lovers can ſee to do their amorous rites
"By their own beauties." AMNER.

[5] *The* earth, *in love with thee, thy footing trips,*
And all is but to rob thee of a kiſs.] So, in *The Two Gentlemen of Verona:*
"——leſt the baſe *earth*
"Should from her veſture chance to *ſteal a kiſs.*"
STEEVENS.

[6] *—die* forſworn.] i. e. having broken her oath of virginity.
STEEVENS.

Now, of this dark night I perceive the reaſon:
Cynthia for ſhame obſcures her ſilver ſhine [7],
Till forging nature be condemn'd of treaſon,
For ſtealing moulds from heaven that were divine;
Wherein ſhe fram'd thee, in high heaven's deſpite,
To ſhame the ſun by day, and her by night.

And therefore hath ſhe brib'd the Deſtinies,
To croſs the curious workmanſhip of nature;
To mingle beauty with infirmities,
And pure perfection with impure defeature [8];
Making it ſubject to the tyranny
Of ſad miſchances and much miſery;

As burning fevers, agues pale and faint,
Life-poiſoning peſtilence, and frenzies wood [9],
The marrow-eating ſickneſs, whoſe attaint
Diſorder breeds by heating of the blood:
Surfeits, impoſtumes, grief, and damn'd deſpair,
Swear nature's death for framing thee ſo fair.

And not the leaſt of all theſe maladies
But in one minute's fight brings beauty under [1]:
Both favour, ſavour, hue, and qualities,
Whereat the impartial gazer * late did wonder,

Are

[7] *Cynthia for ſhame obſcures her ſilver* ſhine,] *Shine* was formerly uſed as a ſubſtantive. So, in *Pericles Prince of Tyre*, 1609:

"Thou ſhew'dſt a ſubject's *ſhine*—." MALONE.

[8] —*defeature*;] This word is derived from *defaire*, Fr. *to undo*. So, in *The Comedy of Errors*:

"—ſtrange *defeatures* in my face." STEEVENS.

[9] —*and frenzies* wood,] *Wood* in old language is *frantick*. MALONE.

[1] *But in one minute's* fight *brings beauty under*:] Thus the edition of 1596. The leaſt of theſe maladies after a *momentary engagement* ſubdues beauty. Not being till lately poſſeſſed of the copy of 1596, in the former edition of theſe poems I printed *ſight*, the reading of the copy of 1600: but I then conjectured that *fight* was the true reading, and I now find my conjecture confirmed. MALONE.

* —*the* impartial *gazer*—] Thus the octavo, 1596. *Impartial* is here uſed, I conceive, in the ſame ſenſe as in *Meaſure for Meaſure*. The ſubſequent copies have—*imperial*. MALONE.

Are on the ſudden waſted, thaw'd, and done [2],
As mountain-ſnow melts with the mid-day ſun.

Therefore, deſpite of fruitleſs chaſtity,
Love-lacking veſtals, and ſelf-loving nuns,
That on the earth would breed a ſcarcity,
And barren dearth of daughters and of ſons,
Be prodigal: the lamp that burns by night [3],
Dries up his oil, to lend the world his light.

What is thy body but a ſwallowing grave [4],
Seeming to bury that poſterity [5]
Which by the rights of time thou needs muſt have,
If thou deſtroy them not in dark obſcurity?
If ſo, the world will hold thee in diſdain,
Sith in thy pride ſo fair a hope is ſlain.

So in thyſelf thyſelf art made away;
A miſchief worſe than civil home-bred ſtrife,

Or

[2] —*thaw'd, and* done,] *Done* was formerly uſed in the ſenſe of waſted, conſumed, deſtroyed. So, in *King Henry VI.* P. I.

" And now they meet, where both their lives are *done*."

In the Weſt of England it ſtill retains the ſame meaning. MALONE.

[3] —*the lamp that burns by night*,[i. e.

" —λύχνον ἔρωτων,

" Καὶ γάμον αχλυόεντα——." *Muſæus.* STEEVENS.

Ye nuns and veſtals, ſays Venus, imitate the example of the lamp, that profiteth mankind at the expence of its own oil.—I do not apprehend that the poet had at all in his thoughts the torch of the loves, or the nocturnal meeting of either Hero and Leander or any other perſons.

The preceding precept here illuſtrated is general, without any limitation of either time or ſpace. MALONE.

[4] *What is thy body but a* ſwallowing grave,] So, in *King Richard III:*

" —in the *ſwallowing* gulph

" Of dark forgetfulneſs and deep oblivion."

Again, in our authour's 77th *Sonnet:*

" The wrinkles which thy glaſs will truly ſhew,

" Of *mouthed graves* will give thee memory." MALONE.

[5] ——*a ſwallowing grave,*

Seeming to bury *that* poſterity, &c.] So, in our authour's third *Sonnet:*

" ——who is he ſo fond, will be the *tomb*

" Of his ſelf-love, to *ſtop poſterity?*" MALONE.

Or theirs, whoſe deſperate hands themſelves do ſlay,
Or butcher-ſire, that reaves his ſon of life.
Foul cankering ruſt the hidden treaſure frets,
But gold that's put to uſe, more gold begets [6].

Nay then, quoth Adon, you will fall again
Into your idle over-handled theme;
The kiſs I gave you is beſtow'd in vain,
And all in vain you ſtrive againſt the ſtream;
For by this black-fac'd night, deſire's foul nurſe,
Your treatiſe makes me like you worſe and worſe.

If love have lent you twenty thouſand tongues,
And every tongue more moving than your own,
Bewitching like the wanton mermaid's ſongs,
Yet from mine ear the tempting tune is blown;
For know, my heart ſtands armed in mine ear,
And will not let a falſe ſound enter there;

Leſt the deceiving harmony ſhould run
Into the quiet cloſure of my breaſt;
And then my little heart were quite undone,
In his bedchamber to be barr'd of reſt,
No, lady, no; my heart longs not to groan,
But ſoundly ſleeps, while now it ſleeps alone.

What have you urg'd, that I cannot reprove?
The path is ſmooth that leadeth on to danger;
I hate not love, but your device in love,
That lends embracements unto every ſtranger.
You do it for increaſe: O ſtrange excuſe!
When reaſon is the bawd to luſt's abuſe [7].

Call

[6] *But* gold *that's put to uſe, more* gold *begets.*] So, in *The Merchant of Venice:*

"Or is your *gold* and ſilver ewes and rams?

Shy. "I cannot tell; I make it *breed* as faſt." STEEVENS.

In Marlowe's poem, Leander uſes the ſame argument to Hero, that Venus here urges to Adonis:

"What difference between the richeſt mine
"And baſeſt mould, but *uſe?* for both, not us'd,
"Are of like worth. Then *treaſure is abus'd,*
"*When miſers keep it; being put to lone,*
"*In time it will returne us two for one.*" MALONE.

[7] *When* reaſon *is the* bawd *to luſt's abuſe.*] So, in *Hamlet:*

"And *reaſon panders* will." STEEVENS.

Call it not love, for love to heaven is fled,
Since ſweating luſt on earth uſurp'd his name [8];
Under whoſe ſimple ſemblance he hath fed
Upon freſh beauty, blotting it with blame;
Which the hot tyrant ſtains, and ſoon bereaves,
As caterpillars do the tender leaves.

Love comforteth, like ſun-ſhine after rain,
But luſt's effect is tempeſt after ſun;
Love's gentle ſpring doth always freſh remain,
Luſt's winter comes ere ſummer half be done [9].
Love ſurfeits not; luſt like a glutton dies:
Love is all truth; luſt full of forged lies.

More I could tell, but more I dare not ſay;
The text is old, the orator too green.
Therefore, in ſadneſs, now I will away;
My face is full of ſhame, my heart of teen [1]:
Mine ears, that to your wanton talk attended,
Do burn themſelves [2] for having ſo offended.

With this, he breaketh from the ſweet embrace
Of thoſe fair arms which bound him to her breaſt,
And homeward through the dark lawnd [3] runs apace;
Leaves Love upon her back deeply diſtreſs'd.

Look,

[8] —love *to* heaven *is fled*,
Since ſweating luſt *on* earth *uſurp'd his* name.] This information is of as much conſequence as that given us by Homer about one of his celebrated rivers, which, he ſays, was
" *Xanthus* by *name* to thoſe of *heavenly birth*,
" But call'd *Scamander* by the *ſons of earth*." STEEV.

[9] *Love's gentle ſpring doth always freſh remain*,
" *Luſt's winter comes ere ſummer half be done*;] So again, in *The Rape of Lucrece*:
" O raſh falſe heat, wrapt in repentant cold!
" *Thy haſty ſpring ſtill blaſts, and ne'er grows old*."
MALONE.

[1] *My face is full of ſhame, my heart of* teen:] *Teen* is *ſorrow*. The word is often uſed by Spenſer. MALONE.

[2] Mine ears, *that to your wanton talk* attended,
Do burn, &c.] So, in *Cymbeline*:
" —I do condemn mine ears, that have
" So long *attended* thee." STEEVENS.

[3] —*the dark lawnd*—] So the octavo, 1596. *Lawnd* and *lawn* were in old language ſynonymous. The modern editors read—*lanes*. MALONE.

Look, how a bright ſtar ſhooteth from the ſky [4],
So glides he in the night from Venus' eye;

Which after him ſhe darts, as one on ſhore
Gazing upon a late-embarked friend [5],
Till the wild waves will have him ſeen no more,
Whoſe ridges [6] with the meeting clouds contend:
So did the mercileſs and pitchy night
Fold in the object that did feed her ſight.

Whereat amaz'd, as one that unaware
Hath dropp'd a precious jewel in the flood,
Or 'ſtoniſh'd as night-wanderers often are [7],
Their light blown out in ſome miſtruſtful wood;
Even ſo confounded in the dark ſhe lay,
Having loſt the fair diſcovery of her way [8].

And

[4] —*Look, how a bright* ſtar ſhooteth *from the ſky*,] So, in *K. Richard II*·

" I ſee thy glory like *a ſhooting ſtar*—."

Again, in *A Midſummer Night's Dream*:

" And certain *ſtars ſhot* madly from their *ſpheres*,
" To hear the ſea-maid's muſick." MALONE.

Again, in *Troilus and Creſſida*:

" —and fly like chidden Mercury,
" Or like a *ſtar* diſ-orb'd." STEEVENS.

[5] —*as one on ſhore*
Gazing upon a late embarked friend,] Perhaps Otway had this paſſage in his thoughts when he wrote the following lines:

" Methinks I ſtand upon a naked beach,
" Sighing to winds, and to the ſeas complaining;
" While afar off the veſſel ſails away,
" Where all the treaſure of my ſoul's embark'd.
MALONE.

See the ſcene in *Cymbeline* where Imogen tells Piſanio how he ought to have *gazed* after the veſſel in which Poſthumus was *embark'd*. STEEVENS.

[6] *Till the wild* waves—
Whoſe ridges—] So, in *King Lear*:

" Horns welk'd and wav'd like the *enridged ſea*."
STEEVENS.

[7] *Or* 'ſtoniſh'd *as* night-wanderers *often are*,] So, in *K. Lear*:

" —the wrathful ſkies
" *Gallow* the very *wanderers of the dark*." STEEVENS.

[8] —*the fair diſcovery of her way*.] I would read—diſcoverer, i. e. *Adonis*. STEEVENS.

The

And now ſhe beats her heart, whereat it groans,
That all the neighbour-caves, as ſeeming troubled,
Make verbal repetition of her moans;
Paſſion on paſſion deeply is redoubled:
Ah me! ſhe cries, and twenty times *woe, woe!*
And twenty echoes twenty times cry ſo.

She marking them, begins a wailing note,
And ſings extemp'rally a woeful ditty;
How love makes young men thrall, and old men dote;
How love is wiſe in folly, fooliſh-witty:
Her heavy anthem ſtill concludes in woe,
And ſtill the choir of echoes anſwers ſo.

Her ſong was tedious, and outwore the night,
For lovers' hours are long, though ſeeming ſhort:
If pleas'd themſelves, others, they think, delight
In ſuch like circumſtance, with ſuch like ſport:
Their copious ſtories, oftentimes begun,
End without audience, and are never done.

For who hath ſhe to ſpend the night withal,
But idle ſounds, reſembling paraſites;
Like ſhrill-tongu'd tapſters anſwering every call,
Soothing the humour of fantaſtick wits [9]?
She ſaid, *'tis ſo:* they anſwer all, *'tis ſo*;
And would ſay after her, if ſhe ſaid *no*.

The old reading appears to me to afford the ſame meaning, and is ſurely more poetical. Our authour uſes a ſimilar phraſeology in *Coriolanus:*

" Leſt you ſhould chance to whip your *information*,
[i. e. your informer.]
" And beat the meſſenger who bids beware
" Of what is to be dreaded." MALONE.

[9] *Like ſhrill-tongu'd tapſters anſwering every call,*
Soothing the humour of fantaſtick wits?] But the exerciſe of this fantaſtick humour is not ſo properly the character of *wits*, as of perſons of a wild and jocular extravagance of temper. To ſuit this idea, as well as to cloſe the rhime more fully, I am perſuaded the poet wrote:

Soothing the humour of fantaſtick *wights*. THEOBALD.

Like ſhrill-tongu'd tapſters anſwering every call,
Soothing the humour of fantaſtick wits?] See the ſcene of " *Anon, anon, ſir,*" in *K. Henry IV.* P. I.—Had Mr. Theobald

Lo! here the gentle lark, weary of reſt,
From his moiſt cabinet mounts up on high,
And wakes the morning, from whoſe ſilver breaſt
The ſun ariſeth in his majeſty;
  Who doth the world ſo gloriouſly behold,
  That cedar-tops and hills ſeem burniſh'd gold [1].

Venus ſalutes him with this fair good-morrow:
O thou clear god [2], and patron of all light,
From whom each lamp and ſhining ſtar doth borrow
The beauteous influence that makes him bright,
  There lives a ſon, that ſuck'd an earthly mother,
  May lend thee light [3], as thou doſt lend to other.

This ſaid, ſhe haſteth to a myrtle grove,
Muſing [4] the morning is ſo much o'er-worn;
And

bald been as familiar with ancient pamphlets as he pretended to have been, he would have known that the epithet *fantaſtick* is applied with ſingular propriety to the *wits* of Shakſpeare's age. The rhime, like many others in the ſame piece, may be weak, but the old reading is certainly the true one. STEEV.

[1] *That cedar-tops and hills ſeem burniſh'd gold.*] So, in his 33d *Sonnet*:

"Full many a glorious morning have I ſeen
"Flatter the mountain-tops with ſovereign eye;
"Kiſſing with golden face the meadows green;
"Gilding pale ſtreams with heavenly alchymy."

MALONE.

[2] *O thou clear god*, &c.] Perhaps Mr. Rowe had read the lines that compoſe this ſtanza, before he wrote the following, with which the firſt act of his *Ambitious Stepmother* concludes:

"Our glorious ſun, the ſource of light and heat,
"Whoſe influence chears the world he did create,
"Shall ſmile on thee from his meridian ſkies,
"And own the kindred beauties of thine eyes;
"Thine eyes, which, could his own fair beams decay,
"Might ſhine for him, and bleſs the world with day."

STEEVENS.

[3] *There lives a ſon, that ſuck'd an earthly mother,*
May lend thee light,—] So, in *Romeo and Juliet*:

"——Her eye in heaven,
"Would through the airy region ſtream ſo bright,
"That birds would ſing, and think it were not night."

MALONE.

[4] Muſing—] in ancient language is *wondering*. MALONE.

And yet ſhe hears no tidings of her love:
She hearkens for his hounds, and for his horn:
Anon ſhe hears them chaunt it luſtily,
And all in haſte ſhe coaſteth to the cry *.

And as ſhe runs, the buſhes in the way
Some catch her by the neck, ſome kiſs her face,
Some twine about her thigh to make her ſtay;
She wildly breaketh from their ſtrict embrace,
Like a milch doe, whoſe ſwelling dugs do ake,
Haſting to feed her fawn [5] hid in ſome brake.

By this, ſhe hears the hounds are at a bay,
Whereat ſhe ſtarts, like one that ſpies an adder
Wreath'd up in fatal folds, juſt in his way,
The fear whereof doth make him ſhake and ſhudder;
Even ſo the timorous yelping of the hounds
Appals her ſenſes, and her ſpright confounds.

For now ſhe knows it is no gentle chaſe,
But the blunt boar, rough bear, or lion proud,
Becauſe the cry remaineth in one place,
Where fearfully the dogs exclaim aloud:
Finding their enemy to be ſo curſt,
They all ſtrain court'ſy who ſhall cope him firſt.

This diſmal cry rings ſadly in her ear,
Through which it enters to ſurpriſe her heart;
Who, overcome by doubt and bloodleſs fear,
With cold pale weakneſs numbs each feeling part:
Like ſoldiers, when their captain once doth yield,
They baſely fly, and dare not ſtay the field.

Thus

*—*ſhe* coaſteth *to the cry*.] i. e. She advanceth. So, in *Troilus and Creſſida*:

"O theſe encounterers, ſo glib of tongue,
"That give a *coaſting* welcome, ere it come!"

MALONE.

[5] *Like a milch* doe, *whoſe ſwelling dugs do ake,*
Haſting to feed her fawn—] So, in *As you Like it*:

"While, like a *doe*, I go to find my *fawn*,
"And give it food." STEEVENS.

Thus ſtands ſhe in a trembling ecſtacy [6];
Till, cheering up her ſenſes ſore-diſmay'd,
She tells them, 'tis a cauſeleſs fantaſy,
And childiſh errour that they are afraid;
Bids them leave quaking, bids them fear no more;—
And with that word ſhe ſpy'd the hunted boar;

Whoſe frothy mouth, bepainted all with red,
Like milk and blood being mingled both together,
A ſecond fear through all her ſinews ſpread,
Which madly hurries her ſhe knows not whither:
This way ſhe runs, and now ſhe will no further,
But back retires, to rate the boar for murther.

A thouſand ſpleens bear her a thouſand ways;
She treads the path that ſhe untreads again;
Her more than haſte is mated with delays [7],
Like the proceedings of a drunken brain;
Full of reſpect, yet nought at all reſpecting *;
In hand with all things, nought at all effecting †.

Here kennel'd in a brake ſhe finds a hound,
And aſks the weary caitiff for his maſter;
And there another licking of his wound,
'Gainſt venom'd ſores the only ſovereign plaſter;
And here ſhe meets another ſadly ſcowling,
To whom ſhe ſpeaks; and he replies with howling.

When

[6] *Thus ſtands ſhe in a trembling* ecſtacy;] *Ecſtacy* anciently ſignified any violent perturbation of mind. MALONE.

Again, in *The Comedy of Errors*:

"Mark, how he *trembleth* in his *ecſtacy!*" STEEV.

[7] *Her more than haſte is* mated *with delays*,] is *confounded* or deſtroyed by delay. The modern editions read *marred*. MALONE.

* *Full of* reſpect—] i. e. full of circumſpection, and wiſe conſideration. See a note in *The Rape of Lucrece*, ſt. 40, on the words—"*Reſpect* and reaſon wait on wrinkled age."—This is one of our authour's nice obſervations. No one affects more wiſdom than a drunken man. MALONE.

† *In hand with all things, nought at all effecting.*] So, in *Hamlet*:

"—like a man to double buſineſs bent,
"I ſtand in pauſe where I ſhall firſt begin,
"And both neglect." MALONE.

When he had ceas'd his ill-reſounding noiſe,
Another flap-mouth'd mourner, black and grim,
Againſt the welkin vollies out his voice;
Another and another anſwer him;
  Clapping their proud tails to the ground below,
  Shaking their ſcratch'd ears, bleeding as they go.

Look, how the world's poor people are amaz'd
At apparitions, ſigns, and prodigies,
Whereon with fearful eyes they long have gaz'd,
Infuſing them with dreadful prophecies;
  So ſhe at theſe ſad ſigns draws up her breath,
  And, ſighing it again, exclaims on death.

Hard-favour'd tyrant, ugly, meagre, lean,
Hateful divorce of love, (thus chides ſhe death,)
Grim-grinning ghoſt, earth's worm, what doſt thou mean,
To ſtifle beauty, and to ſteal his breath,
  Who when he liv'd, his breath and beauty ſet
  Gloſs on the roſe, ſmell to the violet?

If he be dead,—O no, it cannot be,
Seeing his beauty, thou ſhould'ſt ſtrike at it;—
O yes, it may; thou haſt no eyes to ſee,
But hatefully at random doſt thou hit.
  Thy mark is feeble age; but thy falſe dart
  Miſtakes that aim, and cleaves an infant's heart.

Hadſt thou but bid beware, then he had ſpoke,
And hearing him, thy power had loſt his power.
The deſtinies will curſe thee for this ſtroke;
They bid thee crop a weed, thou pluck'ſt a flower:
  Love's golden arrow at him ſhould have fled,
  And not death's ebon dart, to ſtrike him dead.

Doſt thou drink tears [8], that thou provok'ſt ſuch weeping?
What may a heavy groan advantage thee?

Why

[8] —*drink tears*,—] So, in Pope's *Eloiſa*:
"And *drink* the falling *tears* each other ſheds."
STEEVENS.
Rowe had before adopted this expreſſion in his *Jane Shore*, 1713:
"Feed on my ſighs, and *drink* my *falling tears*."

See

Why haſt thou caſt into eternal ſleeping
Thoſe eyes that taught all other eyes to ſee [9]?
Now Nature cares not for thy mortal vigour,
Since her beſt work is ruin'd with thy rigour.

Here overcome, as one full of deſpair,
She vail'd her eye-lids [1], who, like ſluices, ſtopp'd
The cryſtal tide that from her two cheeks fair
In the ſweet channel of her boſom dropp'd;
But through the flood-gates breaks the ſilver rain [2],
And with his ſtrong courſe opens them again.

O how her eyes and tears did lend and borrow!
Her eyes ſeen in the tears, tears in her eye;
Both cryſtals, where they view'd each other's ſorrow;
Sorrow, that friendly ſighs ſought ſtill to dry;
But like a ſtormy day, now wind, now rain [3],
Sighs dry her cheeks, tears make them wet again.

Variable paſſions throng her conſtant woe,
As ſtriving which ſhould beſt become her grief;
All entertain'd, each paſſion labours ſo,
That every preſent ſorrow ſeemeth chief,

But

See alſo *K. Henry VI.* P. III.
" —for every word I ſpeak,
" Ye ſee *I drink the water of mine eyes.*" MALONE.

[9] *Thoſe eyes that taught all other eyes to ſee?*] So, in *Romeo and Juliet:*
" O, ſhe doth *teach* the torches to burn bright."
MALONE.

[1] *She* vail'd *her eye-lids,*—] She *lowered* or *cloſed* her eye-lids. So, in *Hamlet:*
" Do not for ever with thy *vailed lids*
" Seek for thy noble father in the duſt." MALONE.

[2] *But through the* flood-gates *breaks the ſilver rain,*] So, in *King Henry IV.* P. I:
" For tears do ſtop the *flood-gates* of her eyes."
STEEVENS.

[3] —*like a ſtormy day, now wind, now rain,*] In this ſtanza we meet with ſome traces of Cordelia's ſorrow:
" —you have ſeen
" Sunſhine and rain at once," &c. STEEVENS.
So alſo, in *All's Well that Ends Well:*
" I am not a day of the ſeaſon,
" For thou may'ſt ſee a ſunſhine and a hail
" In me at once." MALONE.

But none is beſt; then join they all together,
Like many clouds conſulting for foul weather.

By this, far off ſhe hears ſome huntſman holla;
A nurſe's ſong ne'er pleas'd her babe ſo well:
The dire imagination ſhe did follow [4]
This ſound of hope doth labour to expell;
For now reviving joy bids her rejoice,
And flatters her, it is Adonis' voice.

Whereat her tears began to turn their tide,
Being priſon'd in her eye, like pearls in glaſs [5];
Yet ſometimes falls an orient drop beſide,
Which her cheek melts, as ſcorning it ſhould paſs,
To waſh the foul face of the ſluttiſh ground,
Who is but drunken *, when ſhe ſeemeth drown'd.

O hard-believing love, how ſtrange it ſeems
Not to believe, and yet too credulous!
Thy weal and woe are both of them extremes,
Deſpair and hope make thee ridiculous:
The one doth flatter thee in thoughts unlikely,
With likely thoughts [6] the other kills thee quickly.

Now ſhe unweaves the web that ſhe had wrought;
Adonis lives, and death is not to blame;
It was not ſhe that call'd him all to nought;
Now ſhe adds honour to his hateful name;

She

[4] *The* dire *imagination ſhe did follow*] So the octavo, 1596. The edition of 1600 has—*dry*. The conſtruction is, this ſound of hope doth labour to expel the dire imagination, &c. MALONE.

[5] —*like* pearls *in* glaſs;] So, in *K. Lear*:
" Like *pearls* from *diamonds* dropt." STEEVENS.

* —*the ſluttiſh* ground,
Who is but drunken,—] So, in *K. Richard II*:
" —England's lawful *earth*,
" Unlawfully made *drunk* with innocent blood."
MALONE.

[6] With *likely thoughts*—] The edition of 1596 has—*The* likely &c. the compoſitor having caught the word *The* from the line above. The correction was made in that of 1600. MALONE.

She clepes him king of graves, and grave for kings;
Imperious ſupreme [7] of all mortal things.

No, no, (quoth ſhe,) ſweet Death, I did but jeſt;
Yet pardon me, I felt a kind of fear,
When as I met the boar [8], that bloody beaſt,
Which knows no pity, but is ſtill ſevere;
Then, gentle ſhadow, (truth I muſt confeſs,)
I rail'd on thee, fearing my love's deceaſe.

'Tis not my fault: the boar provok'd my tongue;
Be wreak'd on him, inviſible commander [9];
'Tis he, foul creature, that hath done thee wrong;
I did but act, he's authour of thy ſlander:
Grief hath two tongues, and never woman yet
Could rule them both, without ten women's wit.

Thus hoping that Adonis is alive,
Her raſh ſuſpect ſhe doth extenuate [1];
And that his beauty may the better thrive,
With death ſhe humbly doth inſinuate [2];

Tells

[7] Imperious *ſupreme*—] So the firſt octavo. That of 1600 reads *Imperial*. The original is the true reading, and had formerly the ſame meaning. So, in *Troilus and Creſſida*:

"I thank thee, moſt *imperious* Agamemnon."

MALONE.

[8] When as *I met the boar*,—] *When as* and *when* were uſed indiſcriminately by our ancient writers. MALONE.

[9] — *inviſible commander*;] So, in *K. John*:

"*Death*, having prev'd upon the outward parts,
"Leaves them *inviſible*; and his ſiege is now
"Againſt the mind." MALONE.

[1] *Her raſh* ſuſpect *ſhe doth extenuate*;] *Suſpect* is *ſuſpicion*. So, in our authour's 70th *Sonnet*:

"The ornament of beauty is *ſuſpect*." MALONE.

[2] *With death ſhe humbly doth* inſinuate;] To *inſinuate* meant formerly, to ſooth, *to flatter*. To *inſinuate with* was the phraſeology of Shakſpeare's time. So, in *Twelfth Night*:

"Deſire him not to *flatter with* his lord."

MALONE.

Tells him of trophies, ſtatues, tombs [3]; and ſtories [4]
His victories, his triumphs, and his glories.

O Jove, quoth ſhe, how much a fool was I,
To be of ſuch a weak and ſilly mind,
To wail his death, who lives, and muſt not die,
Till mutual overthrow of mortal kind!
For he being dead, with him is beauty ſlain [5],
And, beauty dead, black chaos comes again [6].

Fie, fie, fond love, thou art ſo full of fear,
As one with treaſure laden, hemm'd with thieves;
Trifles

[3] *Tells him of trophies, ſtatues*, tombs;—] As Venus is here bribing Death with flatteries to ſpare Adonis, the editors could not help thinking of pompous tombs. But tombs are no honour to Death, conſidered as a being, but to the parties buried. I muſt ſuſpect our authour intended:

Tells him of trophies, ſtatues, *domes*—. THEOBALD.

The old copy is undoubtedly right. *Tombs* are in one ſenſe *honours to Death*, inaſmuch as they are ſo many memorials of his triumphs over mortals. Beſides, the idea of a number of tombs naturally preſents to our mind the dome or building that contains them; ſo that nothing is obtained by the change.

As Mr. Theobald never publiſhed an edition of Shakſpeare's poems, the reader may perhaps wonder where his obſervations upon them have been found. They are inſerted in the ſecond volume of Dr. Jortin's *Miſcellaneous Obſervations on Authors*, 8vo, 1731. MALONE.

[4] —— *and* ſtories

His victories, his triumphs, and his glories.] This verb is alſo uſed in *The Rape of Lucrece*:

"He *ſtories* to her ears her huſband's fame—."

Again, in *Cymbeline*: "How worthy he is, I will leave to appear hereafter, rather than *ſtory* him in his own hearing."

MALONE.

[5] *For he being dead, with him is beauty ſlain,*] So, in *Romeo and Juliet*:

"O, ſhe is rich in *beauty*; only poor,
"That, when ſhe *dies*, with *beauty dies her ſtore*."

MALONE.

[6] *And, beauty dead*, black chaos comes again.] The ſame expreſſion occurs in *Othello*:

"Excellent wretch! Perdition catch my ſoul,
"But I do love thee! and when I love thee not,
"*Chaos is come again*." MALONE.

Trifles, unwitneſſed with eye or ear,
Thy coward heart with falſe bethinking grieves *.
Even at this word ſhe hears a merry horn,
Whereat ſhe leaps, that was but late forlorn.

As faulcon to the lure, away ſhe flies;
The graſs ſtoops not, ſhe treads on it ſo light [7];
And in her haſte unfortunately ſpies
The foul boar's conqueſt on her fair delight;
Which ſeen, her eyes, as murder'd with the view,
Like ſtars aſham'd of day, themſelves withdrew.

Or, as the ſnail, whoſe tender horns being hit,
Shrinks backward in his ſhelly cave with pain [8],
And there, all ſmother'd up, in ſhade doth ſit,
Long after fearing to creep forth again;
So at his bloody view, her eyes are fled
Into the deep dark cabins of her head:

Where they reſign their office and their light
To the diſpoſing of her troubled brain;
Who bids them ſtill conſort with ugly night [9],
And never wound the heart with looks again;
Who, like a king perplexed in his throne,
By their ſuggeſtion gives a deadly groan,

Whereat

* —*with falſe bethinking* grieves.] Here the falſe concord cannot be corrected on account of the rhyme. MALONE.

7 *The* graſs *ſtoops not, ſhe treads on it ſo light*;]
" Illa per intactas ſegetes, vel ſumma volaret
" *Gramina*, nec teneras curſu læſiſſet ariſta." *Virgil.*
STEEVENS.

8 *Or, as the ſnail, whoſe tender* horns *being hit,*
Shrinks backward in his ſhelly *cave with pain,*] So, in *Coriolanus:*
" Thurſts forth his *horns* again into the world;
" Which were *in-ſhell'd* when Marcius ſtood for Rome."
STEEVENS.

9 —conſort *with ugly* night,] So, in *Romeo and Juliet:*
" To be *conſorted* with the humorous *night*."
MALONE.

Whereat each tributary ſubject quakes [1];
As when the wind, impriſon'd in the ground [2],
Struggling for paſſage, earth's foundation ſhakes,
Which with cold terrour doth men's minds confound:
This mutiny each part doth ſo ſurpriſe,
That from their dark beds, once more, leap her eyes;

And, being open'd, threw unwilling ſight [3]
Upon the wide wound that the boar had trench'd [4]
In his ſoft flank; whoſe wonted lily white
With purple tears, that his wound wept, was drench'd [5]:
No flower was nigh, no graſs, herb, leaf, or weed,
But ſtole his blood, and ſeem'd with him to bleed.

This ſolemn ſympathy poor Venus noteth;
Over one ſhoulder doth ſhe hang her head;
Dumbly ſhe paſſions, frantickly ſhe doteth [6];
She thinks he could not die, he is not dead:

Her

[1] *Who like a* king——
Whereat each tributary ſubject quakes;] So, in *King Lear*:
" ——Ay, every inch a *king*:
" When I do ſtare, ſee how the *ſubject quakes*."
STEEVENS.

[2] *As when the* wind, impriſon'd *in the ground*,
Struggling for paſſage, earth's foundation ſhakes,] So, in *King Henry IV.* P. I:
" ——oft the teeming *earth*
" Is with a kind of cholick pinch'd and vex'd
" By the *impriſoning* of unruly *wind*
" Within her womb; which, for enlargement ſtriving,
" *Shakes* the old beldame *earth*," &c. STEEVENS.

[3] —*unwilling* ſight—] The earlieſt octavo reads—*night*. The correction was made in the edition of 1600. MALONE.

[4] —*that the boar had* trench'd—] *Trench'd* is cut. *Trancher*, Fr. MALONE.

[5] —was *drench'd*;] Firſt octavo—*had* drench'd, the compoſitor having caught the word *had* from the line above. Corrected in the edition of 1600. MALONE.

[6] *Dumbly ſhe* paſſions, *frantickly ſhe doteth*,] This verb is again uſed by our authour in *The Two Gentlemen of Verona*
" Madam, 'twas Ariadne, *paſſioning*
" For Theſeus' perjury and unjuſt flight." MALONE.

Her voice is ſtopp'd, her joints forget to bow;
Her eyes are mad that they have wept till now.

Upon his hurt ſhe looks ſo ſtedfaſtly,
That her ſight dazling makes the wound ſeem three;
And then ſhe reprehends her mangling eye,
That makes more gaſhes where no breach ſhould be:
His face ſeems twain, each ſeveral limb is doubled;
For oft the eye miſtakes, the brain being troubled.

My tongue cannot expreſs my grief for one,
And yet, quoth ſhe, behold two Adons dead!
My ſighs are blown away, my ſalt tears gone,
Mine eyes are turn'd to fire, my heart to lead:
Heavy heart's lead, melt at mine eyes' red fire [7]!
So ſhall I die by drops of hot deſire.

Alas, poor world, what treaſure haſt thou loſt!
What face remains alive that's worth the viewing?
Whoſe tongue is muſick now [8]? what canſt thou boaſt
Of things long ſince, or any thing enſuing?
The flowers are ſweet *, their colours freſh and trim;
But true-ſweet beauty liv'd and dy'd in him.

Bonnet or veil henceforth no creature wear!
Nor ſun nor wind will ever ſtrive to kiſs you [9]:

Having

[7] —*mine eyes'* red fire!] The edition of 1596 reads—red *as* fire. In the copy of 1600 *red* is omitted, and *as* retained. MALONE.

[8] *Whoſe* tongue *is* muſick *now?*—] So, in *The Comedy of Errors*:

"That never *words* were *muſick* to thine ear." MALONE.

* The *flowers are ſweet*—] I ſuſpect Shakſpeare wrote—*Thy* flowers, &c. MALONE.

[9] —*nor* wind *will ever ſtrive to kiſs you*:] So, in *Othello*:

"The bawdy *wind* that *kiſſes* all it meets" STEEV.

Again, in *The Merchant of Venice*:

"Hugg'd and *embraced* by the ſtrumpet *wind*." MALONE.

Having no fair to loſe [1], you need not fear;
The ſun doth ſcorn you, and the wind doth hiſs you [2]:
But when Adonis liv'd, ſun and ſharp air
Lurk'd like two thieves, to rob him of his fair;

And therefore would he put his bonnet on,
Under whoſe brim the gaudy ſun would peep;
The wind would blow it off, and being gone,
Play with his locks [3]; then would Adonis weep:
And ſtraight, in pity of his tender years,
They both would ſtrive who firſt ſhould dry his tears.

To ſee his face, the lion walk'd along
Behind ſome hedge, becauſe he would not fear him [4];
To recreate himſelf when he hath ſung,
The tyger would be tame [5], and gently hear him;
If he had ſpoke, the wolf would leave his prey,
And never fright the ſilly lamb that day.

When he beheld his ſhadow in the brook,
The fiſhes ſpread on it their golden gills;

When

[1] *Having no* fair *to loſe*—] *Fair* was formerly uſed as a ſubſtantive, in the ſenſe of *beauty*. So, in *The Comedy of Errors*:

" —My decayed *fair*
" A ſunny look of his would ſoon repair."

It appears from the correſponding rhime, and the jingle in the preſent line, that the word *fear* was pronounced in the time of Shakſpeare as if it were written *fare*. It is ſtill ſo pronounced in Warwickſhire, and by the vulgar in Ireland. MALONE.

[2] —*the wind doth* hiſs *you*:] So, in *Romeo and Juliet*:

" ——the winds,
" Who, nothing hurt withal, *hiſs'd* him in ſcorn."

STEEVENS.

[3] *Play'd with his* locks;] So the octavo, 1596. That of 1600 has—*lokes*. MALONE.

[4] —*becauſe he would not fear him*;] Becauſe he would not terrify him. So, in *K. Henry VI.* P. II:

" For Warwick was a bug that *fear'd* us all."

MALONE.

[5] —*when he hath* ſung,
The tyger would be tame,] So, in *Othello*:

" She would *ſing the ſavageneſs out of a bear*." STEEV.

When he was by, the birds ſuch pleaſure took,
That ſome would ſing, ſome other in their bills
Would bring him mulberries, and ripe-red cherries;
He fed them with his ſight, they him with berries.

But this foul, grim, and urchin-ſnouted boar [6],
Whoſe downward eye ſtill looketh for a grave,
Ne'er ſaw the beauteous livery that he wore;
Witneſs the entertainment that he gave:
If he did ſee his face, why then I know,
He thought to kiſs him, and hath kill'd him ſo *.

'Tis true, 'tis true; thus was Adonis ſlain;
He ran upon the boar with his ſharp ſpear,
Who would not whet his teeth at him again,
But by a kiſs thought to perſwade him there;
And nuzzling in his flank, the loving ſwine
Sheath'd, unaware, his tuſk in his ſoft groin [7].

Had

[6] —*urchin-ſnouted boar*,] An urchin is a hedgehog. MALONE.

* *He thought to kiſs him, and hath kill'd him ſo.*] This conceit of the boar's having killed Adonis inadvertently, when he meant only to kiſs him, is found in the 30th Idyllium of Theocritus, but there was no tranſlation of that poet in our authour's time.

So alſo, in a Latin poem *De Adoni ab apro interempto*, by Antonius Sebaſtianus Minturnus:

" ——— iterum atque juro iterum,
" Formoſum hunc juvenem tuum haud volui
" Meis diripere his cupidinibus;
" Verum dum ſpecimen nitens video,
" (Æſtus impatiens tenella dabat
" Nuda femina mollibus zephyris)
" *Ingens me miſerum libido capit*
" *Mille ſuavia dulcia hinc capere*,
" Atque me impulit ingens indomitus." MALONE.

[7] ——*the loving ſwine*
Sheath'd, unaware, his tuſk in his ſoft groin.] So, in *The Sheepheard's Song of Venus and Adonis*, 1600:

" On the ground he lay,
" Blood had left his cheeke;
" For an orped *ſwine*
" *Smit him in the groyne*;
" Deadly wound his death did bring:
" Which when Venus found,
" She fell in a ſwound,
" And, awakte, her hands did wring." MALONE.

Had I been tooth'd like him, I muſt confeſs
With kiſſing him I ſhould have kill'd him firſt;
But he is dead, and never did he bleſs
My youth with his[8]; the more I am accurſt.
With this ſhe falleth in the place ſhe ſtood,
And ſtains her face with his congealed blood.

She looks upon his lips, and they are pale;
She takes him by the hand, and that is cold;
She whiſpers in his ears a heavy tale,
As if they heard the woeful words ſhe told:
She lifts the coffer-lids that cloſe his eyes,
Where lo! two lamps, burnt out, in darkneſs lies[9]:

Two glaſſes, where herſelf herſelf beheld
A thouſand times, and now no more reflect;
Their virtue loſt, wherein they late excell'd,
And every beauty robb'd of his effect:
Wonder of time, quoth ſhe, this is my ſpite[1],
That, you being dead, the day ſhould yet be light.

Since thou art dead, lo! here I propheſy,
Sorrow on love hereafter ſhall attend;
It ſhall be waited on with jealouſy,
Find ſweet beginning, but unſavoury end;

Ne'er

[8] *My* youth *with his*;] Thus the octavo, 1596. The edition of 1636, and the modern copies, read,—my *mouth*; which cannot be right, for Adonis *had* granted her a *kiſs*.

" He with her plenty preſs'd, ſhe faint with dearth,
" *(Their lips together glew'd)* fell to the earth."

MALONE.

[9] —two lamps, *burnt out*, *in darkneſs* lies.] The ſame want of grammar is diſcoverable in *Cymbeline*:

" His ſteeds to water at thoſe *ſprings*
" On chalic'd flow'rs that *lies*." STEEVENS.

So, alſo, in *K. Richard II*:

" —— there *lies*
" *Two kinſmen* digg'd their graves with weeping eyes."

This inaccuracy may be found in every page of our authour's works, as well as in thoſe of many of his contemporaries and predeceſſors. In a very few places either the metre or the rhimes render it incurable. MALONE.

[1] —*this is* my *ſpite*,] This is done, purpoſely to vex and diſtreſs *me*. MALONE.

Ne'er ſettled equally, but high or low [2];
That all love's pleaſure ſhall not match his woe.

It ſhall be fickle, falſe, and full of fraud;
Bud and be blaſted in a breathing-while;
The bottom poiſon, and the top o'er-ſtraw'd *
With ſweets, that ſhall the trueſt ſight beguile:
The ſtrongeſt body ſhall it make moſt weak;
Strike the wiſe dumb, and teach the fool to ſpeak.

It ſhall be ſparing, and too full of riot,
Teaching decrepit age to tread the meaſures [3];
The ſtaring ruffian ſhall it keep in quiet,
Pluck down the rich, enrich the poor with treaſures;
It ſhall be raging-mad, and ſilly-mild,
Make the young old, the old become a child.

It ſhall ſuſpect, where is no cauſe of fear;
It ſhall not fear, where it ſhould moſt miſtruſt;
It ſhall be merciful, and too ſevere,
And moſt deceiving, when it ſeems moſt juſt;
Perverſe it ſhall be, when it ſhews moſt toward;
Put fear to valour, courage to the coward.

It ſhall be cauſe of war [4], and dire events;
And ſet diſſention 'twixt the ſon and ſire;
Subject and ſervile to all diſcontents,
As dry combuſtious matter is to fire;
Sith in his prime death doth my love deſtroy,
They that love beſt, their loves ſhall not enjoy.

By

[2] *Ne'er ſettled equally, but* high, *or* low;] So, in *The Midſummer Night's Dream*:

"The courſe of true love never did run ſmooth, &c.
"O croſs! too *high* to be enthrall'd to *low*, &c.

STEEVENS.

* —*o'er*-ſtraw'd:] So the old copy, and ſuch perhaps was the pronunciation of o'er-*ſtrew'd* in our authour's time. Formerly, however, our poets often changed the termination of words for the ſake of rhyme. MALONE.

[3] —*to tread the* meaſures;] To dance. MALONE.

[4] *It ſhall be cauſe of war*, &c.] Several of the effects here predicted of *love*, in *Timon of Athens* are aſcribed to *gold*.

STEEVENS.

By this, the boy that by her ſide lay kill'd,
Was melted like a vapour from her ſight [5],
And in his blood, that on the ground lay ſpill'd,
A purple flower ſprung up, checquer'd with white;
Reſembling well his pale cheeks, and the blood
Which in round drops upon their whiteneſs ſtood.

She bows her head, the new-ſprung flower to ſmell,
Comparing it to her Adonis' breath;
And ſays, within her boſom it ſhall dwell,
Since he himſelf is reft from her by death:
She crops the ſtalk, and in the breach appears
Green dropping ſap, which ſhe compares to tears.

Poor flower, quoth ſhe, this was thy father's guiſe,
(Sweet iſſue of a more ſweet-ſmelling ſire,)
For every little grief to wet his eyes:
To grow unto himſelf was his deſire,
And ſo 'tis thine; but know, it is as good
To wither in my breaſt, as in his blood.

Here was thy father's bed, here in my breaſt [6];
Thou art the next of blood, and 'tis thy right:

[5] *Was* melted *like a* vapour—] So, in *Macbeth*:
"—and what ſeem'd corporal, *melted*
"Like *breath* into the wind." STEEVENS.
Again, in *The Tempeſt*:
"——Theſe our actors,
"As I foretold you, were all ſpirits, and
"Are *melted* into *air*, into thin air." MALONE.

[6] —*here* in *my breaſt*;] The old copy reads—here *is* my breaſt. I have received Mr. Theobald's emendation for the reaſons he aſſigns. MALONE.

As Venus ſticks the flower to which Adonis is turned, in her boſom, I think we muſt read againſt all the copies, and with much more elegance:

Here was thy father's bed, here *in* my breaſt—

for it was her breaſt which ſhe would inſinuate to have been Adonis' bed. The cloſe of the preceding ſtanza partly warrants this change:

"——but know it is as good
"To wither *in* my breaſt, as in his blood."

as the ſucceeding lines in this ſtanza likewiſe do:

"Lo! *in* this hollow cradle take thy reſt."

THEOBALD.

Lo! in this hollow cradle take thy reſt,
My throbbing heart ſhall rock thee day and night:
There ſhall not be one minute in an hour,
Wherein I will not kiſs my ſweet love's flower.

Thus weary of the world, away ſhe hies,
And yokes her ſilver doves; by whoſe ſwift aid,
Their miſtreſs mounted through the empty ſkies
In her light chariot quickly is convey'd;
Holding their courſe to Paphos, where their queen
Means to immure herſelf and not be ſeen [7].

[7] This poem is received as one of Shakſpeare's undiſputed performances,—a circumſtance which recommends it to the notice it might otherwiſe have eſcaped.

There are ſome excellencies which are leſs graceful than even their oppoſite defects; there are ſome virtues, which being merely conſtitutional, are entitled to very ſmall degrees of praiſe. Our poet might deſign his Adonis to engage our eſteem, and yet the ſluggiſh coldneſs of his diſpoſition is as offenſive as the impetuous forwardneſs of his wanton miſtreſs. To exhibit a young man inſenſible to the careſſes of tranſcendent beauty, is to deſcribe a being too rarely ſeen to be acknowledged as a natural character, and when ſeen, of too little value to deſerve ſuch toil of repreſentation. No elogiums are due to Shakſpeare's hero on the ſcore of mental chaſtity, for he does not pretend to have ſubdued his deſires to his moral obligations. He ſtrives indeed, with Platonick abſurdity, to draw that line which was never drawn, to make that diſtinction which never can be made, to ſeparate the purer from the groſſer part of love, aſſigning limits, and aſcribing bounds to each, and calling them by different names; but if we take his own word, he will be found at laſt only to prefer one gratification to another, the ſports of the field to the enjoyment of immortal charms. The reader will eaſily confeſs that no great reſpect is due to the judgment of ſuch a would-be Hercules, with ſuch a choice before him.—In ſhort, the ſtory of Joſeph and the wife of Potiphar is the more intereſting of the two; for the paſſions of the former are repreſſed by conſcious rectitude of mind, and obedience to the higheſt law. The preſent narrative only includes the diſappointment of an eager female, and the death

death of an unſuſceptible boy. The deity, from her language, ſhould ſeem to have been educated in the ſchool of Meſſalina; the youth from his backwardneſs, might be ſuſpected of having felt the diſcipline of a Turkiſh ſeraglio.

It is not indeed very clear whether Shakſpeare meant on this occaſion, with Le Brun, to recommend continence as a virtue, or to try his hand with Aretine on a licentious canvas. If our poet had any moral deſign in view, he has been unfortunate in his conduct of it. The ſhield which he lifts in defence of chaſtity, is wrought with ſuch meretricious imagery as cannot fail to counterpoiſe a moral purpoſe.—Shakſpeare, however, was no unſkilful mythologiſt, and muſt have known that Adonis was the offspring of Cyniras and Myrrha. His judgment therefore would have prevented him from raiſing an example of continence out of the produce of an inceſtuous bed.—Conſidering this piece only in the light of a *jeu d'eſprit*, written without peculiar tendency, we ſhall even then be ſorry that our author was unwilling to leave the character of his hero as he found it; for the common and more pleaſing fable aſſures us, that

" —when bright Venus yielded up her charms,
" The bleſt Adonis languiſh'd in her arms."

We ſhould therefore have been better pleaſed to have ſeen him in the ſituation of Aſcanius,

" —cum gremio fotum dea tollit in altos
" Idaliæ lucos, ubi mollis amaracus illum
" Floribus et multa aſpirans complectitur umbra;"

than in the very act of repugnance to female temptation, ſelf-denial being rarely found in the catalogue of Pagan virtues.

If we enquire into the poetical merit of this performance, it will do no honour to the reputation of its author. The great excellence of Shakſpeare is to be ſought in dramatic dialogue, expreſſing his intimate acquaintance with every paſſion that ſooths or ravages, exalts or debaſes the human mind. Dialogue is a form of compoſition which has been known to quicken even the genius of thoſe who in mere uninterrupted narrative have ſunk to a level with

the multitude of common writers. The ſmaller pieces of Otway and Rowe have added nothing to their fame.

Let it be remembered too, that a contemporary author, Dr. Gabriel Harvey, points out the *Venus and Adonis* as a favourite only with *the young*, while *graver* readers beſtow their attention on the *Rape of Lucrece*. Here I cannot help obſerving that the poetry of the Roman legend is no jot ſuperior to that of the mythological ſtory. A tale which Ovid has completely and affectingly told in about one hundred and forty verſes, our author has coldly and imperfectly ſpun out into near two thouſand. The attention therefore of theſe *graver* perſonages muſt have been engaged by the moral tendency of the piece, rather than by the force of ſtyle in which it is related. STEEVENS.

This firſt eſſay of Shakſpeare's Muſe does not appear to me by any means ſo void of poetical merit as it has been repreſented. And in ſupport of my opinion I may quote the words of that elegant poet, Mr. Fenton, who in his notes on Waller, after citing ſome lines from Ovid on this ſubject, obſerves, "that the paſſion of Venus for Adonis is likewiſe deſcribed with great delicacy by Bion, and our admirable SHAKSPEARE, in language only inferior to the fineſt writers of antiquity." In what high eſtimation it was held in our authour's life-time, may be collected from what has been already obſerved in the preliminary remark, and from the circumſtances mentioned in a note which the reader will find at the end of *The Rape of Lucrece*..

Gabriel Harvey's words as quoted by Mr. Steevens in a note on *Hamlet*, (not that the judgment of one who thought that Engliſh verſes ought to be conſtructed according to the rules of Latin proſody, is of much value,) are theſe. "The younger ſort *take much delight* in Shakſpeare's Venus and Adonis: but his Lucrece, and his tragedy of Hamlet, Prince of Denmark, have in them to pleaſe the wiſer ſort."

To the other elogiums on this piece may be added the concluding lines of a poem entitled *Mirrha the Mother of Adonis; or Luſtes Prodegies*, by William Barkſted, 1607:

"But ſtay, my Muſe, in thine own confines keep,
"And wage not warre with ſo deere-lov'd a neighbor;
"But

" But having ſung thy day-ſong, reſt and ſleep;
" Preſerve thy ſmall fame, and his greater favor.
" His ſong was worthie merit; Shakeſpeare, hee
" Sung the faire bloſſome, thou the wither'd tree:
" Laurel is due to him; his art and wit
" Hath purchas'd it; cyprus thy brows will fit."

" Will you read Virgil?" ſays Carew in his Diſſertation on *The excellence of the Engliſh tongue*, (publiſhed by Camden in his *Remaines*, 1614,) " take the earl of Surrey;" [he means Surrey's tranſlation of the ſecond and fourth Æneid.] " *Catullus?* Shakeſpeare, and Marlowe's fragment."

In *A Remembrance of ſome Engliſh poets*, at the end of " The Complaints of Poetry," by Richard Barnefielde, 1598, the authour, after praiſing ſome other writers, thus ſpeaks of our poet:

" And Shakeſpeare, thou, whoſe honey-flowing vaine
" (Pleaſing the world) thy praiſes doth containe;
" Whoſe VENUS and whoſe LUCRECE, ſweet and chaſte,
" Thy name in fame's immortal booke have placte;
" Live ever you, at leaſt in fame live ever!
" Well may the body die, but fame die never."

To theſe teſtimonies I may add that of Edward Phillips, and perhaps that of Milton, his uncle; for it is highly probable that the elogium on Shakſpeare, given in the *Theatrum Poetarum*, 1674, was either written or reviſed by our great epick poet. In Phillips's account of the modern poets our authour is thus deſcribed:

" WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE, the glory of the Engliſh ſtage, whoſe nativity at Stratford upon Avon is the higheſt honour that town can boaſt of. From an actor of tragedies and comedies, he became a *maker*; and ſuch a maker, that though ſome others may perhaps preſerve a more exact *decorum* and *œconomie*, eſpecially in tragedy, never any expreſs'd a more lofty and tragick heighth, never any repreſented nature more purely to the life; and where the poliſhments of art are moſt wanting, (as perhaps his learning was not extraordinary,) he pleaſeth with a certain wild and native elegance; and in *all* his writings

writings hath an unvulgar ſtyle; as well in his *Venus and Adonis*, his *Rape of Lucrece*, and other various poems, as in his dramaticks."

Let us, however, view theſe poems, uninfluenced by any authority.—To form a right judgment of any work, we ſhould always take into our conſideration the means by which it was executed, and the contemporary performances of others. The ſmaller pieces of Otway and Rowe add nothing to the reputation which they have acquired by their dramatick works, becauſe preceding writers had already produced happier compoſitions; and becauſe there were many poets, during the period in which Rowe and Otway exhibited their plays, who produced better poetry, not of the dramatick kind, than theirs: but, if we except Spenſer, what poet of Shakſpeare's age produced poems of equal, or nearly equal, excellence to thoſe before us? Did Turberville? Did Golding? Did Phaer? Did Drant? Did Googe? Did Churchyard? Did Fleming? Did Fraunce? Did Whetſtone? Did Gaſcoigne? Did Sidney? Did Marlowe, Naſhe, Kyd, Harrington, Lilly, Peele, Greene, Watſon, Breton, Chapman, Daniel, Drayton, Middleton or Jonſon? Sackville's *Induction* is the only ſmall piece of that age, that I recollect, which can ſtand in competition with them. If Marlowe had lived to finiſh his *Hero and Leander*, of which he wrote only the firſt two Seſtiads, he too perhaps might have conteſted the palm with Shakſpeare.

Concerning the length of theſe pieces, which is, I think, juſtly objected to, I ſhall only at preſent obſerve, that it was the faſhion of the day to write a great number of verſes on a very ſlight ſubject, and our poet in this as in many other inſtances adapted himſelf to the taſte of his own age.

It appears to me in the higheſt degree improbable that Shakſpeare had any *moral view* in writing this poem; Shakſpeare, who, (as Dr. Johnſon has juſtly obſerved,) generally "ſacrifices virtue to convenience, and is ſo much more careful to pleaſe than to inſtruct, that he ſeems to write without any moral purpoſe;"—who "carries his perſons indifferently through right and wrong, and at the cloſe diſmiſſes them without further care, and leaves their examples to operate by chance." As little probable is it, in my apprehenſion, that he departed

parted on any ſettled principles from the mythological ſtory of Venus and Adonis. As well might we ſuppoſe, that in the conſtruction of his plays he deliberately deviated from the rules of Ariſtotle, (of which after the publication of Sir Philip Sidney's Treatiſe he could not be ignorant,) with a view to produce a more animated and noble exhibition than Ariſtotle or his followers ever knew. His method of proceeding was, I apprehend, exactly ſimilar in both caſes; and he no more deviated from the claſſical repreſentation on any formed and digeſted plan, in the one caſe, than he neglected the unities in the other. He merely (as I conceive,) in the preſent inſtance, as in many others, followed the ſtory as he found it already treated by preceding Engliſh writers; for I am perſuaded that *The Sheepheard's Song of Venus and Adonis*, by Henry Conſtable, preceded the poem before us. Of this, it may be ſaid, no proof has been produced; and certainly I am at preſent unfurniſhed with the means of eſtabliſhing this fact, though I have myſelf no doubts upon the ſubject. But Marlowe, who indiſputably wrote before Shakſpeare, had in like manner repreſented Adonis as "inſenſible to the careſſes of tranſcendent beauty." In his *Hero and Leander* he thus deſcribes the lady's dreſs:

"The outſide of her garments were of lawne;
"The lining purple ſilke, with guilt ſtars drawne*;
"Her wide ſleeves greene, and border'd with a grove,
"Where *Venus in her naked glory ſtrove*
"*To pleaſe the careleſſe and diſdainful eyes*
"*Of proud Adonis*, that before her lies."

See alſo a pamphlet entitled *Never too late*, by Robert Green, A. M. 1590, in which the following madrigal is introduced:

"Sweet *Adon*, dar'ſt not glance thine eye
"*(N'oſeres vous, mon bel amy?)*
"Upon thy Venus that muſt die?
"*Je vous en prie*, pitty me:
"*N'oſeres vous, mon bel, mon bel,*
"*N'oſeres vous, mon bel amy?*

See

*—*with guilt ſtars* drawne;] By *drawne* I ſuppoſe the poet means, that ſtars were here and there *interſperſed*. So, in *Kind-Hartes Dreame*, a pamphlet written in 1592: "—his hoſe pain'd with yellow, *drawn* out with blew." MALONE.

" See, how *ſad* thy Venus lies,
" *(N'oſeres vous, mon bel amy?)*
" Love in hart, and *tears in eyes*;
" *Je vous en prie*, pitty me.
" *N'oſeres vous, mon bel, mon bel,*
" *N'oſeres vous, mon bel amy?*

* * *

" All thy beauties ſting my heart;
" *(N'oſeres vous, mon bel amy?)*
" I muſt die through Cupid's dart;
" *Je vous en prie*, pitty me.
" *N'oſeres vous, mon bel, mon bel,*
" *N'oſeres vous, mon bel amy?*" &c.

I have not been able to aſcertain who it was that firſt gave ſo extraordinary a turn to this celebrated fable, but I ſuſpect it to have proceeded from ſome of the Italian poets.

The poem already quoted, which I imagine was written by Henry Conſtable, being only found in a very ſcarce miſcellany, entitled *England's Helicon*, quarto 1600, I ſhall ſubjoin it. Henry Conſtable was the author of ſonnets prefixed to Sir Philip Sidney's *Defence of Poeſie*, and is "worthily joined (ſays A. Wood,) with Sir Edward Dyer," ſome of whoſe verſes are preſerved in the *Paradiſe of Daintie Deviſes*, 1580—Conſtable likewiſe wrote ſome ſonnets printed in 1594, and ſome of his verſes are cited in a miſcellaneous collection entitled *England's Parnaſſus*, 1600. He was of St. John's college, in Cambridge, and took the degree of bachelor of arts in 1579. Edmund Bolton in his *Hypercritica*, (which appears to have been written after the year 1616, and remained in manuſcript till 1722, when it was printed by Hall at the end of *Triveti Annales*, has taken a view of ſome of our old Engliſh poets, and claſſes Conſtable with Gaſcoigne, Dyer, Warner and Thomas Sackville, earl of Dorſet.—" Noble Henry Conſtable (ſays he,) was a great maſter of Engliſh tongue, nor had any gentleman of our nation a more pure, quick, or higher delivery of conceit; witneſs among all other, that ſonnet of his before his majeſty's *Lepanto*. I have not ſeen much of Sir Edward Dyer's poetry. Among the leſſer late poets George Gaſcoigne's works

works may be endured. But the beſt of *thoſe times*, (if *Albion's England* be not preferred,) is *The Mirrour of Magiſtrates*, and in that Mirrour, Sackville's *Induction*," &c.

The firſt eight lines of each ſtanza of the following poem ought perhaps rather to be printed in four, as the rhymes are in the preſent mode not ſo obvious; but I have followed the arrangement of the old copy, which probably was made by the author. MALONE.

THE

SHEEPHEARDS SONG

OF

VENUS AND ADONIS.

VENUS faire did ride,
ſiluer doues they drew her,
By the pleaſant lawnds,
ere the ſunne did riſe:
Veſtaes beautie rich
open'd wide to view her;
Philomel records
pleaſing harmonies.
Euery bird of ſpring
Cheerfully did ſing,
Paphos' goddeſſe they ſalute:
Now loues queene ſo faire
Had of mirth no care,
For her ſonne had made her mute.
In her breaſt ſo tender
He a ſhaft did enter,
When her eyes beheld a boy;

Adonis was he named,
By his mother ſhamed,
Yet he now is Venus' joy.

Him alone ſhe met,
ready bound for hunting;
Him ſhe kindly greets,
and his journey ſtayes:
Him ſhe ſeekes to kiſſe
no deuiſes wanting;
Him her eyes ſtill wooe,
him her tongue ſtill prayes.
He with bluſhing red,
Hangeth downe the head,
Not a kiſſe can he afford;
His face is turn'd away,
Silence ſay'd her *nay*,
Still ſhe woo'd him for a word.
Speake, ſhee ſaid, thou faireſt,
Beauty thou impaireſt;
See mee, I am pale and wan:
Louers all adore mee,
I for loue implore thee;
Chriſtall teares with that downe ran.

Him heerewith ſhee forc'd
to come ſit downe by her;
Shee his necke embracde,
gazing in his face:
Hee, like one transform'd,
ſtir'd no looke to eye her.
Euery hearbe did wooe him,
growing in that place.
Each bird with a dittie,
Prayed him for pity,
In behalfe of beauties queene;
Water's gentle murmour
Craved him to loue her,
Yet no liking could be ſeene.
Boy, ſhee ſay'd, looke on mee,
Still I gaze vpon thee;
Speake, I pray thee, my delight:

Coldly

Coldly hee reply'd,
And in breefe deny'd
To beſtow on her a ſight.

I am now too young
to be wunne by beauty;
Tender are my yeeres;
I am yet a bud:
Fayre thou art, ſhee ſaid;
then it is thy dutie,
Wert thou but a bloſſome,
to effect my good.
Every beauteous flower
Boaſteth in my power,
Byrds and beaſts my lawes effect;
Mirrha, thy faire mother,
Moſt of any other,
Did my louely heſts reſpect.
Be with me delighted,
Thou ſhalt be requited,
Every Nimph on thee ſhall tend;
All the Gods ſhall loue thee,
Man ſhall not reprove thee,
Loue himſelfe ſhall be thy freend.

Wend thee from mee, Venus,
I am not diſpoſed;
Thou wringeſt mee too hard;
pree-thee, let me goe:
Fie! what a paine it is
thus to be encloſed?
If loue begin with labour
it will end in woe.
Kiſſe mee, I will leaue;—
Heere, a kiſſe receiue;—
A ſhort kiſs I do it find:
Wilt thou leaue me ſo?
Yet thou ſhalt not goe;
Breathe once more thy balmie wind:
It ſmelleth of the Mirh-tree,
That to the world did bring thee;
Neuer was perfume ſo ſweet.

When

When ſhe had thus ſpoken,
She gave him a token,
And theyr naked boſoms met.

Now, hee ſayd, let's goe;
harke, the hounds are crying;
Grieſlie boare is vp,
huntsmen follow faſt,
At the name of boare
Venus ſeemed dying;
Deadly-coloured pale
roses ouer caſt.
Speake, ſayd ſhee, no more
Of following the boare,
Thou unfit for ſuch a chaſe:
Courſe the fearfull hare,
Venſon do not ſpare,
If thou wilt yeeld Venus grace.
Shun the boare, I pray thee,
Else I ſtill will ſtay thee:
Herein he vow'd to pleaſe her minde;
Then her armes enlarged,
Loth ſhee him diſcharged;
Forth he went as ſwift as winde.

Thetis Phœbus' ſteedes
in the weſt retained;
Hunting ſport was paſt.
Loue her loue did ſeeke:
Sight of him too ſoone
gentle queene ſhee gained;
On the ground he lay,
blood had left his cheeke:
For an orped ſwine
Smit him in the groyne;
Deadly wound his death did bring:
Which when Venus found,
Shee fell in a swound,
And, awake, her hands did wring.
Nimphs and Satires skipping
Came together tripping,
Eccho euery cry expreſt:

Venus

Venus by her power
Turn'd him to a flower,
Which ſhe weareth in her creaſt *.

H. C.

* —*in her* creaſt.] I ſuſpect this is a miſprint, and that the poet wrote *breaſt*.

The word *orped*, which occurs in this ſtanza, and of which I know not the derivation, is uſed by Golding, (as an anonymous writer has obſerved,) in his tranſlation of Ovid's *Metamorphoſes*, 1587, B. VIII.

" —Yet ſhould this hand of mine,
" Even maugre dame Diana's hart, confound this *orped*
" ſwine."

Again, in the thirteenth book:

" —the *orped* giant Polypheme."
Terribilem Polyphemum.

Again, in *A Herrings Tale: containing a poetical fiction of diverſe matters worthy the reading*, quarto, 1598:

" Straight as two launces couch'd by *orped* knights at reſt."

Gower uſes the word in like manner in his *Confeſſio Amantis*, 1554, B. I. fol. 22:

" That thei woll gett of their accord
" Some *orped* knight, to ſle this lord."

So alſo Gawin Douglas in his tranſlation of *Virgil*, Æn. X.

" And how *orpit* and proudly ruſchis he
" Amid the Trojanis by favour of Mars, quod ſche."
—Turnuſque feratur
Per medios inſignis equo *tumiduſque* ſecundo
Marte ruat.

Orped ſeems to have ſignified, proud, ſwelling; and to have included largeneſs of ſize, as well as haughtineſs and fierceneſs of demeanour. Skinner idly enough conjectures that it is derived from *oripeau*, Fr. leaf-braſs, or tinſel; in conſequence of which in Cole's and Kerſey's dictionaries the word has been abſurdly interpreted *gilded*. MALONE.

LUCRECE.

THE EPISTLE.

TO THE RIGHT HONOURABLE

HENRY WRIOTHESLY,

EARL of SOUTHAMPTON, and BARON of TICHFIELD.

THE love I dedicate to your lordſhip is without end; whereof this pamphlet, without beginning, is but a ſuperfluous moiety [1]. The warrant I have of your honourable diſpoſition, not the worth of my untutored lines, makes it aſſured of acceptance. What I have done is yours; what I have to do is yours; being part in all I have devoted yours. Were my worth greater, my duty would ſhew greater; mean time, as it is, it is bound to your lordſhip, to whom I wiſh long life, ſtill lengthened with all happineſs.

Your lordſhip's in all duty,

WILLIAM SHAKSPEARE.

[1] —*a ſuperfluous* moiety.] *Moiety* in our authour's time did not always ſignify *half*; it was ſometimes uſed indefinitely for a portion or part. MALONE.

THE ARGUMENT[2].

Lucius Tarquinius (for his exceſſive pride ſurnamed Superbus) after he had cauſed his own father-in-law, Servius Tullius, to be cruelly murdered, and, contrary to the Roman laws and cuſtoms, not requiring or ſtaying for the people's ſuffrages, had poſſeſſed himſelf of the kingdom; went, accompanied with his ſons and other noblemen of Rome, to beſiege Ardea. During which ſiege, the principal men of the army meeting one evening at the tent of Sextus Tarquinius, the king's ſon, in their diſcourſes after ſupper every one commended the virtues of his own wife; among whom, Collatinus extolled the incomparable chaſtity of his wife Lucretia. In that pleaſant humour they all poſted to Rome; and intending, by their ſecret and ſudden arrival, to make trial of that which every one had before avouched, only Collatinus finds his wife (though it were late in the night) ſpinning amongſt her maids; the other ladies were all found dancing and revelling, or in ſeveral diſports. Whereupon the noblemen yielded Collatinus the victory, and his wife the fame. At that time Sextus Tarquinius being inflamed with Lucrece' beauty, yet ſmothering his paſſions for the preſent, departed with the reſt back to the camp; from whence he ſhortly after privily withdrew himſelf, and was (according to his eſtate) royally entertained and lodged by Lucrece at Collatium. The ſame night he treacherouſly ſtealeth into her chamber, violently raviſhed her, and early in the morning

[2] This argument appears to have been written by Shakſpeare, being prefixed to the original edition in 1594; and is a curioſity, this, and the two dedications to the earl of Southampton, being the only proſe compoſitions of our great poet (not in a dramatick form) now remaining.

To the edition of 1616, and that printed by Lintot in 1710, a ſhorter argument is likewiſe prefixed, under the name of *Contents*; which not being the production of our authour, nor throwing any light on the poem, is now omitted. MALONE.

morning ſpeedeth away. Lucrece, in this lamentable plight, haſtily diſpatcheth meſſengers, one to Rome for her father, another to the camp for Collatine. They came, the one accompanied with Junius Brutus, the other with Publius Valerius; and finding Lucrece attired in mourning habit, demanded the cauſe of her ſorrow. She, firſt taking an oath of them for her revenge, revealed the actor, and whole manner of his dealing, and withal ſuddenly ſtabbed herſelf. Which done, with one conſent they all vowed to root out the whole hated family of the Tarquins; and bearing the dead body to Rome, Brutus acquainted the people with the doer and manner of the vile deed, with a bitter invective againſt the tyranny of the king: wherewith the people were ſo moved, that with one concent and a general acclamation the Tarquins were all exiled, and the ſtate government changed from kings to conſuls.

THE

THE RAPE OF LUCRECE[1].

FROM the beſieg'd Ardea all in poſt[2],
Borne by the truſtleſs wings of falſe deſire,
Luſt-breathed Tarquin leaves the Roman hoſt,
And to Collatium bears the lightleſs fire
Which, in pale embers hid, lurks to aſpire,
And girdle with embracing flames the waiſt
Of Collatine's fair love, Lucrece the chaſte.

Haply

[1] "A book entitled *The Raviſhment of Lucrece*," was entered on the Stationers' regiſter, by Mr. Harriſon, ſen. May 9, 1594, and the poem was firſt printed in quarto, in the ſame year. It was again publiſhed in ſmall octavo in 1598, 1600, and 1607. I have heard of editions of this piece likewiſe in 1596 and 1602, but I have not ſeen either of them. In 1616 another edition appeared, which in the title-page is ſaid to be *newly reviſed and corrected*. When this copy firſt came to my hands, it occurred to me, that our authour had perhaps an intention of reviſing and publiſhing all his works, (which his fellow-comedians in their preface to his plays ſeem to hint he would have done, if he had lived,) and that he began with this early production of his muſe, but was prevented by death from completing his ſcheme; for he died in the ſame year in which this *corrected* copy of *Lucrece* (as it is called) was printed. But on an attentive examination of this edition, I have not the leaſt doubt that the piece was reviſed by ſome other hand. It is ſo far from being correct, that it is certainly the moſt inaccurate and corrupt of all the ancient copies. In ſome paſſages emendations are attempted merely for the ſake of harmony; in others, a word of an ancient caſt is changed for one ſomewhat more modern; but moſt of the alterations ſeem to have been made, becauſe the reviſer did not underſtand the poet's meaning, and imagined he ſaw errours of the preſs, where in fact there were none. Of this the reader will find inſtances in the courſe of the following notes; for the variations of the editions are conſtantly ſet down. I may alſo add, that this copy (which all the modern editions have followed) appears

Haply that name of *chaſte* unhapp'ly ſet
This bateleſs edge on his keen appetite;
When Collatine unwiſely did not let [3]
To praiſe the clear unmatched red and white
Which triumph'd in that ſky of his delight;
Where mortal ſtars [4], as bright as heaven's beauties,
With pure aſpects did him peculiar duties.

For

pears manifeſtly to have been printed from the edition in 1607, the moſt incorrect of all thoſe that preceded, as being the moſt diſtant from the original, which there is reaſon to ſuppoſe was publiſhed under the authour's immediate inſpection. Had he undertaken the taſk of reviſing and correcting any part of his works, he would ſurely have made his own edition, and not a very inaccurate re-impreſſion of it, the baſis of his improvements.

The ſtory on which this poem is formed, is related by Dion. Halicarnaſſenſis, lib. iv. c. 72; by Livy, lib. i. c. 57, 58; and by Ovid, *Faſt.* lib. ii. Diodorus Siculus and Dion Caſſius have alſo related it. The hiſtorians differ in ſome minute particulars.

The Legend of Lucretia is found in Chaucer. In 1558 was entered on the Stationers' books, "*A ballet* called The grevious complaint of Lucrece," licenſed to John Alde: and in 1569 was licenſed to James Roberts, "A ballad of the death of Lucryſſia." There was alſo a ballad of the legend of Lucrece, printed in 1576. Some of theſe, Mr. Warton thinks, probably ſuggeſted this ſtory to our authour. "Lucretia (he adds, was the grand example of conjugal fidelity throughout the gothick ages."

Since the former edition, I have obſerved that Painter has inſerted the ſtory of Lucrece in the firſt volume of his *Palace of Pleaſure*, 1567, on which I make no doubt our authour formed his poem. This ſtory is likewiſe told in Lydgate's FALL OF PRINCES. MALONE.

[2] —*all* in poſt,] So, in Painter's Novel:—"Let us take our horſe to prove which of oure wives doth ſurmount. Whereuppon they roode to Rome *in poſt*." MALONE.

[3] —*did not* let] Did not *forbear*. MALONE.

[4] *Where mortal* ſtars,—]i. e. eyes. Our authour has the ſame alluſion in *A Midſummer-Night's Dream*:

"—who more engilds the night,
"Than all yon firy o's and *eyes* of light."

Again, in *Romeo and Juliet*:

"At my poor houſe look to behold this night
"*Earth treading ſtars*, that make dark heaven light."

MALONE.

For he the night before, in Tarquin's tent,
Unlock'd the treaſure of his happy ſtate;
What priceleſs wealth the heavens had him lent
In the poſſeſſion of his beauteous mate;
Reckoning his fortune at ſuch high-proud rate,
That kings might be eſpouſed to more fame,
But king nor peer to ſuch a peerleſs dame [5].

O happineſs enjoy'd but of a few!
And, if poſſeſs'd, as ſoon decay'd and done [6]
As is the morning's ſilver-melting-dew [7]
Againſt the golden ſplendour of the ſun!
An expir'd date, cancel'd ere well begun [8]:
Honour and beauty, in the owner's arms,
Are weakly fortreſs'd from a world of harms.

Beauty

[5] *Reckon his fortune at ſuch* high-proud *rate,*
That kings might be eſpouſed to more fame,
But king nor peer *to ſuch a peerleſs dame.*] Thus the quarto, 1594, and three ſubſequent editions. The octavo, 1616, reads:

——at *ſo* high *a* rate,

and in the next line but one,

But king nor *prince* to ſuch a peerleſs dame.

The alteration in the firſt line was probably made in conſequence of the editor's not being ſufficiently converſant with Shakſpeare's compounded words; (thus, in *All's Well that ends Well*, we find *high*-repented blames; and in *Twelfth Night*, *high*-fantaſtical;) in the laſt, to avoid that jingle which the authour ſeems to have conſidered as a beauty, or received as a faſhion. MALONE.

[6] *—as ſoon decay'd and* done—] *Done* is frequently uſed by our ancient writers in the ſenſe of *conſumed*. So, in *Venus and Adonis*, p. 53.

" —waſted, thaw'd, and *done*
" As mountain ſnow melts with the mid-day ſun."

MALONE.

[7] *As* is *the morning's ſilver-melting-dew,*] The octavo 1616, and the modern editions, read corruptedly:

As *if* the morning's ſilver-melting dew. MALONE.

[8] *An expir'd date, cancel'd ere well begun:*] Thus the quarto, 1594, the editions of 1598, 1600, and 1607. That of 1616 reads, apparently for the ſake of ſmoother verſification:

A date expir'd, *and* cancel'd ere begun.

Our authour ſeems to have remembered Daniel's *Complaint of Roſamond*, 1594:

" Thou

Beauty itſelf doth of itſelf perſuade
The eyes of men without an orator [9];
What needeth then apology be made,
To ſet forth that which is ſo ſingular?
Or why is Collatine the publiſher
Of that rich jewel he ſhould keep unknown
From thieviſh ears, becauſe it is his own [1]?

Perchance his boaſt of Lucrece' ſovereignty
Suggeſted this proud iſſue of a king [2];
For by our ears our hearts oft tainted be:

Perchance

" Thou muſt not thinke thy flowre can always floriſh,
" And that thy *beauty* will be ſtill admir'd,
" But that thoſe rayes which all theſe flames do nouriſh,
" *Cancell'd* with time, will have their *date expir'd.*"

Again, in *Pericles, Prince of Tyre*:

" Diana's temple is not diſtant far,
" Where you may 'bide untill your *date expire.*"

MALONE.

So, in *Romeo and Juliet*:

" —and *expire the term*
" Of a deſpiſed life." STEEVENS.

[9] *Beauty itſelf doth of itſelf perſuade*
The eyes of men without an orator;] So, Daniel, in his *Roſamond*, 1594:

" —— whoſe power doth move the blood
" More than the words or wiſdom of the wiſe."

Again, in *The Martial Maid*, by B. and Fletcher:

" —ſilent orators, to move beyond
" The honey-tongued rhetorician." STEEVENS.

[1] —*why is Collatine the publiſher*
Of that rich jewel he ſhould keep unknown
From thieviſh ears, *becauſe it is his own?*] Thus the old copy. The modern editions read: From thieviſh *cares*—.

MALONE.

The conduct of Lucretia's huſband is here made to reſemble that of Poſthumus in *Cymbeline*. The preſent ſentiment occurs likewiſe in *Much ado about Nothing*: " —The flat tranſgreſſion of a ſchool-boy; who being over-joyed with finding a bird's neſt, ſhows it his companion, and he ſteals it."

STEEVENS.

[2] Suggeſted *this proud iſſue of a king*;] *Suggeſted*, I think, here means *tempted*, prompted, inſtigated. So, in *K. Richard II*:

" What Eve, what ſerpent, hath *ſuggeſted* thee,
" To make a ſecond fall of curſed man?"

Again,

Perchance that envy of ſo rich a thing,
Braving compare, diſdainfully did ſting
His high-pitch'd thoughts, that meaner men ſhould vaunt
The golden hap which their ſuperiors want.

But ſome untimely thought did inſtigate
His all-too-timeleſs ſpeed, if none of thoſe:
His honour, his affairs, his friends, his ſtate,
Neglected all, with ſwift intent he goes
To quench the coal which in his liver glows [3].
O raſh falſe-heat, wrapt in repentant cold [4]
Thy haſty ſpring ſtill blaſts, and ne'er grows old [5]!

When at Collatium this falſe lord arriv'd,
Well was he welcom'd by the Roman dame,
Within whoſe face beauty and virtue ſtriv'd
Which of them both ſhould underprop her fame:
When virtue bragg'd, beauty would bluſh for ſhame;

Again, in *Love's Labour's Loſt*:

"Theſe heavenly eyes that look into theſe faults,
"*Suggeſted us to make.*" MALONE.

[3] —*which in his liver* glows.] Thus the quarto, 1594. Some of the modern editions have *grows*.—The liver was formerly ſuppoſed to be the ſeat of love. MALONE.

[4] —*wrapt in* repentant *cold*,] The octavo, 1600, reads:

—wrapt in *repentance* cold,

but it was evidently an errour of the preſs. The firſt copy has *repentant*. MALONE.

To quench the coal *which in his liver* glows.

—wrapt in *repentant* cold,] So, in *K. John*:

"There is no malice in this burning *coal*;
"The breath of heaven hath blown his ſpirit out,
"And ſtrew'd *repentant* aſhes on his head." STEEV.

[5] *Thy haſty ſpring ſtill* blaſts, *and ne'er grows old!*] Like a too early ſpring, which is frequently checked by *blights*, and never produces any ripened or wholeſome fruit, the irregular forwardneſs of an unlawful paſſion never gives any ſolid or permanent ſatisfaction. So, in a ſubſequent ſtanza:

"Unruly *blaſts* wait on the tender *ſpring*."

Again, in *Hamlet*:

"For Hamlet, and the trifling of his favour,
"Hold it a faſhion and a toy of blood;
"A violet in the *youth* of *primy* nature,

"*Forward*,

When beauty boaſted bluſhes, in deſpite
Virtue would ſtain that o'er with ſilver white [6].

But

" *Forward*, not *permanent*; *ſweet*, not *laſting*;
" The perfume and ſuppliance of a minute:
" No more."

Again, in *King Richard III*:

" *Short ſummers* lightly have a *forward ſpring*."

Blaſts is here a neutral verb; it is uſed by Sir W. Raleigh in the ſame manner, in his poem entitled the *Farewell*:

" Tell age, it daily waſteth;
" Tell honour, how it alters;
" Tell beauty, that *it blaſteth*;" &c.

In *Venus and Adonis* we find nearly the ſame ſentiment:

" Love's gentle ſpring doth always freſh remain;
" Luſt's winter comes ere ſummer half be done."

We have alſo a kindred ſentiment in *King Richard II*:

" His *raſh* fierce *blaze* of riot ne'er can laſt,
" For violent fires ſoon burn out themſelves."

MALONE.

[6] *Virtue would ſtain that o'er with ſilver white.*] The original edition exhibits this line thus:

" Virtue would ſtain that *ore* with ſilver white.

Ore might certainly have been intended for *o'er*, (as it is printed in the text,) the word *over*, when contracted, having been formerly written *ore*. But in this way the paſſage is not reducible to grammar. Virtue would ſtain *that*, i. e. *bluſhes*, o'er with ſilver white.—The word intended was, perhaps *or*, i. e. gold, to which the poet compares the deep colour of a *bluſh*.

Thus in *Hamlet* we find *ore* uſed by our authour manifeſtly in the ſenſe of *or* or gold:

" O'er whom his very madneſs, like ſome *ore*
" Among a mineral of metals baſe,
" Shews itſelf pure."

The terms of heraldry in the next ſtanza ſeem to favour this ſuppoſition; and the oppoſition between *or* and the *ſilver* white of virtue is entirely in Shakſpeare's manner: So, afterwards:

" Which virtue gave the *golden* age, to gild
" Their *ſilver* cheeks—." MALONE.

Shakſpeare delights in oppoſing the colours of *gold* and *ſilver* to each other. So, in *Macbeth*:

" His *ſilver* ſkin lac'd with his *golden* blood."

We meet with a deſcription, allied to the preſent one, in *Much ado about Nothing*:

" ———I have mark'd
" A thouſand *bluſhing* apparitions

" To

But beauty, in that white intituled [7],
From Venus' doves doth challenge that fair field;
Then virtue claims from beauty beauty's red,
Which virtue gave the golden age, to gild
Their ſilver cheeks, and call'd it then their ſhield;
Teaching them thus to uſe it in the fight,—
When ſhame aſſail'd, the red ſhould fence the white.

This heraldry in Lucrece' face was ſeen,
Argued by beauty's red, and virtue's white,
Of either's colour was the other queen,
Proving from world's minority their right:
Yet their ambition makes them ſtill to fight;
The ſovereignty of either being ſo great,
That oft they interchange each other's ſeat.

This ſilent war of lilies and of roſes,
Which Tarquin view'd in her fair face's field [8],
In their pure ranks his traitor eye encloſes [9]
Where, leſt between them both it ſhould be kill'd,
The coward captive vanquiſhed doth yield
To thoſe two armies, that would let him go,
Rather than triumph in ſo falſe a foe.

" To ſtart into her face; a thouſand *innocent* ſhames
" In angel *whiteneſs* bear away thoſe *bluſhes*."
STEEVENS.

7 —*in that white* intituled,] I ſuppoſe he means, *that conſiſts in that whiteneſs*, or takes its *title* from it. STEEVENS.
Our author has the ſame phraſe in his 37th *Sonnet*:
" For whether beauty, birth, or wealth, or wit,
" Or any of theſe all, or all, or more,
" *Intitled* in their parts, do crowned ſit,—."
MALONE.

8 —*in her fair face's* field,] *Field* is here equivocally uſed. The *war* of lilies and roſes requires a *field* of battle; the *heraldry* in the preceding ſtanza demands another field, i. e. the ground or ſurface of a ſhield or eſcutcheon armorial.
STEEVENS.

9 *This ſilent* war *of lilies and of roſes,*
Which Tarquin view'd in her fair face's field,
In their *pure* ranks *his traitor eye encloſes*;] There is here much confuſion of metaphor. *War* is, in the firſt line, uſed merely to ſignify the *conteſt* of lilies and roſes for ſuperiority; and in the third, as actuating an *army* which takes Tarquin priſoner,

Now think's he that her huſband's hollow tongue
(The niggard prodigal that prais'd her ſo)
In that high taſk hath done her beauty wrong,
Which far exceeds his barren ſkill to ſhow:
Therefore that praiſe which Collatine doth owe [1],
Enchanted Tarquin anſwers with ſurmiſe,
In ſilent wonder of ſtill-gazing eyes.

This earthly ſaint, adored by this devil,
Little ſuſpecteth the falſe worſhipper;
For unſtain'd thoughts do ſeldom dream on evil;
Birds never lim'd no ſecret buſhes fear [2]:
So guiltleſs ſhe ſecurely gives good cheer
And reverend welcome to her princely gueſt,
Whoſe inward ill no outward harm expreſs'd:

For that he colour'd with his high eſtate,
Hiding baſe ſin in plaits of majeſty [3];
That nothing in him ſeem'd inordinate,

Save

priſoner, and encloſes his eye in the pure *ranks* of *white* and *red*.

Our authour has the ſame expreſſion in *Coriolanus*:

" ——Our veil'd dames
" Commit the *war* of *white* and *damaſk* in
" Their nicely-gauded cheeks, to the wanton ſpoil
" Of Phœbus' burning kiſſes."

Again, in *Venus and Adonis*:

" To note the *fighting conflict* of her hue,
" How *white and red* each other did deſtroy."—

MALONE.

So, in *The Taming of a Shrew*:

" Haſt thou beheld a freſher gentlewoman?
" Such *war of white and red* within her cheeks!"

Again, in *Venus and Adonis*:

" O, what a *war* of looks was then between them!"

STEEVENS.

[1] *Therefore that* praiſe *which Collatine doth owe,*] *Praiſe* here ſignifies *the object of praiſe*, i. e. Lucretia. To *owe* in old language means *to poſſeſs*. MALONE.

[2] Birds *never* lim'd *no ſecret* buſhes fear:] So, in *K. Henry IV.* P. II:

" The *bird* that hath been *limed* in a *buſh*,
" With trembling wings *miſdoubteth* every *buſh*."

STEEVENS.

[3] Hiding *baſe ſin in* plaits of majeſty:] So, in *King Lear*:

" *Robes* and furr'd gowns *hide all*." STEEVENS.

Save ſometime too much wonder of his eye,
Which, having all, all could not ſatisfy;
But, poorly rich, ſo wanteth in his ſtore,
That cloy'd with much, he pineth ſtill for more.

But ſhe, that never cop'd with ſtranger eyes [4],
Could pick no meaning from their parling looks [5],
Nor read the ſubtle-ſhining ſecrecies
Writ in the glaſſy margents of ſuch books [6];
She touch'd no unknown baits, nor fear'd no hooks;
Nor could ſhe moralize his wanton ſight [7],
More than his eyes were open'd to the light.

He ſtories to her ears her huſband's fame,
Won in the fields of fruitful Italy;
And decks with praiſes Collatine's high name,
Made glorious by his manly chivalry
With bruiſed arms and wreaths of victory [8];

Her

[4] —*with ſtranger eyes,*] *Stranger* is here uſed as an adjective So, in *K. Richard II:*

"And tread the *ſtranger* paths of baniſhment."

MALONE.

[5] Could pick no meaning from their *parling looks,*] So, Daniel in his *Roſamond:*

"Ah beauty, Syren, fair enchanting good!
"Sweet ſilent *rhetorick* of perſuading *eyes!*"

MALONE.

[6] *Writ in the glaſſy* margents *of ſuch* books;] So, in *Romeo and Juliet:*

"And what obſcur'd in this fair *volume* lies,
"Find written in the *margin* of his *eyes.*"

Again, in *Hamlet:*

"I knew you muſt be edified by the *margent,* ere you had done."

In all our ancient Engliſh books, the comment is printed in the margin. MALONE.

[7] *Nor could ſhe* moralize *his wanton ſight,*] To *moralize* here ſignifies to *interpret,* to inveſtigate the latent meaning of his looks. So, in *Much ado about Nothing:* "You have ſome *moral* in this Benedictus." Again, in *The Taming of the Shrew:* "—and has left me here to expound the meaning or *moral* of his ſigns and tokens." MALONE.

[8] *With* bruiſed arms *and* wreaths *of* victory:] So, in *King Richard III:*

"Now are our brows bound with *victorious wreaths,*
"Our *bruiſed arms* hung up for monuments."

MALONE.

Her joy with heav'd-up hand ſhe doth expreſs,
And wordleſs, ſo greets heaven for his ſucceſs.

Far from the purpoſe of his coming thither,
He makes excuſes for his being there.
No cloudy ſhow of ſtormy bluſtering weather
Doth yet in his fair welkin once appear;
Till ſable Night, mother of Dread and Fear,
Upon the world dim darkneſs doth diſplay,
And in her vaulty priſon ſtows the day [9].

For then is Tarquin brought unto his bed,
Intending wearineſs with heavy ſpright [1];
For, after ſupper, long he queſtioned
With modeſt Lucrece [2], and wore out the night:
Now leaden ſlumber [3] with life's ſtrength doth fight;

And

[9] *Till ſable Night*, mother *of Dread and Fear*,
Upon the world dim darkneſs doth diſplay,
And in her vaulty priſon ſtows *the day*.] So, Daniel in his *Roſamond*, 1592:

"Com'd was the *night*, *mother* of ſleep and *fear*,
"Who with her *ſable* mantle friendly covers
"The ſweet ſtolne ſports of joyful meeting lovers."

Thus the quarto, 1594, and the three ſubſequent editions. The octavo, 1616, without any authority, reads thus:

Till ſable night, *ſad ſource* of dread and fear,
Upon the world dim darkneſs doth diſplay,
And in her vaulty priſon *ſhuts* the day. MALONE.

Stows I believe to be the true, though the leaſt elegant, reading. So, in *Hamlet*, Act IV. ſc. i: "*Safely ſtow'd*."
STEEVENS.

[1] Intending *wearineſs with heavy ſpright*;] *Intending* is *pretending*. MALONE.

[2] *For, after ſupper, long he* queſtioned
With modeſt Lucrece,—] Held a long converſation. So, in *The Merchant of Venice*:

"I pray you, think you *queſtion* with the Jew."

Again, in *As you Like it*: "I met the duke yeſterday, and had much *queſtion* with him." MALONE.

[3] — *leaden ſlumber*—] So, in *K. Richard III*:

"Left *leaden ſlumber* peiſe me down to-morrow."
STEEVENS.

And every one to reſt himſelf betakes,
Save thieves, and cares, and troubled minds, that wakes [4].

As one of which doth Tarquin lie revolving
The ſundry dangers of his will's obtaining;
Yet ever to obtain his will reſolving,
Though weak-built hopes perſuade him to abſtaining:
Deſpair to gain, doth traffick oft for gaining;
And when great treaſure is the meed propos'd,
Though death be adjunct [5], there's no death ſuppos'd.

Thoſe that much covet, are with gain ſo fond,
That what they have not, (that which they poſſeſs [6],)
They ſcatter and unlooſe it from their bond,

And

[4] *And every one to reſt* himſelf betakes,
Save thieves, and cares, and troubled minds, that wakes] Thus the quarto. The octavo 1600, reads:—*themſelves betake*, and in the next line:

Save thieves, and cares, and troubled minds that *wake*.

But the firſt copy was right. This diſregard of concord is not uncommon in our ancient poets. So, in our author's *Venus and Adonis*:

"—two *lamps* burnt out in darkneſs *lies*."

Again, in *The Tempeſt*, 1623:

"— at this hour
"*Lies* at my mercy all mine *enemies*." MALONE.

[5] *Though* death *be* adjunct,] So, in *King John*:

"Though that my *death* were *adjunct* to the act."
STEEVENS.

[6] *That* what *they have not*, (*that which they poſſeſs*)] Thus the quarto, 1594. The edition of 1616 reads:

Thoſe that much covet, are with gain ſo fond,
That *oft* they have not that which they poſſeſs;
They ſcatter and unlooſe it, &c.

The alteration is plauſible, but not neceſſary. If it be objected to the reading of the firſt copy, that theſe miſers cannot ſcatter *what they have not*, (which they are made to do, as the text now ſtands,) it ſhould be obſerved, that the ſame objection lies to the paſſage as regulated in the latter edition; for here alſo they are ſaid to ſcatter and unlooſe it, &c. although in the preceding line they were ſaid "oft *not to have it*." Poetically ſpeaking, they may be ſaid to ſcatter *what they have not*, i. e. what they cannot be *truly* ſaid to have;

what

And ſo, by hoping more, they have but leſs;
Or, gaining more, the profit of exceſs
  Is but to ſurfeit, and ſuch grief ſuſtain,
  That they prove bankrupt in this poor-rich gain.

The aim of all is but to nurſe the life
With honour, wealth, and eaſe, in waining age;
And in this aim there is ſuch thwarting ſtrife,
That one for all, or all for one we gage;
As life for honour, in fell battles' rage;
  Honour for wealth; and oft that wealth doth coſt
  The death of all, and all together loſt.

So that in vent'ring ill [7], we leave to be
The things we are, for that which we expect;
And this ambitious foul infirmity,
In having much, torments us with defect
Of that we have: ſo then we do neglect

The

what they do not *enjoy*, though *poſſeſſed* of it. Underſtanding the words in this ſenſe, the old reading may remain.

A ſimilar phraſeology is found in Daniel's *Roſamond*, 1592:

" As wedded widows, *wanting* what we *have*."

Again, in *Cleopatra*, a tragedy, by the ſame author, 1594:

" —their ſtate thou ill defineſt,
" And liv'ſt to come, in preſent pineſt;
" *For what thou haſt, thou ſtill doth lacke:*
" O mindes tormentor, bodies wracke:
" Vaine promiſer of that ſweete reſte,
" Which never any yet poſſeſt."

" *Tam avaro deeſt quod habet, quam quod non habet*," is one of the ſentences of Publius Syrus.

To theſe paſſages quoted in ſupport of the reading of the old copy, may be added this very appoſite one in *King Henry VI.* P. II.

" Well, lords, *we have not* yet *that which we have*."

Again, in *Troilus and Creſſida*:

"——Thus man——
" Cannot make boaſt *to have that which he hath*,
" Nor feels not what he owes, but by reflection."

MALONE.

[7] *So that in vent'ring* ill,—] Thus the old copy. The modern editions read:

So that in vent'ring *all*,——

But there is no need of change. *In venturing ill*, means, *from an evil ſpirit of* adventure, *which prompts us to covet what we are not poſſeſſed of*. MALONE.

The thing we have, and, all for want of wit,
Make ſomething nothing, by augmenting it [8].

Such hazard now muſt doting Tarquin make,
Pawning his honour to obtain his luſt;
And, for himſelf, himſelf he muſt forſake:
Then where is truth, if there be no ſelf-truſt?
When ſhall he think to find a ſtranger juſt,
When he himſelf himſelf confounds *, betrays
To ſlanderous tongues, and wretched hateful days [9]?

Now ſtole upon the time the dead of night [1],
When heavy ſleep had clos'd up mortal eyes;
No comfortable ſtar did lend his light,

No

[8] Make *ſomething* nothing, *by* augmenting *it*.] Thus, in *Macbeth*:

" — ſo I *loſe* no honour
" By ſeeking to *augment* it," &c. STEEVENS.

* —*himſelf* confounds,] i. e. deſtroys. MALONE.

[9] *and wretched hateful* days?] The modern editions read, unintelligibly:

To ſlanderous tongues, *the* wretched hateful *lays*.
MALONE.

[1] *Now ſtole upon the time the dead of night*, &c.] So, in *Macbeth*:

" —— Now o'er the one half world
" Nature ſeems *dead*, and wicked *dreams abuſe*
" *The curtain'd ſleep*: now witchcraft celebrates
" Pale Hecat's offerings; and wither'd *murder*,
" Alarum'd by his ſentinel, the *wolf*,
" Whoſe *howl's* his watch, thus with his ſtealthy pace,
" With Tarquin's raviſhing ſides, towards his deſign
" Moves like a ghoſt." MALONE.

Now ſtole upon the time the dead of night,
When heavy ſleep *had* clos'd *up mortal* eyes;
No comfortable ſtar *did lend his light*—
——pure thoughts are dead and ſtill,
While luſt *and murder* wake—] From this and two following paſſages in the poem before us, it is hardly poſſible to ſuppoſe but that Mr. Rowe had been peruſing it before he ſat down to write *The Fair Penitent*:

" Once in a *lone and ſecret hour of night*,
" When every *eye* was *clos'd*, and the pale moon,
" And ſilent *ſtars*—
" Fierceneſs and pride, *the guardians of her honour*,
" *Were lull'd to reſt*, and *love* alone was *waking*."
STEEVENS.

No noiſe but owls' and wolves' death-boding cries:
Now ſerves the ſeaſon that they may ſurpriſe
The ſilly lambs; pure thoughts are dead and ſtill,
While luſt and murder wake, to ſtain and kill.

And now this luſtful lord leap'd from his bed,
Throwing his mantle rudely o'er his arm;
Is madly toſs'd between deſire and dread;
The one ſweetly flatters, the other feareth harm;
But honeſt Fear, bewitch'd with luſt's foul charm,
Doth too too oft betake him to retire [2],
Beaten away by brain-ſick rude Deſire.

His falchion on a flint he ſoftly ſmiteth,
That from the cold ſtone ſparks of fire do fly;
Whereat a waxen torch forthwith he lighteth,
Which muſt be lode-ſtar to his luſtful eye [3];
And to the flame thus ſpeaks adviſedly:
As from this cold flint I enforc'd this fire,
So Lucrece muſt I force to my deſire [4].

Here pale with fear he doth premeditate
The dangers of his loathſome enterpriſe,
And in his inward mind he doth debate
What following ſorrow may on this ariſe:
Then looking ſcornfully, he doth deſpiſe
His naked armour of ſtill-ſlaughter'd luſt [5],
And juſtly thus controls his thoughts unjuſt.

Fair

[2] *Doth too too oft betake* him *to retire*,] That is, *Fear* betakes *himſelf* to flight. MALONE.

[3] —lode-ſtar *to his luſtful eye*;] So, in *A Midſummer-Night's Dream*:

"Your eyes are *lode-ſtars*—" STEEVENS.

[4] *As from this cold flint I enforc'd this fire,*
So Lucrece muſt I force to my deſire.]

"Limus ut hic dureſcit, et hæc ut cera liqueſcit,
"Uno eodemque igni; ſic noſtro Daphnis amore.
Virg. Ec. 8. STEEVENS.

[5] *armour of ſtill-ſlaughter'd luſt*,] i. e. ſtill-ſlaughtering; unleſs the poet means to deſcribe it as a paſſion that is always a killing, but never dies. STEEVENS.

Fair torch, burn out thy light, and lend it not
To darken her whoſe light excelleth thine [6]!
And die, unhallow'd thoughts, before you blot
With your uncleanneſs that which is divine!
Offer pure incenſe to ſo pure a ſhrine:
Let fair humanity abhor the deed
That ſpots and ſtains love's modeſt ſnow-white weed [7].

O ſhame to knighthood and to ſhining arms!
O foul diſhonour to my houſhold's grave!
O impious act, including all foul harms!
A martial man to be ſoft fancy's ſlave [8]!
True valour ſtill a true reſpect ſhould have;
Then my digreſſion [9] is ſo vile, ſo baſe,
That it will live engraven in my face.

Yea, though I die, the ſcandal will ſurvive,
And be an eye-ſore in my golden coat;
Some loathſome daſh the herald will contrive [1],
To cipher me, how fondly I did dote;
That my poſterity, ſham'd with the note,
Shall curſe my bones, and hold it for no ſin
To wiſh that I their father had not been.

What

[6] *Fair torch, burn out thy light, and lend it not*
To darken her whoſe light excelleth thine!] In *Othello*, we meet with the ſame play of terms:
"Put out the *light*, and then put out *the light*:—
"If I quench thee," &c. MALONE.

[7] —*love's modeſt ſnow-white* weed.] *Weed*, in old language, is *garment*. MALONE

[8] —*ſoft* fancy's *ſlave!*] *Fancy* for *love* or *affection*. So, in *A Midſummer-Night's Dream*:
"Wiſhes and tears, poor *fancy's* followers."
MALONE.

[9] *Then my* digreſſion—] My deviation from virtue. So, in *Love's Labour's Loſt*: "I will have that ſubject newly writ o'er, that I may example my *digreſſion* by ſome mighty precedent." MALONE.
Again, in *Romeo and Juliet*:
"Thy noble ſhape is but a form in wax,
"*Digreſſion* from the valour of a man." STEEVENS.

[1] —*the ſcandal will ſurvive,*
And be an eye-ſore in my golden coat;
Some loathſome daſh *the herald will contrive,*] In the books of heraldry a particular mark of diſgrace is mentioned,

by

What win I, if I gain the thing I ſeek?
A dream, a breath, a froth of fleeting joy.
Who buys a minute's mirth, to wail a week[2]?
Or ſells eternity, to get a toy?
For one ſweet grape who will the vine deſtroy?
Or what fond beggar, but to touch the crown,
Would with the ſceptre ſtraight be ſtrucken down?

If Collatinus dream of my intent,
Will he not wake, and in a deſperate rage
Poſt hither, this vile purpoſe to prevent?
This ſiege that hath engirt his marriage,
This blur to youth, this ſorrow to the ſage,
This dying virtue, this ſurviving ſhame,
Whoſe crime will bear an ever-during blame?

O, what excuſe can my invention make,
When thou ſhalt charge me with ſo black a deed?
Will not my tongue be mute, my frail joints ſhake?
Mine eyes forego their light, my falſe heart bleed?
The guilt being great, the fear doth ſtill exceed;
And extreme fear can neither fight nor fly,
But coward-like with trembling terrour die.

Had

by which the eſcutcheons of thoſe perſons were anciently diſtinguiſhed, who "*diſcourteouſly* uſed *a widow, maid, or wife*, againſt her will." There were likewiſe formerly marks of diſgrace for him that *revoked a challenge*, or *went from his word*; *for him who fled from his colours*, &c. In the preſent inſtance our authour ſeems to allude to the mark firſt mentioned. MALONE.

Some loathſome daſh *the herald will contrive*,] So, in *King John*:

"To look into the *blots* and ſtains of right."

Again, in Drayton's *Epiſtle from Queen Iſabel to King Richard II*:

"No baſtard's *mark* doth blot my conquering ſhield."

This diſtinction, whatever it was, was called in ancient heraldry a *blot* of difference. STEEVENS.

[2] *Who buys a* minute's mirth, *to* wail a week?] So, in *K. Richard III*:

"Eighty odd years of ſorrow have I ſeen,
"And each *hour's joy* wreck'd with *a week of teen*."

STEEVENS.

Again, in *Pericles, Prince of Tyre*:

"Where's hourly trouble for a minute's eaſe."

MALONE.

Had Collatinus kill'd my ſon or ſire,
Or lain in ambuſh to betray my life,
Or were he not my dear friend, this deſire
Might have excuſe to work upon his wife;
As in revenge or quittal of ſuch ſtrife:
But as he is my kinſman, my dear friend [3],
The ſhame and fault finds no excuſe nor end.

Shameful it is;—ay, if the fact be known [4]:
Hateful it is;—there is no hate in loving:
I'll beg her love;—*but ſhe is not her own*:
The worſt is but denial, and reproving:
My will is ſtrong, paſt reaſon's weak removing:
Who fears a ſentence, or an old man's ſaw,
Shall by a painted cloth be kept in awe [5].

Thus, graceleſs, holds he diſputation
'Tween frozen conſcience and hot burning will,
And with good thoughts makes diſpenſation,
Urging the worſer ſenſe for vantage ſtill;
Which in a moment doth confound and kill
All pure effects [6], and doth ſo far proceed,
That what is vile ſhows like a virtuous deed.

Quoth

[3] *But* as he is my kinſman, *my dear friend*,] So, in *Macbeth*:

"Firſt, *as I am his kinſman*, and his ſubject,
"Strong both againſt the deed;—." STEEVENS.

[4] *Shameful it is*;—ay, *if the fact be known*:] Thus all the editions before that of 1616, which reads:

Shameful it is;—ay, if *once* the fact be known.

The words in Italicks in the firſt three lines of this ſtanza, are ſuppoſed to be ſpoken by ſome airy monitor. MALONE.

[5] *Who fears a ſentence, or an old man's ſaw,*
Shall by a painted cloth *be kept in awe.*] In the old tapeſtries or *painted cloths* many moral ſentences were wrought. So, in *If this be not a good Play, the Devil is in't*, by Decker, 1612:

"What *ſays* the prodigal child in the *painted cloth?*

MALONE.

[6] *All pure* effects,—] Perhaps we ſhould read *affects*. So, in *Othello*:

"—the young *affects*
"In me *defunct*—". MALONE.

Quoth he, ſhe took me kindly by the hand,
And gaz'd for tidings in my eager eyes;
Fearing ſome hard news [7] from the warlike band
Where her beloved Collatinus lies.
O, how her fear did make her colour riſe!
First red as roſes that on lawn we lay [8],
Then white as lawn, the roſes took away [9].

And how her hand, in my hand being lock'd [1],
Forc'd it to tremble with her loyal fear!
Which ſtruck her ſad, and then it faſter rock'd,
Until her huſband's welfare ſhe did hear;
Whereat ſhe ſmiled with ſo ſweet a cheer,
That had Narciſſus ſeen her as ſhe ſtood,
Self-love had never drown'd him in the flood.

Why hunt I then for colour or excuſes?
All orators are dumb when beauty pleadeth;
Poor wretches have remorſe in poor abuſes;
Love thrives not in the heart that ſhadows dreadeth:
Affection is my captain, and he leadeth;
And when his gawdy banner is diſplay'd [2],
The coward fights, and will not be diſmay'd.

Then

[7] *Fearing ſome* hard *news*—] So, in *The Deſtruction of Troy*, tranſlated by W. Caxton, 5th edit. 1617: "Why, is there any thing (ſaid Deyanira)? what tydings? Lycos aunſwered, *hard tidings*." MALONE.

So, in *Antony and Cleopatra*:

"—this is *ſtiff* news."

The modern editors read—*bad* news. STEEVENS.

[8] —*red as roſes that on lawn we lay*,] So, in *Venus and Adonis*:

"—a ſudden pale,
"Like *lawn* being *laid* upon the bluſhing *roſe*."
MALONE.

[9] —*the roſes* took away.] The roſes *being taken away*. MALONE.

[1] *And* how *her hand, in my hand being lock'd*,] Thus all the editions before that of 1616, which has:

And *now* her hand, &c. MALONE.

[2] *And when* his *gaudy banner is diſplay'd*,] Thus the quarto, 1594. The edition of 1616 reads—*this* gawdy banner; and in the former part of the ſtanza, *pleads* and *dreads*, inſtead of *pleadeth* and *dreadeth*. MALONE.

Then childiſh fear, avaunt! debating, die!
Reſpect and reaſon, wait on wrinkled age [3]!
My heart ſhall never countermand mine eye:
Sad pauſe and deep regard beſeem the ſage [4];
My part is youth, and beats theſe from the ſtage [5]:
Deſire my pilot is, beauty my prize;
Then who fears ſinking, where ſuch treaſure lies?

As corn o'er-grown by weeds, ſo heedful fear
Is almoſt chok'd by unreſiſted luſt [6].
Away he ſteals with open liſtening ear,
Full of foul hope, and full of fond miſtruſt;
Both which, as ſervitors to the unjuſt,
So croſs him with their oppoſite perſuaſion,
That now he vows a league, and now invaſion.

Within

[3] *Then childiſh fear, avaunt! debating, die!*
Reſpect *and reaſon wait on wrinkled age,* &c.] So, in *K. Richard III:*

" —I have learn'd that fearful commenting
" Is leaden ſervitor to dull delay;—
" Then firy expedition be my guide!"

Reſpect means, cautious prudence, that coolly weighs all conſequences. So, in *Troilus and Creſſida*, Act II. ſc. i:

" ——reaſon and *reſpect*
" Make livers pale, and luſtihood deject." MALONE.

[4] Sad *pauſe and deep regard beſeem the ſage*;] *Sad*, in ancient language, is *grave*. So, in *Much ado about Nothing:*

" The conference was *ſadly* borne." MALONE.

[5] My part *is youth, and beats theſe from the* ſtage:] The poet ſeems to have had the conflicts between the Devil and the *Vice* of the old moralities, in his thoughts. In theſe, the *Vice* was always victorious, and drove the Devil off the ſtage. MALONE.

My part is youth,] Probably the poet was thinking on that particular interlude intitled *Luſty Juventus.* STEEVENS.

[6] ——*heedful fear*
Is almoſt chok'd *by unreſiſted luſt.*] Thus the old copy. So, in *K. Henry IV:*

" And yet we ventur'd, for the gain propos'd
" *Chok'd* the reſpect of likely peril *fear'd.*"

So alſo, Dryden:

" No fruitful crop the ſickly fields return,
" But docks and darnel *choke* the riſing corn."

The modern editions erroneouſly read:

——*cloak'd* by unreſiſted luſt. STEEVENS.

Within his thought her heavenly image ſits,
And in the ſelf-ſame ſeat ſits Collatine:
That eye which looks on her, confounds his wits;
That eye which him beholds, as more divine,
Unto a view ſo falſe will not incline;
But with a pure appeal ſeeks to the heart,
Which once corrupted, takes the worſer part;

And therein heartens up his ſervile powers,
Who, flatter'd by their leader's jocund ſhow,
Stuff up his luſt, as minutes fill up hours [7];
And as their captain, ſo their pride doth grow,
Paying more ſlaviſh tribute than they owe.
By reprobate deſire thus madly led,
The Roman lord marcheth to Lucrece' bed [8].

The locks between her chamber and his will,
Each one by him enforc'd, retires his ward [9];
But as they open, they all rate his ill,
Which drives the creeping thief to ſome regard [1]:
The threſhold grates the door to have him heard [2];

Night-

[7] *Stuff up his luſt, as* minutes fill up hours;] So, in *King Henry VI.* P. III:

" ——to ſee the *minutes* how they run,
" How many make the *hour* full-complete."

MALONE.

[8] *The Roman lord* marcheth *to Lucrece' bed.*] Thus the quarto 1594. The edition of 1616 reads—*doth march.*

MALONE.

[9] —retires *his ward*;] Thus the quarto, and the editions 1598 and 1600. That of 1616, and the modern copies, read, unintelligibly:

Each one by one enforc'd, *recites* his ward.

Retires is *draws back.* Retirer, Fr. So, in *K. Richard II:*

" That he, our hope, might have *retir'd* his power."

MALONE.

[1] *Which drives the creeping thief* to ſome regard:] Which makes him pauſe, and *conſider* what he is about to do. So before:

" —Sad pauſe and deep *regard* beſeem the ſage."

MALONE.

[2] —*to have him heard*;] That is, to diſcover him; to proclaim his approach. MALONE.

Night-wandering weeſels [3] ſhriek, to ſee him there;
They fright him, yet he ſtill purſues his fear.

As each unwilling portal yields him way,
Through little vents and crannies of the place
The wind wars with his torch, to make him ſtay,
And blows the ſmoke of it into his face,
Extinguiſhing his conduct in this caſe [4];
But his hot heart, which fond deſire doth ſcorch,
Puffs forth another wind that fires the torch:

And being lighted, by the light he ſpies
Lucretia's glove, wherein her needle ſticks;
He takes it from the ruſhes where it lies [5];
And griping it, the neeld his finger pricks [6]:
As who ſhould ſay, this glove to wanton tricks

Is

[3] *Night-wandring weeſels ſhriek*, &c.] The property of the *weeſel* is to *ſuck eggs*. To this circumſtance our author alludes in *As you like it*: "I ſuck melancholy out of a ſong, as a *weeſel ſucks eggs*." Again, in *King Henry V*:

"For once the eagle England being in prey,
"To her unguarded neſt the *weeſel* Scot
"Comes ſneaking, and ſo *ſucks* her princely *eggs*."

Perhaps the poet meant to intimate, that even animals intent on matrimonial plunder, gave the alarm at ſight of a more powerful invader of the nuptial bed. But this is mere idle conjecture. STEEVENS.

[4] *Extinguiſhing his* conduct *in this caſe*;] *Conduct* for *conductor*. So, in *Romeo and Juliet*, Act V. ſc. i:

"Come, bitter *conduct*, come, unſavoury guide—."

MALONE.

[5] *He takes it from the* ruſhes *where it lies*,] The apartments in England being ſtrewed with ruſhes in our authour's time, he has given Lucretia's chamber the ſame covering. The contemporary poets, however, were equally inattentive to propriety. Thus Marlowe in his *Hero and Leander*:

"She fearing on the *ruſhes* to be flung,
"Striv'd with redoubled ſtrength." MALONE.

[6] *And griping it, the* neeld *his finger pricks*:] *Neeld* for *needle*. Our authour has the ſame abbreviation in his *Pericles*:

"Deep clerks ſhe dumbs, and with her *neeld* compoſes
"Nature's own ſhape—."

Again, in *A Midſummer-Night's Dream*:

"Have with our *neelds* created both one flower."

MALONE.

Is not inur'd; return again in haſte;
Thou ſeeſt our miſtreſs' ornaments are chaſte.

But all theſe poor forbiddings could not ſtay him;
He in the worſt ſenſe conſtrues their denial:
The doors, the wind, the glove, that did delay him,
He takes for accidental things of trial;
Or as thoſe bars which ſtop the hourly dial;
Who with a ling'ring ſtay his courſe doth let [7],
Till every minute pays the hour his debt.

So, ſo, quoth he, theſe lets attend the time,
Like little froſts that ſometime threat the ſpring,
To add a more rejoicing to the prime [8],
And give the ſneaped birds more cauſe to ſing [9]:
Pain pays the income of each precious thing;
Huge rocks, high winds, ſtrong pirates, ſhelves and ſands,
The merchant fears, ere rich at home he lands.

Now is he come unto the chamber-door,
That ſhuts him from the heaven of his thought [1],
Which with a yielding latch, and with no more,
Hath barr'd him from the bleſſed thing he ſought.
So from himſelf impiety hath wrought,
That for his prey to pray he doth begin [2],
As if the heavens ſhould countenance his ſin.

But

[7] —*his courſe doth* let,] To *let*, in ancient language, is *to obſtruct*, to retard. So, in *Hamlet*:

" ——I'll make a ghoſt of him that *lets* me."

MALONE.

[8] *To add a* more *rejoicing* to the *prime*,] That is, a *greater* rejoicing. So, in *K. Richard II*:

" To make a *more* requital of your loves."

The *prime* is the *ſpring*. MALONE.

[9] *And give the* ſneaped *birds*—] *Sneaped* is *checked*. So, Falſtaff, in *K. Henry IV*. P. II: " My lord, I will not undergo this *ſneap* without reply." MALONE.

[1] *That ſhuts him from the* heaven *of his thought*,] So, in *The Comedy of Errors*:

" My food, my fortune, and my ſweet hope's aim,
" My ſole earth's *heaven*—." MALONE.

[2] *That for his* prey *to* pray *he doth begin*,] A jingle not leſs diſguſting occurs in Ovid's narration of the ſame event:

But in the midſt of his unfruitful prayer,
Having ſolicited the eternal power
That his foul thoughts might compaſs his fair fair [3],
And they would ſtand auſpicious to the hour [4],
Even there he ſtarts:—quoth he, I muſt deflower;
The powers to whom I pray, abhor this fact,
How can they then aſſiſt me in the act?

Then Love and Fortune be my gods, my guide!
My will is back'd with reſolution:
Thoughts are but dreams till their effects be tried,
The blackeſt ſin is clear'd with abſolution [5];
Againſt love's fire fear's froſt hath diſſolution.
The eye of heaven is out [6], and miſty night
Covers the ſhame that follows ſweet delight.

This

"*Hoſtis ut hoſpes* init penetralia Collatina."
Prey was formerly always ſpelt *pray*. MALONE.

[3] —*might compaſs his fair fair*,] His fair beauty. *Fair*, it has been already obſerved, was anciently uſed as a ſubſtantive. MALONE.

[4] *And* they *would ſtand auſpicious to the hour*,] This falſe concord perhaps owes its introduction to the rhime. In the ſecond line of the ſtanza *one* deity only is invoked; in the fourth line he talks of more. We muſt therefore either acknowledge the want of grammar, or read:

"And *he* would ſtand auſpicious to the hour, &c.
STEEVENS.

The ſame inaccuracy is found in *King Richard III*:

"Richard yet lives, *hell*'s black intelligencer,
"Only reſerv'd *their* factor, to buy ſouls,
"And ſend them thither."

Again, in the ſame play. Act I. ſc. iii:

"If *heaven* have any grievous plague in ſtore,
"O, let *them* keep it till thy ſins be ripe. MALONE.

[5] The blackeſt *ſin* is *clear'd with abſolution*;] The octavo, 1616, and the modern editions, reads:

Black ſin is clear'd with abſolution.

Our authour has here rather prematurely made Tarquin a diſciple of modern Rome. MALONE.

[6] *The eye* of heaven—] So, in *K. Richard II*:

"All places that the *eye of heaven* viſits."
STEEVENS.

Again, in *Romeo and Juliet*:

"Now ere the *ſun* advance his burning *eye*—".
MALONE.

This ſaid, his guilty hand pluck'd up the latch,
And with his knee the door he opens wide:
The dove ſleeps faſt that this night-owl will catch:
Thus treaſon works ere traitors be eſpy'd.
Who ſees the lurking ſerpent, ſteps aſide;
But ſhe, ſound ſleeping, fearing no ſuch thing,
Lies at the mercy of his mortal ſting.

Into the chamber wickedly he ſtalks [7],
And gazeth on her yet-unſtained bed.
The curtains being cloſe, about he walks,
Rolling his greedy eye-balls in his head:
By their high treaſon is his heart miſled;
Which gives the watch-word to his hand full ſoon [8],
To draw the cloud that hides the ſilver moon.

Look, as the fair and firy-pointed ſun [9],
Ruſhing from forth a cloud, bereaves our ſight;
Even ſo, the curtain drawn, his eyes begun
To wink, being blinded with a greater light:
Whether it is, that ſhe reflects ſo bright,

That

[7] *Into the chamber wickedly he* ſtalks,] That the poet meant by the word *ſtalk* to convey the notion, not of a boiſterous, but quiet, movement, appears from a ſubſequent paſſage:

" For in the dreadful dark of deep midnight,
" With ſhining falchion in my chamber came
" A *creeping* creature, with a flaming light,
" And ſoftly cry'd——."

Thus alſo, in a preceding ſtanza:

" Which drives the *creeping* thief to ſome regard."

Again, in *Cymbeline*:

" —Our Tarquin thus
" Did *ſoftly preſs the ruſhes*, ere he waken'd
" The chaſtity he wounded."

A perſon apprehenſive of being diſcovered, naturally takes *long* ſteps, the ſooner to arrive at his point, whether he is approaching or retiring, and thus ſhorten the moments of danger. MALONE.

[8] *Which gives the watch-word to his hand* full *ſoon*,] The octavo, 1616, reads—*too* ſoon. MALONE.

[9] —fiery-pointed *ſun*,] I would read:—fire-*y*pointed. So, Milton:

" Under a *ſtar-ypointing* pyramid." STEEVENS.

I ſuppoſe the old reading to be right, becauſe in Shakſpeare's edition the word is ſpelt *fierie*-pointed. MALONE.

That dazzleth them, or elſe ſome ſhame ſuppoſed;
But blind they are, and keep themſelves encloſed.

O, had they in that darkſome priſon died,
Then had they ſeen the period of their ill!
Then Collatine again, by Lucrece' ſide,
In his clear bed [1] might have repoſed ſtill:
But they muſt ope, this bleſſed league to kill;
And holy-thoughted Lucrece to their ſight
Muſt ſell her joy, her life, her world's delight.

Her lily hand her roſy cheek lies under [2],
Cozening the pillow of a lawful kiſs [3];
Who, therefore angry, ſeems to part in ſunder,
Swelling

[1] *In his* clear *bed*--] *Clear* is pure ſpotleſs. MALONE.

[2] —*her roſy* cheek *lies under.*] Thus the firſt copy. The edition of 1600 and the ſubſequent impreſſions have *cheeks*. MALONE.

[3] *Her lily hand her roſy cheek lies under,*
Cozening the pillow of a lawful kiſs;] Among the poems of Sir John Suckling, (who is ſaid to have been a great admirer of our authour,) is one entitled, *A Supplement of an imperfect Copy of Verſes of Mr. William Shakeſpeare*; which begins with theſe lines, ſomewhat varied. We can hardly ſuppoſe that Suckling would have called a paſſage extracted from a regular poem *an* imperfect *copy of verſes*. Perhaps Shakſpeare had written the lines quoted below (of which Sir John might have had a manuſcript copy) on ſome occaſion previous to the publication of his *Lucrece*, and afterwards uſed them in this poem, with ſome variation. In a ſubſequent page the reader will find ſome verſes that appear to have been written before *Venus and Adonis* was compoſed, of which, in like manner, the leading thoughts were afterwards employed in that poem. This ſuppoſed fragment is thus ſupplied by Suckling.—The variations are diſtinguiſhed by Italick characters:

I.

" *One of her hands one of her cheeks lay* under,
" Cozening the pillow of a lawful kiſs;
" *Which* therefore *ſwell'd*, and *ſeem'd* to part *aſunder*,
" *As angry to be robb'd of ſuch a* bliſs:
" *The one look'd pale, and for revenge did long,*
" *While t'other bluſh'd 'cauſe it had done the wrong.*"

II.

" *Out of* the bed *the* other fair hand was,
" On *a* green *ſattin quilt*; whoſe perfect white
Look'd

Swelling on either ſide, to want his bliſs;
Between whoſe hills her head intombed is:
Where, like a virtuous monument, ſhe lies [4],
To be admir'd of lewd unhallow'd eyes.

Without the bed her other fair hand was,
On the green coverlet; whoſe perfect white
Show'd like an April daiſy on the graſs,
With pearly ſweat, reſembling dew of night [5].
Her eyes, like marigolds, had ſheath'd their light;
And

" *Look'd* like a daiſy *in a field of* graſs *,
" And ſhew'd like unmelt ſnow unto the ſight:
" There lay this pretty perdue, ſafe to keep
" The reſt o' the body that lay faſt aſleep.

III.

" Her eyes (and therefore it was night) cloſe laid,
" Strove to impriſon beauty till the morn;
" But yet the doors were of ſuch fine ſtuff made,
" That it broke through and ſhew'd itſelf in ſcorn;
" Throwing a kind of light about the place,
" Which turn'd to ſmiles ſtill as't came near her face.

IV.

" Her beams, which ſome dull men call'd hair, divided
" Part with her cheeks, part with her lips, did ſport;
" But theſe, as rude, her breath put by ſtill; ſome †
" Wiſelier downward ſought; but falling ſhort,
" Curl'd back in rings, and ſeem'd to turn again,
" To bite the part ſo unkindly held them in."

MALONE.

[4] *Where, like a virtuous* monument, *ſhe lies,*] On our ancient monuments the heads of the perſons repreſented are commonly repoſed on *pillows*. Our author has nearly the ſame image in *Cymbeline*:

" And be her ſenſe *but as a monument*,
" Thus in a chapel lying." STEEVENS.

Again, in *All's Well that Ends Well*:

" You are no woman, but a *monument*. MALONE.

[5] *With pearly* ſweat, *reſembling* dew of night.] So, Dryden:

" And ſleeping flow'rs beneath *the night-dew ſweat*.

STEEVENS.

* *Thus far* (ſays Suckling) *Shakeſpeare*.

† Suckling probably wrote *divide* in the former lines; and here,

" But theſe, as rude, by her breath put ſtill aſide,—"

And, canopied in darkneſs, ſweetly lay [6],
Till they might open to adorn the day.

Her hair, like golden threads, play'd with her breath;
O modeſt wantons! wanton modeſty!
Showing life's triumph [7] in the map of death [8],
And death's dim look in life's mortality:
Each in her ſleep themſelves ſo beautify,
As if between them twain there were no ſtrife [9],
But that life liv'd in death, and death in life.

Her breaſts, like ivory globes circled with blue,
A pair of maiden worlds unconquered [1],
Save of their lord, no bearing yoke they knew [2],
And him by oath they truly honoured [3].
Theſe worlds in Tarquin new ambition bred;

Who,

[6] *Her* eyes, *like marigolds, had ſheath'd their light,*
And, canopied *in darkneſs, ſweetly lay,* &c.] So, in *Cymbeline:*

" ——The flame o' the taper
" Bows towards her, and would underpeep her lids,
" To ſee the encloſed *lights,* now *canopied*
" Under theſe windows." MALONE.

[7] Showing *life's triumph*—] The octavo, 1616, reads *Showring.* MALONE.

[8] —*in the* map *of death,*] So, in *King Richard II:*

" Thou *map* of honour." STEEVENS.

[9] *As if between them twain there were no* ſtrife,
But that life *liv'd in* death, *and* death *in* life.] So, in *Macbeth:*

" That *death* and *nature* do *contend* about them,
" Whether they *live* or *die.*" STEEVENS.

Again, in *All's Well that Ends Well:*

" —Nature and ſickneſs
" Debate it at their leiſure." MALONE.

[1] *A pair of* maiden worlds *unconquered,*] *Maiden worlds!* How happeneth this, friend Collatine, when Lucretia hath ſo long lain by thy ſide? Verily, it inſinuateth thee of coldneſs.

AMNER.

[2] *Save of their lord, no bearing yoke they knew,*] So, Ovid, deſcribing Lucretia in the ſame ſituation:

" Effugiet? poſitis urgetur pectora palmis,
" *Nunc primum externâ pectora tacta manu.*"

MALONE.

[3] *And him* by oath *they truly honoured.*] Alluding to the ancient practice of ſwearing domeſticks into ſervice. So, in *Cymbeline:*

Who, like a foul uſurper, went about
From this fair throne to heave the owner out [4].

What could he ſee, but mightily he noted?
What did he note, but ſtrongly he deſir'd?
What he beheld, on that he firmly doted,
And in his will his wilful eye he tir'd [5].
With more than admiration he admir'd
Her azure veins, her alabaſter ſkin,
Her coral lips, her ſnow-white dimpled chin.

As the grim lion fawneth o'er his prey,
Sharp hunger by the conqueſt ſatisfied,
So o'er this ſleeping ſoul doth Tarquin ſtay
His rage of luſt, by gazing qualified [6];
Slack'd, not ſuppreſs'd; for ſtanding by her ſide,
His eye, which late this mutiny reſtrains,
Unto a greater uproar tempts his veins:

And they, like ſtraggling ſlaves for pillage fighting,
Obdurate vaſſals, fell exploits effecting [7],
In bloody death and raviſhment delighting,

" Her *ſervants* are all *ſworn* and honourable."
STEEVENS.

The *matrimonial* oath was, I believe, alone in our authour's thoughts. MALONE.

[4] —*to* heave *the owner out*.] So, in a ſubſequent ſtanza:

" My ſighs, like whirlwinds, labour hence to *heave* thee."

The octavo, 1616, and the modern editions, read:

——to *have* the owner out. MALONE.

[5] *And* in *his will his wilful eye he* tir'd.] This may mean—*He glutted his luſtful eye in the imagination of what he had reſolved to do.* To *tire* is a term in falconry. So, in Heywood's *Rape of Lucrece*: " Muſt with keen fang *tire* upon thy fleſh." Perhaps we ſhould read—And *on* his will, &c. STEEVENS.

[6] —*by gazing* qualified:] i. e. ſoftened, abated, diminiſhed. So, in *The Merchant of Venice*:

" —— I have heard
" Your grace hath ta'en great pains to *qualify*
" His rigorous courſes." STEEVENS.

Again, in *Othello*: " I have drunk but one cup to-night, and that was craftily *qualified* too." MALONE.

[7] —*fell exploits* effecting,] Perhaps we ſhould read—*affecting*. STEEVENS.

The

Nor children's tears, nor mothers' groans reſpecting,
Swell in their pride, the onſet ſtill expecting:
Anon his beating heart, alarum ſtriking,
Gives the hot charge [8], and bids them do their liking.

His drumming heart chears up his burning eye,
His eye commends the leading to his hand [9];
His hand, as proud of ſuch a dignity,
Smoking with pride, march'd on to make his ſtand
On her bare breaſt, the heart of all her land [1];
Whoſe ranks of blue veins, as his hand did ſcale,
Left their round turrets deſtitute and pale.

They muſtering to the quiet cabinet
Where their dear governeſs and lady lies,
Do tell her ſhe is dreadfully beſet,
And fright her with confuſion of their cries:
She, much amaz'd, breaks ope her lock'd-up eyes,

The preceding line, and the two that follow, ſupport, I think, the old reading. Tarquin only *expects* the onſet; but the ſlaves here mentioned do not *affect* or meditate fell exploits, they are ſuppoſed to be actually *employed* in carnage:

" ——for pillage *fighting*,
" Nor children's tears, nor mothers' groans *reſpecting*."

The ſubſequent line,

" Swell in their pride, the onſet ſtill *expecting*,—"

refers, not to the *ſlaves*, but to Tarquin's *veins*. MALONE.

[8] Gives the *hot* charge,—] So, in *Hamlet*:

" ——proclaim no ſhame,
" When the compulſive ardour *gives the charge*."

STEEVENS.

[9] *His eye* commends *the leading to his hand*;] To *commend* in our authour's time ſometimes ſignified to *commit*, and has that ſenſe here. So, in *The Winter's Tale*:

" —*commend* it ſtrangely to ſome place,
" Where chance may nurſe, or end it."

Again, in *King Richard II*:

" His glittering arms he will *commend* to ruſt."

MALONE.

[1] *On her bare breaſt, the* heart *of all her land*;] So, in *Antony and Cleopatra*:

" —the very *heart of loſs*."

Again, in *Hamlet*:

" ——I will wear him
" In my heart's core; ay, in my *heart* of heart."

MALONE.

Who, peeping forth this tumult to behold,
Are by his flaming torch dimm'd and controll'd.

Imagine her as one in dead of night
From forth dull ſleep by dreadful fancy waking,
That thinks ſhe hath beheld ſome gaſtly ſprite,
Whoſe grim aſpect ſets every joint a ſhaking;
What terrour 'tis! but ſhe, in worſer taking,
From ſleep diſturbed, heedfully doth view
The ſight which makes ſuppoſed terror true [2].

Wrapp'd and confounded in a thouſand fears,
Like to a new-kill'd bird ſhe trembling lies [3];
She dares not look; yet, winking, there appears
Quick-ſhifting anticks, ugly in her eyes:
Such ſhadows are the weak brain's forgeries [4];
Who, angry that the eyes fly from their lights [5],
In darkneſs daunts them with more dreadful ſights.

His hand, that yet remains upon her breaſt,
(Rude ram, to batter ſuch an ivory wall!)
May feel her heart (poor citizen!) diſtreſs'd,

Wounding

[2] *The ſight which makes ſuppoſed terror* true.] The octavo, 1616, and the modern editions, read:

—which makes ſuppoſed terror *rue*. MALONE.

[3] *Wrapp'd and confounded in a thouſand fears,*
Like to a new-kill'd bird ſhe trembling *lies*;] So Ovid, deſcribing Lucretia in the ſame ſituation:

"Illa nihil; neque enim vocem vireſque loquendi
"Aut aliquid toto pectore mentis habet.
"Sed *tremit*—." MALONE.

[4] *Such ſhadows are the weak brain's* forgeries;] So, in *A Midſummer-Night's Dream*:

"Theſe are the *forgeries* of jealouſy." STEEVENS.

Again, in *Hamlet*:

"This is the very *coinage* of your *brain*:
"This *bodileſs* creation ecſtacy
"Is very cunning in." MALONE.

[5] —*the eyes fly from their lights*,] We meet with this conceit again in *Julius Cæſar*:

"His coward *lips* did from their *colour fly*."
STEEVENS.

Wounding itſelf to death, riſe up and fall,
Beating her bulk, that his hand ſhakes withal [6].
This moves in him more rage, and leſſer pity,
To make the breach, and enter this ſweet city [7].

Firſt, like a trumpet, doth his tongue begin
To ſound a parley to his heartleſs foe;
Who o'er the white ſheet peers her whiter chin [8],
The reaſon of this raſh alarm to know,
Which he by dumb demeanour ſeeks to ſhow;
But ſhe with vehement prayers urgeth ſtill,
Under what colour he commits this ill.

Thus he replies: The colour in thy face [9]
(That even for anger makes the lily pale,
And the red roſe bluſh at her own diſgrace [1],)

[6] *Beating her* bulk, *that his hand ſhakes withal.*] *Bulk* is frequently uſed by our authour, and other ancient writers, for *body*. So, in *Hamlet*:

" As it did ſeem to ſhatter all his *bulk*,
" And end his being." MALONE.

[7] *To make the breach, and enter this ſweet city.*] So, in our authour's *Lover's Complaint*:

" And long upon theſe terms I held my *city*,
" Till thus he 'gan *beſiege* me."

Again, in *All's Well that Ends Well*: " —marry, in blowing him down again, with the *breach* yourſelves made, you loſe your *city*." MALONE.

[8] —*o'er the white ſheet peers her whiter chin.*] So, in *Cymbeline*:

" ———freſh lily,
" And *whiter than the ſheets*." MALONE.

So, Otway, in *Venice Preſerved*:

" —in virgin ſheets,
" White as her boſom." STEEVENS.

[9] *Under what* colour *he commits this ill.*
Thus he replies: The colour *in thy face*—] The ſame play on the ſame words occurs in *K. Henry IV.* P. II:

" —this that you heard, was but a *colour*.
Shal. A *colour*, I fear, that you will die in, ſir John."
STEEVENS.

[1] *And the red roſe* bluſh at her own diſgrace,] A thought ſomewhat ſimilar occurs in May's *Supplement to Lucan*:

" ——labra rebenus
" Non roſea æquaret, niſi primo victa fuiſſet,
" Et pudor augeret quem dat natura ruborem."
STEEVENS.

Shall plead for me, and tell my loving tale:
Under that colour am I come to ſcale
  Thy never-conquer'd fort *; the fault is thine,
  For thoſe thine eyes betray thee unto mine.

Thus I foreſtall thee, if thou mean to chide:
Thy beauty hath enſnar'd thee to this night,
Where thou with patience muſt my will abide;
My will that marks thee for my earth's delight [2],
Which I to conquer ſought with all my might;
  But as reproof and reaſon beat it dead,
  By thy bright beauty was it newly bred.

I ſee what croſſes my attempt will bring;
I know what thorns the growing roſe defends;
I think the honey guarded with a ſting [3];
All this, beforehand, counſel comprehends:
But will is deaf, and hears no heedful friends;
  Only he hath an eye to gaze on beauty,
  And dotes on what he looks †, 'gainſt law or duty.

I have debated [4], even in my ſoul,
What wrong, what ſhame, what ſorrow I ſhall breed;
But nothing can affection's courſe control,

Or

* *Under that colour am I come to ſcale*
Thy never-conquer'd fort:] So, in Marlowe's *Hero and Leander*:

"—every limb did, as a ſouldier ſtout,
"Defend the *fort*, and keep the foe-man out:
"For though the riſing ivory mount he *ſcal'd*,
"Which is with azure circling lines empal'd,
"Much like a globe," &c.

We have had in a former ſtanza—

"Her *breaſts* like *ivory globes circled* with *blue*."

MALONE.

[2] —*my earth's delight*,] So, in *The Comedy of Errors*:

"My ſole *earth's* heaven." STEEVENS.

[3] I think *the honey guarded with a ſting*;] *I am aware* that the honey is guarded with a ſting. MALONE.

† —*on what he looks*,] i. e. on what he looks *on*.—Many inſtances of this inaccuracy are found in our authour's plays. MALONE.

[4] *I ſee what croſſes*———
I have debated, &c.] On theſe ſtanzas Dr. Young might have

Or ſtop the headlong fury of his ſpeed.
I know repentant tears enſue the deed;
Reproach, diſdain, and deadly enmity;
Yet ſtrive I to embrace mine infamy.

This ſaid, he ſhakes aloft his Roman blade,
Which, like a faulcon towering in the ſkies,
Coucheth the fowl below with his wings' ſhade [5],
Whoſe crooked beak threats, if he mount he dies:
So under his inſulting falchion lies
Harmleſs Lucretia, marking what he tells,
With trembling fear, as fowl hear faulcons' bells [6].

Lucrece, quoth he, this night I muſt enjoy thee:
If thou deny, then force muſt work my way,
For in thy bed I purpoſe to deſtroy thee;
That done, ſome worthleſs ſlave of thine I'll ſlay,
To kill thine honour with thy life's decay;
And in thy dead arms do I mean to place him,
Swearing I ſlew him, ſeeing thee embrace him,

So

have founded the lines with which he diſmiſſes the prince of Egypt, who is preparing to commit a ſimilar act of violence, at the end of the third act of *Buſiris*:

" Deſtruction full of tranſport! Lo I come
" Swift on the wing to meet my certain doom:
" I know the danger, and I know the ſhame;
" But, like our phœnix, in ſo rich a flame
" I plunge triumphant my devoted head,
" And dote on death in that luxurious bed." STEEV.

[5] —*like a* faulcon *towering in the ſkies*,
Coucheth *the* fowl *below*—] So, in *Meaſure for Meaſure*:

" Nips youth i' th' head, and follies doth enmew
" As *faulcon* doth the *fowl*."

I am not certain but that we ſhould read—*Cov'reth*. To *couch* the fowl may, however, mean, to *make it couch*; as to *brave* a man, in our author's language, ſignifies either to *inſult* him, or to *make him brave*, i. e. fine. So, in *The Taming of the Shrew*: " —thou haſt *brav'd* many men; *brave* not me," Petruchio is ſpeaking to the taylor.
STEEVENS.

[6] —*as* fowl *hear* faulcons' bells.] So, in *King Henry VI.* P. III:

" —not he that loves him beſt
" Dares ſtir a wing, if Warwick *ſhakes his bells*."
STEEVENS.

So thy ſurviving huſband ſhall remain
The ſcornful mark of every open eye [7];
Thy kinſmen hang their heads at this diſdain,
Thy iſſue blurr'd with nameleſs baſtardy [8]:
And thou, the authour of their obloquy,
Shalt have thy treſpaſs cited up in rhimes [9],
And ſung by children in ſucceeding times [1].

But if thou yield, I reſt thy ſecret friend:
The fault unknown is as a thought unacted;
A little harm, done to a great good end,
For lawful policy remains enacted.
The poiſonous ſimple ſometimes is compacted

In

[7] The ſcornful mark *of every open eye*;] So, in *Othello*:
" A *fixed figure* for the time of *ſcorn*." STEEVENS.

[8] *Thy iſſue blurr'd with* nameleſs *baſtardy*:] So, in the *Two Gentlemen of Verona*: " That's as much as to ſay *baſtard* virtues, that indeed know not their father's names, and therefore have *no names*." The poet calls baſtardy *nameleſs*, becauſe an illegitimate child has no name by inheritance, being conſidered by the law as *nullius filius*. MALONE.

[9] *Shalt have thy* treſpaſs cited *up in rhimes*,] So, in *King Henry IV*. P. I:
" He made a bluſhing *cital* of his *faults*."
Again, in *The Two Gentlemen of Verona*:
" —for we *cite* our *faults*." STEEVENS.

[1] *Shalt have thy treſpaſs* cited up *in* rhimes,
And ſung *by children in ſucceeding times*.] So, in *King Richard III*:
" —Thence we looked towards England,
" And *cited up* a thouſand heavy times."
Again, in *Antony and Cleopatra*:
" ——Saucy lictors
" Will catch at us like ſtrumpets, and ſcald *rhimers*
" *Ballad* us out o'tune,"
Qui me commôrit, (melius non tangere, clamo,)
Flebit, et inſignis tota cantabitur urbe." *Hor.*
Thus elegantly imitated by Pope:
" Whoe'er offends, at ſome unlucky time
" Slides into verſe, and hitches in a rhime;
" Sacred to ridicule his whole life long,
" And the ſad burthen of ſome merry ſong."
MALONE.

In a pure compound [2]; being ſo applied,
His venom in effect is purified.

Then for thy huſband and thy children's ſake,
Tender my ſuit [3]: bequeath not to their lot
The ſhame that from them no device can take,
The blemiſh that will never be forgot;
Worſe than a ſlaviſh wipe [4], or birth-hour's blot [5]:
For marks deſcried in men's nativity
Are nature's faults, not their own infamy [6].

Here with a cockatrice' dead-killing eye [7],
He rouſeth up himſelf, and makes a pauſe;
While ſhe, the picture of pure piety,

Like

[2] *In* a pure *compound*—] Thus the quarto. The edition of 1616 reads:

" In *pureſt compounds*— MALONE.

A thought ſomewhat ſimilar occurs in *Romeo and Juliet*:

" Within the infant rind of this ſmall flower
" *Poiſon* hath reſidence, and *medicine* power." STEEV.

[3] Tender *my ſuit*:—] Cheriſh, regard my ſuit. So, in *Hamlet*:

" *Tender* yourſelf more dearly." MALONE.

[4] *Worſe than a* ſlaviſh wipe,] More diſgraceful than the brand with which ſlaves were marked. MALONE.

[5] —*or birth-hours* blot:] So, in *King John*:

" If thou that bid'ſt me be content, wert grim,
" Ugly and ſlanderous to thy *mother's womb*,
" Full of unpleaſing *blots*, and ſightleſs ſtains,—
" Patch'd with foul moles and eye-offending marks,
" I would not care."

It appears that in Shakſpeare's time the arms of baſtards were diſtinguiſhed by ſome kind of *blot*. Thus, in the play above quoted:

" To look into the *bolts* and ſtains of *right*."

But in the paſſage now before us, thoſe corporal blemiſhes with which children are ſometimes born, ſeem alone to have been in our authour's contemplation. MALONE.

[6] *For* marks *deſcried in men's* nativity
Are nature's *faults*, not their own infamy.] So, in *Hamlet*:

" That for ſome vicious *mole* of *nature* in them,
" As, in their birth *(wherein they are not guilty)*—.

STEEVENS.

[7] —*with a cockatrice' dead killing eye*,] So, in *Romeo and Juliet*:

" From the *death-darting eye of cockatrice*." STEEV.

Like a white hind under the grype's ſharp claws [8],
Pleads in a wilderneſs, where are no laws,
To the rough beaſt that knows no gentle right,
Nor aught obeys but his foul appetite.

Look, when a black-fac'd cloud the world doth threat [9],
In his dim miſt the aſpiring mountains hiding,
From earth's dark womb ſome gentle guſt doth get,
Which

[8] *Like a white hind* under *the* grype's *ſharp claws,*] So, in *King Richard III:*

" Ah me! I ſee the ruin of my houſe;
" *The tyger now hath ſeiz'd the gentle hind.*"

All the modern editions read:

——*beneath* the *gripe's* ſharp claws.

The quarto, 1594, has:

Like a white hinde *under* the *grype's* ſharp claws—

The *gryphon* was meant, which in our authour's time was uſually written *grype*, or *gripe*. MALONE.

The *gripe* is properly the *griffin*. See Cotgrave's *Dictionary*, and Mr. Reed's improved edition of *Dodſley's old Plays*, Vol. I. p. 124, where *gripe* ſeems to be uſed for *vultur*:

" —Ixion's wheele,
" Or cruell *gripe* to gnaw my growing harte."
Ferrex and Porrex.

It was alſo a term in the hermetick art. Thus, in B. Jonſon's *Alchemiſt*:

" —let the water in glaſs E be filter'd,
" And put into the *gripe's* egg."

As *griffe* is the French word for a claw, perhaps anciently thoſe birds which are remarkable for *griping* their prey in their talons, were occaſionally called *gripes*. STEEVENS.

[9] Look, *when a black-fac'd cloud the world doth threat,*] The quarto, 1594, reads: *But* when, &c. For the emendation I am reſponſible.

But was evidently a miſprint; there being no oppoſition whatſoever between this and the preceding paſſage. We had before:

" *Look*, as the fair and firy-pointed ſun,—
" Even *ſo* ——"

Again, in a ſubſequent ſtanza, we have:

" *Look*, as the full-fed hound, &c.
" *So* ſurfeit-taking Tarquin—"

Again, in *Venus and Adonis*:

" *Look*, how the world's poor people are amaz'd,—
" *So* ſhe with fearful eyes.—" MALONE.

Which blows theſe pitchy vapours from their biding,
Hindering their preſent fall by this dividing;
So his unhallow'd haſte her words delays,
And moody Pluto winks while Orpheus plays.

Yet, foul night-waking cat, he doth but dally,
While in his hold-faſt foot the weak mouſe panteth:
Her ſad behaviour feeds his vultur folly [1],
A ſwallowing gulf that even in plenty wanteth:
His ear her prayers admits, but his heart granteth
No penetrable entrance to her plaining:
Tears harden luſt, though marble wear with raining.

Her pity-pleading eyes are ſadly fix'd
In the remorſeleſs wrinkles of his face [2];
Her modeſt eloquence with ſighs is mix'd,
Which to her oratory adds more grace.
She puts the period often from his place;
And 'midſt the ſentence ſo her accent breaks,
That twice ſhe doth begin [3], ere once ſhe ſpeaks.

She cónjures him by high almighty Jove,
By knighthood, gentry, and ſweet friendſhip's oath,
By her untimely tears, her huſband's love,
By holy human law, and common troth,
By heaven and earth, and all the power of both,
That to his borrow'd bed he make retire,
And ſtoop to honour, not to foul deſire.

[1] *his vultur* folly,] *Folly* is uſed here, as it is in the ſacred writings, for *depravity of mind*. So alſo, in *Othello*:
"She turn'd to *folly*, and ſhe was a whore." MALONE.

[2] *In the* remorſeleſs *wrinkles of his face*;] *Remorſeleſs* is *pitileſs*. MALONE.

[3] *She* puts the period often from his place,
And 'midſt the ſentence *ſo her* accent breaks,
That twice ſhe doth begin,] So, in *A Midſummer Night's Dream*:
"Make *periods in the midſt of ſentences*,
"Throttle their practis'd *accent* in their fears,
"And in concluſion dumbly have *broke* off," &c.
STEEVENS.

Quoth ſhe, reward not hoſpitality [4]
With ſuch black payment as thou haſt pretended [5];
Mud not the fountain that gave drink to thee;
Mar not the thing that cannot be amended;
End thy ill aim, before thy ſhoot be ended [6]:
He is no woodman, that doth bend his bow
To ſtrike a poor unſeaſonable doe.

My huſband is thy friend, for his ſake ſpare me;
Thyſelf art mighty, for thine own ſake leave me;
Myſelf a weakling, do not then enſnare me:
Thou look'ſt not like deceit; do not deceive me:
My ſighs, like whirlwinds, labour hence to heave thee.
If ever man were mov'd with woman's moans,
Be moved with my tears, my ſighs, my groans;

All

[4] *reward not* hoſpitality, &c.] So, in *King Lear*:
" —my *hoſpitable* favours
" You ſhould not ruffle thus." STEEVENS.

[5] —*pretended*;] i. e. propoſed to thyſelf. So, in *Macbeth*:
" —Alas the day!
" What good could they *pretend?*" STEEVENS.

[6] *End thy ill aim, before thy* ſhoot *be ended*:] It is manifeſt from the context, that the authour intended the word *ſhoot* to be taken in a double ſenſe; *ſuit* and *ſhoot* being in his time pronounced alike. So, in *The London Prodigal*, 1605:
" But there's the other black-browes, a ſhrood girl,
" She hath wit at will, and *ſhuters* two or three."
Again, in *The Puritan*, a Comedy, 1607:
" Enter the *Sutors*.
" Are not theſe *archers?*—what do you call them—*ſhooters*," &c.
Again, in Lilly's *Euphues and his England*, 1580: " There was a lady in Spaine, who after the death of her father had three *ſuters*, and yet never a good *archer*," &c. MALONE.

I adhere to the old reading, nor apprehend the leaſt equivoque. A ſentiment nearly parallel occurs in *Macbeth*:
" —the murd'rous ſhaft that's ſhot,
" Hath not yet lighted."
He is no wood-man that doth *bend his bow*,
very ſtrongly ſupports my opinion. STEEVENS.

There is no doubt that *ſhoot* was *one* of the ideas intended to be conveyed. It is, in my apprehenſion, equally clear, that the *ſuit* or ſolicitation of a lover was alſo in our authour's thoughts. *Shoot* (the pronunciation of the two words being granted to be the ſame) ſuggeſts both ideas.—The paſſage quoted

All which together, like a troubled ocean,
Beat at thy rocky and wreck-threat'ning heart,
To ſoften it with their continual motion;
For ſtones diſſolv'd to water do convert.
O, if no harder than a ſtone thou art,
Melt at my tears, and be compaſſionate!
Soft pity enters at an iron gate [7].

In Tarquin's likeneſs I did entertain thee:
Haſt thou put on his ſhape to do him ſhame?
To all the hoſt of heaven I complain me,
Thou wrong'ſt his honour, wound'ſt his princely name.
Thou art not what thou ſeem'ſt; and if the ſame,
Thou ſeem'ſt not what thou art, a god, a king;
For kings like gods ſhould govern every thing.

How will thy ſhame be ſeeded in thine age,
When thus thy vices bud before thy ſpring [8]?
If in thy hope thou dar'ſt do ſuch outrage,
What dar'ſt thou not, when once thou art a king [9]?
O, be remember'd [1], no outrageous thing

From

quoted from *Macbeth*, in the preceding note, does not, as I conceive, prove any thing. The word *ſhot* has *there* its uſual ſignification, and no double meaning *could* have been intended. MALONE.

[7] *Soft pity enters at an* iron gate.] Meaning, I ſuppoſe, the *gates of a priſon*. STEEVENS.

[8] *How will thy ſhame be* ſeeded *in thine age,*
When thus thy vices bud before thy ſpring?] This thought is more amplified in our author's *Troilus and Creſſida*:

" ——the *ſeeded* pride,
" That hath to its maturity grown up
" In rank Achilles, muſt or now be cropt;
" Or, ſhedding, breed a nurſery of evil,
" To over-bulk us all." STEEVENS.

[9] *If in thy hope thou dar'ſt do ſuch outrage,*
What dar'ſt thou not when thou art once a king?] This ſentiment reminds us of King Henry IV.th's queſtion to his ſon:

" When that my care could not withhold thy riots,
" What wilt thou do, when riot is thy care?"
STEEVENS.

[1] *O, be remember'd,*] Bear it in your mind. So, in *King Richard II*:

" ——joy being wanting,
" It doth *remember* me the more of ſorrow."
MALONE.

From vaſſal actors can be wip'd away;
Then kings' miſdeeds cannot be hid in clay [2].

This deed will make thee only lov'd for fear,
But happy monarchs ſtill are fear'd for love:
With foul offenders thou perforce muſt bear,
When they in thee the like offences prove;
If but for fear of this, thy will remove;
For princes are the glaſs, the ſchool, the book,
Where ſubjects' eyes do learn, do read, do look [3].

And wilt thou be the ſchool where Luſt ſhall learn?
Muſt he in thee read lectures of ſuch ſhame?
Wilt thou be glaſs, wherein it ſhall diſcern
Authority for ſin, warrant for blame,
To privilege diſhonour in thy name?
Thou back'ſt reproach againſt long-lived laud,
And mak'ſt fair reputation but a bawd.

Haſt thou command? by him that gave it thee,
From a pure heart command thy rebel will:
Draw not thy ſword to guard iniquity,
For it was lent thee all that brood to kill,
Thy princely office how canſt thou fulfill,
When, pattern'd by thy fault *, foul Sin may ſay,
He learn'd to ſin, and thou didſt teach the way?

Think

[2] *Then king's miſdeeds cannot be* hid in clay.] The memory of the ill actions of kings will remain even after their death. So, in *The Paradiſe of Dainty Deviſes*, 1580:

"Mine owne good father, thou art gone; thine ears
are *ſtopp'd* with *clay*."

Again, in Kendal's *Flowers of Epigrams*, 1577:

"The *corps* clapt faſt in clotted *clay*,
"That here *engraw'd* doth lie." MALONE.

[3] *For princes are the* glaſs, *the ſchool, the* book,
Where ſubjects' eyes do learn, do read, do look.] So, in *King Henry IV.* P. II:

"He was the mark and *glaſs*, copy and *book*,
"That faſhion'd others."

Regis ad exemplum totus componitur orbis. *Claud.*
MALONE.

* —pattern'd *by thy fault*,] Taking thy fault for a pattern or example. So, in the Legend of Lord Haſtings, *Mirrour for Magiſtrates*, 1587:

"By this my *pattern*, all ye peers, beware."
MALONE.

Think but how vile a ſpectacle it were,
To view thy preſent treſpaſs in another.
Men's faults do ſeldom to themſelves appear;
Their own tranſgreſſions partially they ſmother:
This guilt would ſeem death-worthy in thy brother.
O, how are they wrapp'd in with infamies,
That from their own miſdeeds aſkaunce their eyes!

To thee, to thee, my heav'd-up hands appeal,
Not to ſeducing luſt, thy raſh relier [4];
I ſue for exil'd majeſty's repeal [5];
Let him return, and flattering thoughts retire:
His true reſpect will 'priſon falſe deſire,
And wipe the dim miſt from thy doting eyne,
That thou ſhalt ſee thy ſtate, and pity mine.

Have done, quoth he; my uncontrolled tide
Turns not, but ſwells the higher by this let.
Small lights are ſoon blown out, huge fires abide [6],
And with the wind in greater fury fret [7]:
The petty ſtreams that pay a daily debt
To their ſalt ſovereign, with their freſh falls' haſte,
Add to his flow, but alter not his taſte [8].

Thou art, quoth ſhe, a ſea, a ſovereign king;
And lo, there falls into thy boundleſs flood
Black luſt, diſhonour, ſhame, miſgoverning,

Who

[4] *Not to ſeducing luſt, thy raſh* relier;] Thus the firſt copy. The edition of 1616 has—thy raſh *reply*. Dr. Sewel, without authority, reads:

Not to ſeducing luſt's *outrageous fire*. MALONE.

[5] —*for exil'd majeſty's* repeal;] For the *recall* of exiled majeſty. So, in one of our authour's plays:

"———if the time thruſt forth
"A cauſe for thy *repeal*—." MALONE.

[6] Small lights *are* ſoon blown out, *huge fires abide*,] So, in *K. Hen. VI*:

"*A little fire* is *quickly trodden out*," &c. STEEVENS.

[7] *And with the* wind *in greater fury* fret:] So, in *The Merchant of Venice*:

"When they are *fretted* with the *guſts* of heaven."
STEEVENS.

[8] *Add to* his *flow*, *but alter not* his *taſte*.] The octavo 1616, reads:

Add to *this* flow, but alter not *the* taſte. MALONE.

Who ſeek to ſtain the ocean of thy blood.
If all theſe petty ills ſhall change thy good,
  Thy ſea within a puddle's womb is herſed [9],
  And not the puddle in thy ſea diſperſed:

So ſhall theſe ſlaves be king, and thou their ſlave [1];
Thou nobly baſe, they baſely dignified;
Thou their fair life, and they thy fouler grave:
Thou loathed in their ſhame, they in thy pride:
The leſſer thing ſhould not the greater hide;
  The cedar ſtoops not to the baſe ſhrub's foot,
  But low ſhrubs wither at the cedar's root.

So let thy thoughts, low vaſſals to thy ſtate—
No more, quoth he, by heaven, I will not hear thee;
Yield to my love; if not, enforced hate,
Inſtead of love's coy touch [2], ſhall rudely tear thee;
That done, deſpitefully I mean to bear thee
  Unto the baſe bed of ſome raſcal groom,
  To be thy partner in this ſhameful doom.

This ſaid, he ſets his foot upon the light,
For light and luſt are deadly enemies:
Shame folded up in blind concealing night,

When

[9] *Thy ſea within a puddle's womb is* herſed,] Thus the quarto. The octavo 1616, reads, unintelligibly:

Thy ſea within a *puddle* wom[illegible] is *herſed*.

Dr. Sewel, not being able to extract any meaning from this, reads:

Thy ſea within a *puddle* womb is *burſt*,
And not the puddle in thy ſea *diſpers'd*.

Our author has again uſed the verb to *herſe* in *Hamlet*:

"Why thy canoniz'd bones, *herſed* in death,
"Have burſt their excrements." MALONE.

[1] *So ſhall theſe* ſlaves *be* kings, *and thou their ſlave*;] In *King Lear* we meet with a ſimilar alluſion:

"—it ſeem'd ſhe was a queen
"Over her *paſſion*, who, moſt rebel-like,
"Sought to be king o'er her." MALONE.

[2] —*love's* coy touch,—] i. e. the delicate, the reſpectful approach of love. STEEVENS.

When moſt unſeen, then moſt doth tyrannize.
The wolf hath ſeiz'd his prey, the poor lamb cries [3];
Till with her own white fleece her voice controll'd
Entombs her outcry in her lips' ſweet fold:

For with the nightly linen that ſhe wears [4],
He pens her piteous clamours in her head;
Cooling his hot face in the chaſteſt tears
That ever modeſt eyes with ſorrow ſhed.
O, that prone luſt ſhould ſtain ſo pure a bed [5]!
The ſpots whereof could weeping purify,
Her tears ſhould drop on them perpetually.

But ſhe hath loſt a dearer thing than life [6],
And he hath won what he would loſe again.
This forced league doth force a further ſtrife;
This momentary joy breeds months of pain;
This hot deſire converts to cold diſdain:
Pure chaſtity is rifled of her ſtore,
And luſt, the thief, far poorer than before.

Look,

[3] *The wolf has ſeiz'd his prey, the poor lamb cries*;]

" Illa nihil:——
" Sed tremit, ut quondam ſtabulis deprenſa relictis,
" Parva ſub infeſto cum jacet agna lupo." *Ovid.*

I have never ſeen any tranſlation of the *Faſti* ſo old as the time of Shakſpeare; but Mr. Coxeter in his manuſcript notes mentions one printed about the year 1570. MALONE.

[4] *For with the* nightly *linen that ſhe wears*,] Thus the firſt quarto. The octavo, 1616, reads, unintelligibly:

For with the *mighty* linen, &c. MALONE.

[5] *O, that* prone *luſt ſhould ſtain ſo pure a bed!*] Thus the firſt quarto. The edition of 1600 inſtead of *prone* has *proud*. That of 1616 and the modern copies *foul*. *Prone* is head-ſtrong, forward, prompt. In *Meaſure for Meaſure* it is uſed in ſomewhat a ſimilar ſenſe:

" ——in her youth
" There is a *prone* and ſpeechleſs dialect." MALONE.

Thus, more appoſitely, in *Cymbeline*: " Unleſs a man would marry a gallows, and beget young gibbets, I never ſaw one ſo *prone*." STEEVENS.

[6] *But ſhe hath loſt*, &c.] Shakſpeare has in this inſtance practiſed the delicacy recommended by Vida:

" Speluncam Dido dux et Trojanus eandem
" Deveniant, pudo ulterius nihil addere curet."

STEEVENS.

Look, as the full-fed hound or gorged hawk,
Unapt for tender ſmell or ſpeedy flight,
Make ſlow purſuit, or altogether balk
The prey wherein by nature they delight;
So ſurfeit-taking Tarquin fares this night:
His taſte delicious, in digeſtion ſouring,
Devours his will, that liv'd by foul devouring.

O deeper ſin than bottomleſs conceit
Can comprehend in ſtill imagination!
Drunken deſire muſt vomit his receipt [7],
Ere he can ſee his own abomination.
While luſt is in his pride, no exclamation
Can curb his heat, or rein his raſh deſire,
Till, like a jade, ſelf-will himſelf doth tire [8].

And then with lank and lean diſcolour'd cheek,
With heavy eye, knit-brow, and ſtrengthleſs pace,
Feeble deſire, all recreant, poor, and meek,
Like to a bankrupt beggar wails his caſe:
The fleſh being proud, deſire doth fight with grace,
For there it revels; and when that decays,
The guilty rebel for remiſſion prays.

So fares it with this faultful lord of Rome,
Who this accompliſhment ſo hotly chas'd;
For now againſt himſelf he ſounds this doom,—
That through the length of times he ſtands diſgrac'd:
Beſides, his ſoul's fair temple is defac'd [9];
To whoſe weak ruins muſter troops of cares,
To aſk the ſpotted princeſs how ſhe fares.

She

[7] *Drunken* deſire *muſt* vomit *his receipt*,] So, in *Cymbeline*:
"To make *deſire vomit* emptineſs." STEEVENS.

[8] *Till, like a jade, ſelf-will himſelf doth tire.*] So, in *King Henry VIII*:
"—Anger *is like*
"*A full-hot horſe, who being allow'd his way,*
"*Self-mettle tires him.*" STEEVENS.

[9] —*his ſoul's fair* temple *is defac'd*;] So, in *Macbeth*:
"Moſt ſacrilegeous murder hath broke ope
"The lord's anointed *temple*, and ſtole thence
"The life of the building." MALONE.

She ſays, her ſubjects with foul inſurrection
Have batter'd down her conſecrated wall,
And by their mortal fault brought in ſubjection
Her immortality, and make her thrall
To living death, and pain perpetual:
Which in her preſcience ſhe controlled ſtill,
But her fore-ſight could not fore-ſtall their will.

Even in this thought, through the dark night he ſtealeth,
A captive victor, that hath loſt in gain [1];
Bearing away the wound that nothing healeth,
The ſcar that will, deſpite of cure, remain;
Leaving his ſpoil [2] perplex'd in greater pain.
She bears the load of luſt he left behind,
And he the burthen of a guilty mind.

He like a theeviſh dog, creeps ſadly thence,
She like a wearied lamb lies panting there;
He ſcouls, and hates himſelf for his offence,
She deſperate, with her nails her fleſh doth tear;
He faintly flies, ſweating with guilty fear;
She ſtays, exclaiming on the direful night:
He runs, and chides his vaniſh'd, loath'd, delight.

He thence departs a heavy convertite [3];
She there remains a hopeleſs caſt-away [4]:
He in his ſpeed looks for the morning light,

She

[1] —*that hath* loſt in gain;] So, in *Romeo and Juliet*:
" —teach me how to *loſe a winning match*—"
STEEVENS.

[2] *Leaving his* ſpoil—] That is, *Lucretia*. So, in *Troilus and Creſſida*:
" ——Set them down
" For ſluttiſh *ſpoils* of opportunity,
" And daughters of the game." MALONE.

[3] *Hence there departs a heavy* convertite.] A *convertite* is a *convert*. Our authour has the ſame expreſſion in *King John*:
" But, ſince you are a gentle *convertite*,
" My tongue ſhall huſh again this ſtorm of war."
MALONE.

[4] —*a hopeleſs* caſt-away:] So, in *Antony and Cleopatra*:
" That ever I ſhould call thee *caſt-away*! STEEVENS.

She prays ſhe never may behold the day:
For day, quoth ſhe, night's ſcapes doth open lay [5];
And my true eyes have never practis'd how
To cloke offences with a cunning brow.

They think not but that every eye can ſee
The ſame diſgrace which they themſelves behold;
And therefore would they ſtill in darkneſs be [6],
To have their unſeen ſin remain untold;
For they their guilt with weeping will unfold,
And grave, like water that doth eat in ſteel,
Upon my cheeks what helpleſs ſhame I feel.

Here ſhe exclaims againſt repoſe and reſt,
And bids her eyes hereafter ſtill be blind [7].
She wakes her heart by beating on her breaſt,
And bids it leap from thence, where it may find
Some purer cheſt, to cloſe ſo pure a mind [8].
Frantick with grief thus breathes ſhe forth her ſpite
Againſt the unſeen ſecrecy of night.

O, com-

[5] *For* day, *quoth ſhe*, night's ſcapes *doth open lay*;] So, in *King Henry VI.* P. II:

"The gaudy *blabing*, and remorſeful day." STEEV.

A paſſage in *The Winter's Tale* may ſerve to aſcertain the meaning of *night's ſcapes* here: "Mercy on's, a barne! a very pretty barne!—Sure ſome *ſcape*: though I am not very bookiſh, I can read waiting-gentlewoman in the *ſcape*."

Eſcapium is a barbarous Latin word, ſignifying what comes by chance or accident. MALONE.

[6] —*in darkneſs* be,] The octavo 1616, and the modern editions, read, without authority:

—they ſtill in darkneſs *lie*. MALONE.

[7] *Here ſhe exclaims againſt* repoſe *and* reſt,
And bids her eyes *hereafter ſtill be* blind.] This paſſage will ſerve to confirm the propriety of Dr. Johnſon's emendation in *Cymbeline*, Act III. ſc. iv.

"I'll *wake* mine eye-balls *blind* firſt." STEEVENS.

[8] *She wakes her* heart *by beating on her* breaſt,
And bids it leap from thence, where it may find
Some purer cheſt, *to cloſe ſo pure a mind.*"] So, in *King Richard II:*

"A jewel in a ten-times-barr'd-up *cheſt*
"Is a bold *ſpirit* in a loyal *breaſt*." MALONE.

O, comfort-killing night, image of hell [9]!
Dim regiſter and notary of ſhame!
Black ſtage for tragedies and murders fell [1]!
Vaſt ſin-concealing chaos! nurſe of blame!
Blind muffled bawd! dark harbour for defame!
Grim cave of death, whiſpering conſpirator
With cloſe-tongu'd treaſon and the raviſher!

O, hateful, vaporous, and foggy night,
Since thou art guilty of my cureleſs crime,
Muſter thy miſts to meet the eaſtern light,
Make war againſt proportion'd courſe of time!
Or if thou wilt permit the ſun to climb
His wonted height, yet ere he go to bed,
Knit poiſonous clouds about his golden head.

With rotten damps raviſh the morning air;
Let their exhal'd unwholeſome breaths make ſick
The life of purity, the ſupreme fair [2],
Ere he arrive his weary noon-tide prick [3];
And let thy miſty vapours march ſo thick [4],

That

[9] *O comfort-killing* night! image of hell!] So, in *King Henry V*:

"Never ſees horrid *night*, the *child of hell*."

STEEVENS.

[1] Black *ſtage for tragedies*—] In our authour's time, I believe, the ſtage was hung with black, when tragedies were performed. The hanging however was, I ſuppoſe, no more than one piece of black baize placed at the back of the ſtage, in the room of the tapeſtry which was the common decoration when comedies were acted. MALONE.

[2] *Let their* exhal'd unwholeſome breaths *make ſick*
The life of purity, the ſupreme fair,] So, in *King Lear*:

"——*infect* her beauty,
"Ye *fen-ſuck'd fogs*,—." STEEVENS.

[3] —*noon-tide prick*;] So, in one of our authour's plays:

"And make an evening at the noon-tide *prick*."

i. e. the *point* of noon. Again, in *Damon and Pythias*, 1571:

"It *pricketh* faſt upon noon." STEEVENS.

Again in *Acolaſtus his After-witte*, 1600:

"Scarce had the ſun attain'd his noon-tide *prick*."

MALONE.

[4] *And let thy* miſty *vapours march ſo thick*,] The quarto, by an evident error of the preſs, reads—*muſty*. The ſubſequent copies have—*miſty*. So, before:

"Muſter

That in their ſmoky ranks his ſmother'd light
May ſet at noon, and make perpetual night.

Were Tarquin night, (as he is but night's child [5],)
The ſilver-ſhining queen he would diſtain [6];
Her twinkling handmaids [7] too, by him defil'd,
Through night's black boſom ſhould not peep again [8]:
So ſhould I have copartners in my pain:
And fellowſhip in woe doth woe aſſuage [9],
As palmers' chat makes ſhort their pilgrimage [1].

Where

" Muſter thy *miſts* to meet the eaſtern light."
Again:
" ——*miſty* night
" Covers the ſhame that follows ſuch delight."
MALONE.

[5] —(*as he is but* night's child,)] The wicked, in ſcriptural language, are called the *children of darkneſs*. STEEVENS.

[6] —*he would* diſtain;] Thus all the copies before that of 1616, which reads:
The ſilver-ſhining queen he would *diſdain*.
Dr. Sewell, unwilling to print nonſenſe, altered this to—
" —*him* would *diſdain*. MALONE.

[7] *Her twinkling* handmaids—] That is, *the ſtars*. So, in *Troilus and Creſſida*:
" By all Diana's *waiting-women* yonder,
" And by herſelf, I will not tell you whoſe."
MALONE.

[8] *Through* night's black boſom *ſhould not* peep *again*:] So, in *Macbeth*:
" Nor heaven *peep through* the blanket of *the dark*,
" To cry, *hold, hold*." MALONE.

[9] *And* fellowſhip *in* woe *doth woe aſſuage*,] So, in *King Lear*:
" But then the mind much *ſufferance* doth *o'er-ſkip*,
" When *grief* hath *mates*, and bearing *fellowſhip*."
Again, in *Romeo and Juliet*:
" —or if four woe delight in fellowſhip—."
So Chaucer, *Troilus and Creſeide*, B. I.
" Men ſaie, to wretch is conſolation,
" To have another fellow in his pane." MALONE.
Solamen miſeris ſocios habuiſſe doloris.
I believe this is a line of Cato's diſtichs. It is found in a common ſchool book; *Synopſis communium locorum*.
STEEVENS.

[1] *As palmers'* chat *makes ſhort their pilgrimage*.] This is the reading of the quarto, 1594. The octavo, 1616, and all the modern editions, read, unintelligibly:
" As

Where now [2] I have no one to bluſh with me,
To croſs their arms, and hang their heads with mine,
To maſk their brows *, and hide their infamy;
But I alone, alone muſt ſit and pine,
Seaſoning the earth with ſhowers of ſilver brine [3];
Mingling my talk with tears, my grief with groans,
Poor waſting monuments of laſting moans.

O night, thou furnace of foul-reeking ſmoke,
Let not the jealous day behold that face
Which underneath thy black all-hiding cloak
Immodeſtly lies martyr'd with diſgrace!
Keep ſtill poſſeſſion of thy gloomy place,
That all the faults which in thy reign are made,
May likewiſe be ſepúlcher'd in thy ſhade [4]!

Make

" As palmers *that make* ſhort their pilgrimage.
MALONE.

As palmers' chat makes ſhort their pilgrimage.] So, in *King Richard II:*

" ——rough uneven ways
" Draw out our miles, and make them weariſome:
" And yet your fair diſcourſe hath been as ſugar,
" Making the hard way ſweet and delectable."

Again, ibid:

" ——wanting your company,
" Which, I proteſt, hath very much beguil'd
" The tedioufneſs and proceſs of my travel."
STEEVENS.

[2] Where *now*—] *Where* for *whereas.* MALONE.

* *To croſs their arms, and* hang their heads *with mine,*
To maſk their brows,—] So, in *Macbeth:*

" What, man! ne'er *pull your hat upon your brows*;
" Give ſorrow words." MALONE.

[3] *Seaſoning the earth with ſhowers of ſilver brine*;] So, in Shakſpeare's *Lover's Complaint:*

" Laund'ring the ſilken figures in the *brine,*
" Which *ſeaſon'd* woe had pelleted in tears."

Again, in *All's Well that Ends Well:—tears,*—the beſt *brine* a maiden can *ſeaſon* her praiſe in." MALONE.

[4] *May likewiſe be* ſepúlcher'd *in thy ſhade!*] The word *ſepulcher'd* is thus accented by Milton, in his Verſes on our authour:

" And ſo ſepúlcher'd in ſuch pomp does lie,
" That kings for ſuch a tomb would wiſh to die."
MALONE.

Make me not object to the tell-tale day!
The light will ſhew, charácter'd [5] in my brow,
The ſtory of ſweet chaſtity's decay,
The impious breach of holy wedlock's vow:
Yea, the illiterate that know not how
To 'cipher what is writ in learned books,
Will quote [6] my loathſome treſpaſs in my looks.

The nurſe, to ſtill her child, will tell my ſtory,
And fright her crying babe with Tarquin's name [7];
The orator, to deck his oratory,
Will couple my reproach to Tarquin's ſhame:
Feaſt-finding minſtrels [8], tuning my defame:
Will tie the hearers to attend each line,
How Tarquin wronged me, I Collatine.

Let my good name, that ſenſeleſs reputation,
For Collatine's dear love be kept unſpotted:
If that be made a theme for diſputation,
The branches of another root are rotted;
And undeſerv'd reproach to him allotted,
That is as clear from this attaint of mine,
As I, ere this, was pure to Collatine.

O unſeen

[5] —charácter'd *in my* brow,] So, in one of Daniel's *Sonnets*, 1592:

"And if a *brow* with care's *charácters* painted—"

This word was, I ſuppoſe, thus accented when our authour wrote, and is at this day pronounced in the ſame manner by the common people of Ireland, where, I believe, much of the pronunciation of queen Elizabeth's age is yet retain'd. MALONE.

[6] *Will* quote—] Will *mark* or *obſerve*. So, in *Hamlet*:

"I am ſorry that with better heed and judgment
"I had not *quoted* him." MALONE.

[7] *And* fright her crying babe *with* Tarquin's name;] The power with which the poet here inveſts the name of Tarquin, has been attributed to the famous John Talbot earl of Shrewſbury, and to our King Richard I. MALONE.

Thus, in Dryden's *Don Sebaſtian*:

"Nor ſhall *Sebaſtian's* formidable *name*
"Be longer us'd to *ſtill the crying babe*." STEEVENS.

[8] *Feaſt-finding minſtrels.*—] Our ancient minſtrels were the conſtant attendants on feaſts. I queſtion whether Homer's *Demodocus* was a higher character. STEEVENS.

O unſeen ſhame! inviſible diſgrace!
O unfelt ſore! creſt-wounding, private ſcar!
Reproach is ſtamp'd in Collatinus' face,
And Tarquin's eye may read the mot afar [9],
How he in peace is wounded, not in war.
Alas, how many bear ſuch ſhameful blows,
Which not themſelves, but he that gives them, knows!

If, Collatine, thine honour lay in me,
From me by ſtrong aſſault it is bereft.
My honey loſt, and I, a drone-like bee,
Have no perfection of my ſummer left,
But robb'd and ranſack'd by injurious theft:
In thy weak hive a wandering waſp hath crept,
And ſuck'd the honey which thy chaſte bee kept.

Yet am I guiltleſs of thy honour's wreck [1];
Yet for thy honour did I entertain him;
Coming from thee, I could not put him back,
For it had been diſhonour to diſdain him:
Beſides of wearineſs he did complain him,
And talk'd of virtue:—O, unlook'd for evil,
When virtue is prophan'd in ſuch a devil!

Why

[9] —*may read the* mot *afar*,] The *motto*, or *word*, as it was ſometimes formerly called. So, in *Pericles, Prince of Tyre*, 1609:

"*The* word, *lux tua vita mihi.*"

Again, in the title of Naſh's *Have with you to Saffron Walden*, 1596: "—The *mott* or pœeſie, inſtead of *omne tulit punctum, pacis fiducia nunquam.*"

The modern editions read unintelligibly:

"—may read the *mote* afar. MALONE.

[1] *Yet am I* guiltleſs *of thy honour's wreck*;] The old copy reads, I think, corruptly:

Yet am I *guilty* of thy honour's wreck;

Dr. Sewell has endeavoured to make ſenſe by a different punctuation:

"Yet, am I guilty of thy honour's wreck?

But this does not correſpond with the next verſe, where the words are arranged as here, and yet are not interrogatory, but affirmative. *Guilty* was, I am perſuaded, a miſprint. Though the firſt quarto ſeems to have been printed under our authour's inſpection, we are not therefore to conclude that it is entirely free from typographical faults. Shakſpeare was probably

Why ſhould the worm intrude the maiden bud [2]?
Or hateful cuckows hatch in ſparrows' neſts?
Or toads infect fair founts with venom mud?
Or tyrant folly lurk in gentle breaſts [3]?
Or kings be breakers of their own beheſts?
But no perfection is ſo abſolute [4],
That ſome impurity doth not pollute.

The aged man that coffers up his gold,
Is plagu'd with cramps, and gouts, and painful fits;
And ſcarce hath eyes his treaſure to behold,
But like ſtill-pining Tantalus he ſits,
And uſeleſs barns the harveſt of his wits [5];
Having no other pleaſure of his gain,
But torment that it cannot cure his pain.

So

probably not a very diligent corrector of his ſheets; and however attentive he might have been, I am ſorry to be able to obſerve, that, notwithſtanding an editor's beſt care, ſome errors will happen at the preſs.

If the preſent emendation be not juſt, and the authour wrote *guilty*, then undoubtedly there was ſome errour in the ſubſequent line. Shakſpeare might have written—

" Yet am I guilty of thy honour's wreck?
" *No*; for thy honour did I entertain him."

The compoſitor's eye might have glanced a ſecond time on the firſt line, and thus the word *Yet* might have been inadvertently repeated. MALONE.

[2] *Why ſhould the* worm *intrude the maiden* bud?] So, in *Twelfth Night*:

" But let concealment, like a *worm i' the bud*,
" Feed on her damaſk cheek." MALONE.

[3] *Or tyrant* folly *lurk in* gentle *breaſts?*] Folly is, I believe, here uſed as in ſcripture, for wickedneſs. *Gentle* is *well-born*. MALONE.

[4] *But no perfection is ſo* abſolute,] So complete. So, in *Pericles*:

" ——ſtill ſhe vies
" With *abſolute* Marina."

Perhaps *But* has here the force of—But *that*. MALONE.

——*no* perfection *is ſo abſolute*,
That ſome impurity *doth not pollute.*] So, in *Othello*:

" —Where's that *palace*, where into *foul* things
" Sometimes intrude not?" STEEVENS.

[5] *And uſeleſs* barns *the harveſt of his wits*;] Thus all the copies before that of 1616, which reads:

And uſeleſs *hans* the harveſt of his wits.

This has been followed in all the modern editions. MALONE.

So then he hath it, when he cannot uſe it,
And leaves it to be maſter'd by his young [6];
Who in their pride do preſently abuſe it:
Their father was too weak, and they too ſtrong,
To hold their curſed-bleſſed fortune long.
The ſweets we wiſh for turn to loathed ſours,
Even in the moment that we call them ours.

Unruly blaſts wait on the tender ſpring;
Unwholeſome weeds take root with precious flowers;
The adder hiſſes where the ſweet birds ſing;
What virtue breeds, iniquity devours:
We have no good that we can ſay is ours,
But ill annexed opportunity
Or kills his life, or elſe his quality.

O, Opportunity! thy guilt is great:
'Tis thou that execut'ſt the traitor's treaſon;
Thou ſet'ſt the wolf where he the lamb may get;
Whoever plots the ſin, thou 'point'ſt the ſeaſon;
'Tis thou that ſpurn'ſt at right, at law, at reaſon;
And in thy ſhady cell, where none may ſpy him,
Sits Sin, to ſeize the ſouls that wander by him.

Thou mak'ſt the veſtal violate her oath [7];
Thou blow'ſt the fire when temperance is thaw'd;
Thou ſmother'ſt honeſty, thou murder'ſt troth;
Thou foul abettor! thou notorious bawd!
Thou planteſt ſcandal, and diſplaceſt laud:

[6] *So then he hath it, when he cannot uſe it,*
And leaves it to be maſter'd by his young; &c.] So, in *Meaſure for Meaſure*:
" —Thou haſt nor youth nor age,
" But, as it were, an after-dinner's ſleep,
" Dreaming on both: for all thy bleſſed youth
" Becomes as aged, and doth beg the alms
" Of palſied eld: and when thou art *old* and *rich*,
" *Thou haſt neither heat, affection, limb, nor beauty,*
" *To make thy riches pleaſant.*" MALONE.

[7] *Thou mak'ſt the* veſtal violate her oath;] So, in *Antony and Cleopatra*:
" ——women are not
" In their beſt fortunes ſtrong; but want will *perjure*
" The ne'er-touch'd *veſtal.*" STEEVENS.

Thou raviſher, thou traitor, thou falſe thief,
Thy honey turns to gall, thy joy to grief!

Thy ſecret pleaſure turns to open ſhame,
Thy private feaſting to a publick faſt;
Thy ſmoothing titles to a ragged name[8];
Thy ſugar'd tongue to bitter wormwood taſte[9]:
Thy violent vanities can never laſt[1].
How comes it then, vile Opportunity,
Being ſo bad, ſuch numbers ſeek for thee?

When wilt thou be the humble ſuppliant's friend,
And bring him where his ſuit may be obtain'd?
When wilt thou ſort an hour[2] great ſtrifes to end?
Or free that ſoul which wretchedneſs hath chain'd?
Give phyſick to the ſick, eaſe to the pain'd?

The

[8] *Thy* ſmoothing *titles to a* ragged *name*;] Thy *flattering* titles. So, in *King Lear*:

" Such ſmiling rogues as theſe—
" —*ſmooth* ev'ry paſſion
" That in the nature of their lords rebels."

Again, in *Pericles, Prince of Tyre*, 1609:

" —The ſinful father
" Seem'd not to ſtrike, but *ſmooth*."

The edition of 1615, and all afterwards, read without authority:

Thy *ſmoth'ring* titles.—

A ragged name means a contemptible, ignominious name. MALONE.

[9] *Thy* ſugar'd *tongue to* bitter wormwood *taſte*:] So, in *Othello*: " —the food that to him now is *luſcious* as locuſts, ſhall be to him ſhortly as *bitter* as *coloquintida*." STEEVENS.

[1] *Thy violent vanities can never laſt*.] So, in *Romeo and Juliet*:

" Theſe *violent delights* have *violent ends*,
" And in their triumph die."

Again, in *Othello*: " it was a *violent commencement* in her, and thou ſhalt ſee an *anſwerable ſequeſtration*." MALONE.

Fierce vanities is an expreſſion in *King Henry VIII*: Scene I. STEEVENS.

[2] *When wilt thou* ſort *an hour*—] When wilt thou *chooſe out* an hour. So, in *The Two Gentlemen of Verona*:

" Let us into the city preſently
" To *ſort* ſome gentlemen well-ſkill'd in muſick."
MALONE.

Again, in *King Richard III*:

" But I will *ſort a pitchy day* for thee." STEEVENS.

The poor, lame, blind, halt, creep, cry out for thee;
But they ne'er meet with opportunity.

The patient dies while the phyſician ſleeps;
The orphan pines while the oppreſſor feeds;
Juſtice is feaſting while the widow weeps;
Advice is ſporting while infection breeds [3];
Thou grant'ſt no time for charitable deeds:
Wrath, envy, treaſon, rape, and murder's rages,
Thy heinous hours wait on them as their pages.

When Truth and Virtue have to do with thee,
A thouſand croſſes keep them from thy aid;
They buy thy help: but Sin ne'er gives a fee,
He gratis comes; and thou art well appay'd [4]
As well to hear as grant what he hath ſaid,
My Collatine would elſe have come to me
When Tarquin did, but he was ſtay'd by thee.

Guilty thou art of murder and of theft;
Guilty of perjury and ſubornation;
Guilty of treaſon, forgery, and ſhift;
Guilty of inceſt, that abomination:
An acceſſary by thine inclination
To all ſins paſt, and all that are to come,
From the creation to the general doom.

Miſhapen Time, copeſmate [5] of ugly night,
Swift ſubtle poſt, carrier of griſly care;
Eater of youth, falſe ſlave to falſe delight,

[3] Advice *is ſporting while infection breeds*;] While infection is ſpreading, the grave rulers of the ſtate, that ought to guard againſt its further progreſs, are careleſs and inattentive.—*Advice* was formerly uſed for *knowledge* and *deliberation*. So, in *The Two Gentlemen of Verona*:

"How ſhall I dote on her with more *advice*,
"That thus without *advice* begin to love her?"

MALONE.

This idea was probably ſuggeſted to Shakſpeare by the rapid progreſs of the *plague* in London. STEEVENS.

[4] —*and thou art well* appay'd,] *Appay'd* is *pleaſed*. The word is now obſolete. MALONE.

[5] —*copeſmate*—] i. e. companion. So, in *Hubbard's Tale*:

"Till that the foe his *copeſmate* he had found."

STEEVENS.

Baſe watch of woes, ſin's pack-horſe, virtue's ſnare;
Thou nurſeſt all, and murdereſt all that are.
O hear me then, injurious, ſhifting Time!
Be guilty of my death, ſince of my crime.

Why hath thy ſervant, Opportunity,
Betray'd the hours thou gav'ſt me to repoſe?
Cancel'd my fortunes, and enchained me
To endleſs date of never-ending woes?
Time's office is, to fine the hate of foes [6];
To eat up errours by opinion bred [7],
Not ſpend the dowry of a lawful bed.

Time's glory is to calm contending kings,
To unmaſk falſhood, and bring truth to light,
To ſtamp the ſeal of time in aged things,
To wake the morn, and ſentinel the night,
To wrong the wronger till he render right [8];

To

[6] *Time's office is, to* fine *the hate of foes*;] It is the buſineſs of time to ſoften and *refine* the animoſities of men; to ſooth and reconcile enemies. The modern editions read, without authority or meaning:

—to *find* the hate of foes. MALONE.

"To *fine* the hate of foes," is to *bring it to an end.* So, in *All's Well that ends Well:*

"——ſtill the *fine's* the crown,
"Whate'er the courſe, the end is the renown."

The ſame thought has already occurred in the poem before us:

"When wilt thou ſort an hour *great ſtrifes to end?*"

STEEVENS.

[7] *To* eat up errours *by opinion bred.*] This likewiſe is repreſented as the office of Time in the chorus to the *Winter's Tale:*

"—that make and *unfold error.*" STEEVENS.

[8] *To* wrong *the wronger till he render right*;] To *puniſh* by the *compunctions viſiting of conſcience* the perſon who has done an injury to another, till he has made compenſation. The *wrong* done in this inſtance by Time, muſt be underſtood in the ſenſe of *damnum ſine injuria*; and in this light ſerves to illuſtrate and ſupport Mr. Tyrwhitt's explanation of a paſſage in *Julius Cæſar*, even ſuppoſing that it ſtood as Ben Jonſon has maliciouſly repreſented it:—"Know, Cæſar, doth not *wrong*, but with *juſt cauſe*, &c."

Dr. Farmer very elegantly would read:

To *wring* the wronger till he render right. MALONE.

To ruinate proud buildings with thy hours [9],
And ſmear with duſt their glittering golden towers:

To fill with worm-holes ſtately monuments [1],
To feed oblivion with decay of things,
To blot old books, and alter their contents [2],
To pluck the quills from ancient ravens' wings,
To dry the old oak's ſap, and cheriſh ſprings [3];

To

[9] *To ruinate proud buildings with* thy hours,] As we have here no invocation to *time*, I ſuſpect the two laſt words of this line to be corrupted, and would read:

To ruinate proud buildings with *their bowers*. STEEV.

Hours is ſurely the true reading. In the preceding addreſs to *Opportunity* the ſame words are employed:

" Wrath, envy, treaſon, rape, and murder's rages,
" *Thy* heinous *hours* wait on them as their pages."

So, in our authour's 19th *Sonnet*:

" Devouring *Time*—
" O, carve not *with thy hours* my love's fair brow."

Again, in Daviſon's Poems, 1621:

" *Time's* young *howres* attend her ſtill."

To ruinate proud buildings with thy hours—is, to deſtroy buildings by thy ſlow and unperceived progreſs. It were eaſy to read—with *his* hours; but the poet having made Lucretia addreſs Time perſonally in the two preceding ſtanzas, and again a little lower—

Why work'ſt *thou* miſchief in thy pilgrimage—

probably was here inattentive, and is himſelf anſwerable for the preſent inaccuracy. MALONE.

[1] *To fill with worm-holes ſtately monuments*,] So, in the induction to *King Henry IV.* P. II.

" Between the royal field of Shrewſbury,
" And this *worm-eaten* hold of ragged ſtone."

MALONE.

[2] *To blot old books, and alter their contents*,] Our authour probably little thought, when he wrote this line, that his own compoſitions would afford a more ſtriking example of this ſpecies of devaſtation than any that has appeared ſince the firſt uſe of types. MALONE.

[3] *To dry the old oak's ſap, and* cheriſh ſprings;] The laſt two words, if they make any ſenſe, it is ſuch as is ſtrictly contrary to the ſentiment here advanced; which is concerning the *decays*, and not the *repairs*, of time. The poet certainly wrote:

To dry the old oak's ſap, and *tariſh* ſprings;

i. e. to dry up ſprings, from the French *tarir*, or *tariſſement*, *exarefacere*.

To ſpoil antiquities of hammer'd ſteel [4],
And turn the giddy round of fortune's wheel:

To

exarefacere, *exſiccatio*: theſe words being peculiarly applied to ſprings or rivers. WARBURTON.

Dr. Johnſon thinks Shakſpeare wrote:

——and *periſh* ſprings;

And Dr. Farmer has produced from the *Maid's Tragedy* a paſſage in which the word *periſh* is uſed in an active ſenſe.

If change were neceſſary, that word might perhaps have as good a claim to admiſſion as any other; but I know not why the text has been ſuſpected of corruption. The operations of Time, here deſcribed, are not all uniform; nor has the poet confined himſelf ſolely to its *deſtructive* qualities. In ſome of the inſtances mentioned, its *progreſs* only is adverted to. Thus we are told, his glory is—

" To wake the morn, and ſentinel the night—
" And turn the giddy round of fortune's wheel."

In others, its ſalutary effects are pointed out:

" To cheer the ploughman with increaſeful crops,—
" To unmaſk falſehood, and bring truth to light,—
" To wrong the wronger till he render right."

Where then is the difficulty of the preſent line, even ſuppoſing that we underſtand the word *ſprings* in its common acceptation? It is the office of time (ſays Lucretia) to dry up the ſap of the oak, and to furniſh ſprings with a perpetual ſupply; to deprive the one of that moiſture which ſhe liberally beſtows upon the other. In the next ſtanza the employment of Time is equally various and diſcordant:

" To make the child a man, the man a child—"

to advance the infant to the maturity of man, and to reduce the aged to the imbecillity of childhood.

By *ſprings* however may be underſtood (as has been obſerved by Mr. Tollet) the *ſhoots* of young trees; and then the meaning will be,—It is the office of Time, on the one hand, to deſtroy the ancient oak, by drying up its ſap; on the other, to *cheriſh* young *plants*, and to bring them to maturity. So, in our authour's 15th *Sonnet*:

" When I perceive that men, as *plants*, increaſe,
" *Cheered* and check'd even by the ſelf-ſame ſky—."

I believe this to be the true ſenſe of the paſſage. *Springs* have this ſignification in many ancient Engliſh books; and the word is again uſed in the ſame ſenſe in *The Comedy of Errors*:

" Even in the ſpring of love thy love *ſprings* rot."

Again, in *Venus and Adonis*:

" This canker, that eats up love's tender *ſpring*."

MALONE.

In Holinſhed's *Deſcription of England*, both the conteſted words in the latter part of the verſe, occur. " We have manie woods,

To ſhew the beldame daughters of her daughter,
To make the child a man, the man a child,
To ſlay the tyger that doth live by ſlaughter,
To tame the unicorn and lion wild,
To mock the ſubtle, in themſelves beguil'd;
To cheer the ploughman with increaſeful crops,
And waſte huge ſtones with little water-drops.

Why work'ſt thou miſchief in thy pilgrimage,
Unleſs thou could'ſt return to make amends?
One poor retiring minute in an age [5]
Would purchaſe thee a thouſand thouſand friends,
Lending him wit, that to bad debtors lends:
O, this dread night, would'ſt thou one hour come back,
I could prevent this ſtorm, and ſhun thy wreck!

Thou

woods, forreſts, and parks, which *cheriſh* trees abundantlie, beſide infinit numbers of hedge-rowes, groves, and *ſprings*, that are mainteined," &c. TOLLET.

[4] *To ſpoil antiquities of hammer'd ſteel.*] The poet was here, I believe, thinking of the coſtly monuments erected in honour of our ancient kings and ſome of the nobility, which were frequently made of caſt iron, or copper, wrought with great nicety; many of which had probably even in his time begun to decay. There are ſome of theſe monuments yet to be ſeen in Weſtminſter-abbey, and other old cathedrals. MALONE.

Mr. Henly obſerves to me, that "—the poet rather alluded to thoſe portcullíſes of iron, from which even the ſtrongeſt caſtles derived their ſtrength. Thus in his 65th *Sonnet*:

"O how ſhall ſummer's honey breath hold out
"Againſt the wreckful ſiege of battering days,
"When rocks impregnable are not ſo ſtout,
"*Nor* GATES OF STEEL *ſo ſtrong, but* TIME DE-
"CAYS?"

Theſe lines fully ſupport the opinion above ſtated.—A *gate of ſteel* is again mentioned in *Troilus and Creſſida*:

"—or, like *a gate of ſteel*,
"Fronting the ſun, receives and renders back
"His figure, and his heat." MALONE.

[5] *One poor* retiring *minute in an age*] *Retiring* here ſignifies *returning*, coming back again. MALONE.

Thou ceaſeleſs lackey to eternity,
With ſome miſchance croſs Tarquin in his flight:
Deviſe extremes beyond extremity [6],
To make him curſe this curſed crimeful night:
Let ghaſtly ſhadows his lewd eyes affright;
And the dire thought of his committed evil
Shape every buſh a hideous ſhapeleſs devil [7],

Diſturb his hours of reſt with reſtleſs trances [8],
Afflict him in his bed with bedrid groans;
Let there bechance him pitiful miſchances,
To make him moan; but pity not his moans:
Stone him with harden'd hearts, harder than ſtones [9];
And let mild women to him loſe their mildneſs,
Wilder to him than tygers in their wildneſs.

Let him have time to tear his curled hair [1],
Let him have time againſt himſelf to rave,
Let him have time of Time's help to deſpair,

Let

[6] —*extremes* beyond extremity,] So, in *King Lear*:
" —to make much more,
" And *top extremity*." STEEVENS.

[7] *Shape every* buſh *a hideous ſhapeleſs* devil.] So, in *A Midſummer-Night's Dream*:
" How eaſy is a *buſh* ſuppos'd a *bear?*
Again, in *King Henry VI.* P. III:
" The thief doth fear each *buſh* an *officer*." STEEV.

[8] *Let ghaſtly ſhadows his lewd eyes affright,—*
Diſturb his hours of reſt with reſtleſs trances, &c.] Here we find in embryo that ſcene of *King Richard III.* in which he is terrified by the ghoſts of thoſe whom he had ſlain. MALONE.

[9] —*with harden'd hearts, harder than ſtones*;] So, in *Othello*:
" —my heart is turn'd to ſtone;
" I ſtrike it, and it hurts my hand."
Again, in *Antony and Cleopatra*:
" ——*throw my heart*
" Againſt the flint and hardneſs of my fault,
" Which, being dried with grief, will break to powder,
" And finiſh all foul thoughts." MALONE.

[1] *Let him have time to tear his* curled *hair*, &c.] This now common faſhion is always mentioned by Shakſpeare as a diſtinguiſhing characteriſtick of a perſon of rank. So, in *Othello*:

" The

Let him have time to live a loathed ſlave,
Let him have time a beggar's orts to crave;
And time to ſee one that by alms doth live,
Diſdain to him diſdained ſcraps to give.

Let him have time to ſee his friends his foes,
And merry fools to mock at him reſort:
Let him have time to mark how ſlow time goes
In time of ſorrow, and how ſwift and ſhort
His time of folly, and his time of ſport:
And ever let his unrecalling crime [2]
Have time to wail the abuſing of his time.

O Time, thou tutor both to good and bad,
Teach me to curſe him that thou taught'ſt this ill!
At his own ſhadow let the thief run mad,
Himſelf himſelf ſeek every hour to kill!
Such wretched hands ſuch wretched blood ſhould ſpill:

"The wealthy *curled* darlings of our nation—."
Again, in *Antony and Cleopatra*:
"If ſhe firſt met the *curled* Antony,—."
This and the next ſtanza, and many other paſſages both of the preſent performance and *Venus and Adonis*, are inſerted, with very ſlight variations, in a poem entitled *Acolaſtus his After-witte*, by S. Nicholſon, 1600; a circumſtance which I ſhould hardly have thought worth mentioning, but that in the ſame poem is alſo found a line taken from *The third Part of Henry VI.* and a paſſage evidently copied from *Hamlet*; from whence we may, I think, conclude with certainty, that there was an edition of that tragedy (probably before it was enlarged) of an earlier date than any yet diſcovered.
MALONE.

Surely a paſſage ſhort as the firſt of theſe referred to, might have been carried away from the play-houſe by an auditor of the weakeſt memory. Of Hamlet's addreſs to the ghoſt, the idea, not the language, is preſerved. Either of them, however, might have been caught during repreſentation.
STEEVENS.

[2] *And ever let his* unrecalling crime—] His crime which cannot be unacted. *Unrecalling* for *unrecalled*, or rather for *unrecallable*. This licentious uſe of the participle is common in the writings of our authour and his contemporaries.

The edition of 1616, which has been followed by all ſubſequent, reads:—his unrecalling *time*. MALONE.

For who ſo baſe would ſuch an office have
As ſlanderous death's-man to ſo baſe a ſlave [3]?

The baſer is he, coming from a king,
To ſhame his hope with deeds degenerate.
The mightier man, the mightier is the thing
That makes him honour'd, or begets him hate;
For greateſt ſcandal waits on greateſt ſtate.
The moon being clouded preſently is miſs'd,
But little ſtars may hide them when they liſt.

The crow may bathe his coal-black wings in mire,
And unperceiv'd fly with the filth away;
But if the like the ſnow-white ſwan deſire,
The ſtain upon his ſilver down will ſtay.
Poor grooms are ſightleſs night [4], kings glorious day.
Gnats are unnoted whereſoe'er they fly,
But eagles gaz'd upon with every eye.

Out, idle words [5], ſervants to ſhallow fools!
Unprofitable ſounds, weak arbitrators!
Buſy yourſelves in ſkill-contending ſchools;
Debate where leiſure ſerves with dull debaters;
To trembling clients be you mediators:
For me, I force not argument a ſtraw [6],
Since that my caſe is paſt the help of law.

In

[3] *As ſlanderous* death's-man *to ſo baſe a ſlave?*] i. e. executioner. So, in one of our authour's plays:

"—he's dead; I am only ſorry
"He had no other *death's-man.*" STEEVENS.

[4] —ſightleſs *night*,—] So, in *King John:*

"—thou and *eyeleſs* night
"Have done me ſhame." STEEVENS.

[5] Out, *idle words*,—] Thus the quarto. The octavo, 1607, has *Our* idle words,—which has been followed by that of 1616. Dr. Sewell reads without authority: *O*, idle words—. *Out* is an exclamation of abhorrence or contempt yet uſed in the north. MALONE.

[6] *For me, I* force *not argument a ſtraw,*] I do not *value* or *eſteem* argument. So, in *The Tragical Hiſtory of Romeus and Juliet*, 1562:

"But when he, many monthes, hopeleſs of his recure,
"Had ſerved her, who *forced* not what paynes he did endure—."

Again,

In vain I rail at opportunity,
At time, at Tarquin, and uncheerful night [7];
In vain I cavil with mine infamy,
In vain I ſpurn at my confirm'd deſpite:
This helpleſs ſmoke of words [8] doth me no right.
The remedy indeed to do me good,
Is to let forth my foul, defiled, blood.

Poor hand, why quiver'ſt thou at this decree?
Honour thyſelf to rid me of this ſhame;
For if I die, my honour lives in thee,
But if I live, thou liv'ſt in my defame;
Since thou could'ſt not defend thy loyal dame,
And waſt afear'd to ſcratch her wicked foe,
Kill both thyſelf and her for yielding ſo.

This ſaid, from her be-tumbled couch ſhe ſtarteth,
To find ſome deſperate inſtrument of death:
But this no-ſlaughter-houſe no tool imparteth,
To make more vent for paſſage of her breath;
Which, thronging through her lips, ſo vaniſheth
As ſmoke from Ætna, that in air conſumes,
Or that which from diſcharged cannon fumes.

In vain, quoth ſhe, I live, and ſeek in vain
Some happy mean to end a hapleſs life.
I fear'd by Tarquin's falchion to be ſlain,
Yet for the ſelf-ſame purpoſe ſeek a knife:
But when I fear'd, I was a loyal wife;
So am I now:—O no, that cannot be;
Of that true type hath Tarquin rifled me.

O! that is gone, for which I ſought to live,
And therefore now I need not fear to die.
To clear this ſpot by death, at leaſt I give
A badge

Again, in *Love's Labour's Loſt*:
" Your oath broke once, you *force* not to forſwear."
MALONE.

[7] *At time, at Tarquin and* uncheerful *night*;] The octavo, 1607, and all the ſubſequent copies, have;—*unſearchful* night. *Uncheerful* is the reading of the quarto, 1594. MALONE.

[8] *This helpleſs* ſmoke of words—] So, in *King John*:
" They ſhoot but calm *words* folded up in *ſmoke*."
STEEVENS.

A badge of fame to ſlander's livery [9];
A dying life to living infamy:
  Poor helpleſs help, the treaſure ſtolen away,
  To burn the guiltleſs caſket where it lay!

Well, well, dear Collatine, thou ſhalt not know
The ſtained taſte of violated troth;
I will not wrong thy true affection ſo,
To flatter thee with an infringed oath;
This baſtard graff ſhall never come to growth [1]:
  He ſhall not boaſt, who did thy ſtock pollute,
  That thou art doting father of his fruit.

Nor ſhall he ſmile at thee in ſecret thought,
Nor laugh with his companions at thy ſtate;
But thou ſhalt know thy intereſt was not bought
Baſely with gold, but ſtolen from forth thy gate.
For me, I am the miſtreſs of my fate;
  And with my treſpaſs never will diſpenſe,
  Till life to death acquit my forc'd offence.

I will not poiſon thee with my attaint,
Nor fold my fault in cleanly-coin'd excuſes;
My ſable ground of ſin I will not paint,
To hide the truth of this falſe night's abuſes:
My tongue ſhall utter all; mine eyes, like ſluices,
  As from a mountain ſpring that feeds a dale,
  Shall guſh pure ſtreams to purge my impure tale.

By

[9] *A* badge *of fame to ſlander's* livery;] In our authour's time the ſervants of the nobility all wore ſilver *badges* on their *liveries*, on which the arms of their maſters were engraved. MALONE.

[1] *This baſtard* graff *ſhall never come to growth:*] The edition of 1616, and all the moderns, have—This baſtard *graſs*.—The true reading was ſupplied by the earlieſt copy. MALONE.

This ſentiment is adopted from the *Wiſdom of Solomon*, ch. 4, v. 3: "But the multiplying brood of the ungodly ſhall not thrive, nor take deep rooting from *baſtard ſlips*, nor lay any faſt foundation." The ſame alluſion is employed in one of our author's hiſtorical plays. STEEVENS.

By this, lamenting Philomel had ended
The well-tun'd warble of her nightly ſorrow,
And ſolemn night with ſlow-ſad gait deſcended
To ugly hell; when lo, the bluſhing morrow
Lends light to all fair eyes that light will borrow:
But cloudy Lucrece ſhames herſelf to ſee,
And therefore ſtill in night would cloiſter'd be.

Revealing day through every cranny ſpies,
And ſeems to point her out where ſhe ſits weeping;
To whom ſhe ſobbing ſpeaks: O eye of eyes,
Why pry'ſt thou through my window? leave thy peeping *;
Mock with thy tinckling beams eyes that are ſleeping
Brand not my forehead with thy piercing light,
For day hath nought to do what's done by night.

Thus cavils ſhe with every thing ſhe ſees:
True grief is fond and teſty as a child [2],
Who wayward once, his mood with nought agrees.
Old woes, not infant ſorrows, bear them mild;
Continuance tames the one; the other wild,
Like an unpractiz'd ſwimmer plunging ſtill,
With too much labour drowns for want of ſkill.

So ſhe, deep-drenched in a ſea of care,
Holds diſputation with each thing ſhe views,
And to herſelf all ſorrow doth compare;
No object but her paſſion's ſtrength renews;
And as one ſhifts, another ſtraight enſues:
Sometime

* *Revealing day through every cranny ſpies;—*
To whom ſhe ſobbing ſpeaks: O, eye of eyes,
Why pry'ſt thou through my window? leave thy peeping;]
So Chaucer, in his *Troilus and Creſeide*, B. III.
" O cruel day, accuſer of the joy
" That love and night have ſtole,—
" *Envious day, what liſt thou ſo to ſpy?*
" What haſt thou loſt? why ſeekeſt thou this place?
" There God thy light ſo quench for his grace."
MALONE.

[2] *True grief is* fond *and teſty as a child,*] *Fond*, in old language, is *fooliſh*. MALONE.

Sometime her grief is dumb, and hath no words;
Sometime 'tis mad, and too much talk affords [3].

The little birds that tune their morning's joy,
Make her moans mad with their ſweet melody [4]:
For mirth doth ſearch the bottom of annoy;
Sad ſouls are ſlain in merry company [5];
Grief beſt is pleas'd with Grief's ſociety:
True ſorrow then is feelingly ſuffic'd,
When with like ſemblance it is ſympathiz'd.

'Tis double death to drown in ken of ſhore;
He ten times pines, that pines beholding food;
To ſee the ſalve doth make the wound ake more;
Great grief grieves moſt at that would do it good:
Deep woes roll forward like a gentle flood,
Who, being ſtopp'd, the bounding banks o'er-flows;
Grief dallied with nor law nor limit knows.

You mocking birds, quoth ſhe, your tunes entomb
Within your hollow-ſwelling feather'd breaſts!
And in my hearing be you mute and dumb [6]!

(My

[3] *Sometime* her grief is dumb and hath no words;
Sometime 'tis mad, *and* too much talk affords,] Thus, Lothario ſpeaking of Caliſta:

" At firſt *her rage was dumb, and wanted words*;
" But when the ſtorm found way, *'twas wild and loud*,
" *Mad* as the prieſteſs of the Delphick god," &c.

STEEVENS.

[4] *The little birds that tune their morning's joy,*
Make her moans mad *with their ſweet* melody:] So the unhappy king Richard II. in his confinement exclaims:

" This *muſick mads* me, let it ſound no more;
" For though it have holpe madmen to their wits,
" In me it ſeems it will make wiſe men mad."

Shakſpeare has here (as in all his writings) ſhewn an intimate acquaintance with the human heart. Every one that has felt the preſſure of grief will readily acknowledge that " mirth doth ſearch the bottom of annoy." MALONE.

[5] *Sad ſouls are* ſlain in merry company;] So, in *Love's Labour's Loſt*: " Oh, I am *ſtabb'd* with *laughter*." STEEVENS.

[6] *And in my hearing be you* mute and dumb!] The ſame pleonaſm of expreſſion is found in *Hamlet*:

" Or give my heart a working *mute and dumb*."

The

(My reſtleſs diſcord loves no ſtops * nor reſts;
A woeful hoſteſs brooks not merry gueſts [7]:)
Reliſh your nimble notes to pleaſing ears [8];
Diſtreſs likes dumps [9] when time is kept with tears.

Come, Philomel, that ſing'ſt of raviſhment,
Make thy ſad grove in my diſhevel'd hair.
As the dank earth weeps at thy languiſhment,
So I at each ſad ſtrain will ſtrain a tear,
And with deep groans the diapaſon bear:

For

The editor of the octavo in 1616, to avoid the tautology, reads without authority:

And in my hearing be you *ever* dumb. MALONE.

You mocking birds, quoth ſhe, your tunes entomb
Within your hollow-ſwelling feather'd breaſts,
And in my hearing be you mute and dumb!
(My reſtleſs diſcord loves no ſtops nor reſts;
A woeful hoſteſs brooks not merry gueſts;)] Thus, Caliſta:

" *Be dumb for ever, ſilent as the grave,*
" Nor let thy fond officious love diſturb
" *My ſolemn ſadneſs with the ſound of joy.*" STEEV.

* —*no* ſtops,] This word is uſed here in a muſical ſenſe. So, in the Prologue to *King Henry IV.* P. II.

" Rumour is a pipe—
" And of ſo eaſy and ſo plain a *ſtop*,—." MALONE.

[7] *A woeful hoſteſs brooks not merry gueſts:*] So, in *Troilus and Creſſida:*

" A woeful Creſſid 'mongſt the merry Greeks."
STEEVENS.

[8] Reliſh *your nimble notes to pleaſing ears*;] The quarto and all the other editions till that of 1616, read *raliſh*, which was either uſed in the ſame ſenſe as *reliſh*, or was a different mode of ſpelling the ſame word. *Reliſh* is uſed by Daniel in his 52d *Sonnet* in the ſame manner as here:

" If any pleaſing *reliſh* here I uſe,
" Then judge the world, her beauty gives the ſame.
" O happy ground that makes the *muſick* ſuch—"

If *ears* be right, *pleaſing*, I think, was uſed by the poet for *pleaſed*. In *Othello* we find *delighted* for *delighting:*

" If virtue no *delighted* beauty lack—." MALONE.

[9] *Diſtreſs likes* dumps—] A *dump* is a melancholy ſong. So, in *The Two Gentlemen of Verona:*

" —to their inſtruments
" Tune a deploring *dump*." MALONE.

For burthen-wiſe I'll hum on Tarquin ſtill,
While thou on Tereus deſcant'ſt, better ſkill [1].

And whiles againſt a thorn thou bear'ſt thy part,
To keep thy ſharp woes waking, wretched I,
To imitate thee well, againſt my heart
Will fix a ſharp knife, to affright mine eye;
Who, if it wink [2], ſhall thereon fall and die.
These means, as frets upon an inſtrument,
Shall tune our heart-ſtrings to true languiſhment.

And for, poor bird, thou ſing'ſt not in the day [3],
As ſhaming any eye ſhould thee behold,
Some dark deep deſert, ſeated from the way,
That knows not parching heat nor freezing cold,
Will we find out [4]; and there we will unfold

To

[1] *While thou on Tereus deſcant'ſt*, better ſkill.] Philomel, the daughter of Pandion king of Athens, was raviſh'd by Tereus, the huſband of her ſiſter Progne.—According to the fable, ſhe was turned into a nightingale, Tereus into a lapwing, and Progne into a ſwallow.

There ſeems to be ſomething wanting to complete the ſenſe:—*with* better ſkill, but this will not ſuit the metre. In a preceding line, however, the prepoſition *with*, though equally wanting to complete the ſenſe, is omitted as here:

"For day hath nought to do what's done by night.

All the copies have:

While thou on Tereus *deſcants* better ſkill.

This kind of error (*deſcants* for *deſcant'ſt*) occurs in almoſt every page of our authour's plays. MALONE.

Perhaps the author wrote, (I ſay *perhaps*, for in Shakſpeare's licentious grammar nothing is very certain:)

—I'll hum on Tarquin's *ill*,
While thou on Tereus' deſcant'ſt better *ſtill*. STEEV.

[2] Who, *if* it *wink*,—] Shakſpeare ſeldom attends to the laſt antecedent. The conſtruction is—*Which* heart, *if the* eye *wink*, *ſhall fall*, &c. MALONE.

[3] —*thou* ſing'ſt not in the day,]—So, in *The Merchant of Venice*:

"The *nightingale*, *if ſhe ſhould ſing by day*,
"When every gooſe is cackling, would be thought
"No better a muſician than the wren." MALONE.

[4] *Some dark deep deſert*, ſeated from the way, &c.
Will we find out—] Thus *Caliſta*:

"—my ſad ſoul
"Has form'd a diſmal melancholy ſcene,
"Such a retreat *as I would wiſh to find*,
"An *unfrequented* vale." STEEVENS.

To creatures ſtern ſad tunes, to change their kinds;
Since men prove beaſts, let beaſts bear gentle minds.

As the poor frighted deer, that ſtands at gaze,
Wildly determining which way to fly,
Or one encompaſs'd with a winding maze,
That cannot tread the way out readily;
So with herſelf is ſhe in mutiny,
To live or die which of the twain were better [5],
When life is ſham'd and death reproaches debtor [6].

To kill myſelf, quoth ſhe, alack! what were it,
But with my body my poor ſoul's pollution?
They that loſe half, with greater patience bear it,
Than they whoſe whole is ſwallow'd in confuſion.
That mother tries a mercileſs concluſion [7],
Who, having two ſweet babes, when death takes one,
Will ſlay the other, and be nurſe to none.

My body or my ſoul, which was the dearer?
When the one pure, the other made divine.
Whoſe love of either to myſelf was nearer?
When both were kept for heaven and Collatine.
Ah me! the bark peel'd from the lofty pine,
His leaves will wither, and his ſap decay;
So muſt my ſoul, her bark being peel'd away.

Her

[5] *To live or die which of the twain were better,*] So, *Hamlet*:
"To be, or not to be, that is the queſtion."
STEEVENS.

[6] *When life is ſham'd, and death* reproaches *debtor.*] *Reproaches* is here, I think, the Saxon genitive caſe:—When death is the debtor of *reproach*. So, in *A Midſummer Night's-Dream*:
"I do wander every where
"Swifter than the *moones* ſphere."
She debates whether ſhe ſhould not rather deſtroy herſelf than live; life being diſgraceful in conſequence of her violation, and her death being a *debt* which ſhe *owes* to the *reproach* of her conſcience. MALONE.

[7] *That mother tries a mercileſs* concluſion,] A mercileſs practice; a cruel *experiment*. So, in *Antony and Cleopatra*:
"—ſhe hath aſſay'd
"*Concluſions* infinite to die." MALONE.

Her houſe is ſack'd [8], her quiet interrupted,
Her manſion batter'd by the enemy;
Her ſacred temple ſpotted, ſpoil'd, corrupted,
Groſsly engirt with daring infamy:
Then let it not be call'd impiety,
If in this blemiſh'd fort I make ſome hole [9],
Through which I may convey this troubled ſoul.

Yet die I will not, till my Collatine
Have heard the cauſe of my untimely death;
That he may vow, in that ſad hour of mine,
Revenge on him that made me ſtop my breath [1].
My ſtained blood to Tarquin I'll bequeath,
Which by him tainted, ſhall for him be ſpent [2],
And as his due writ in my teſtament.

My honour I'll bequeath unto the knife
That wounds my body ſo diſhonoured.
'Tis honour to deprive diſhonour'd life;
The one will live, the other being dead:
So of ſhame's aſhes ſhall my fame be bred;
For in my death I murder ſhameful ſcorn:
My ſhame ſo dead, mine honour is new-born.

Dear lord of that dear jewel I have loſt,
What legacy ſhall I bequeath to thee?
My reſolution, love, ſhall be thy boaſt,

By

[8] *Her* houſe is ſack'd,—] So, in *Romeo and Juliet*:

" —tell me, that I may *ſack*
" The hated *manſion*." STEEVENS.

[9] *If in this blemiſh'd* fort I make ſome hole, &c.] So, in *K. Richard II*:

" ——with a little pin
" *Bores* through his *caſtle* wall, and—farewel king."
STEEVENS.

[1] *Revenge on him that made me* ſtop *my* breath.] So, in *Othello*:

" —There lies your niece,
" Whoſe *breath* indeed theſe hands have newly *ſtopp'd*."
MALONE.

[2] *Which* by *him tainted, ſhall for him be ſpent*,] The firſt copy has, by an apparent error of the preſs:

Which *for* him tainted—

The correction was made in the octavo, 1598. MALONE.

By whoſe example thou reveng'd may'ſt be.
How Tarquin muſt be us'd, read it in me:
Myſelf, thy friend, will kill myſelf, thy foe,
And, for my ſake, ſerve thou falſe Tarquin ſo.

This brief abridgment of my will I make:
My ſoul and body to the ſkies and ground;
My reſolution, huſband, do thou take;
Mine honour be the knife's, that makes my wound;
My ſhame be his that did my fame confound;
And all my fame that lives, diſburſed be
To thoſe that live, and think no ſhame of me.

Thou, Collatine, ſhalt overſee this Will [3];
How was I overſeen that thou ſhalt ſee it!
My blood ſhall waſh the ſlander of mine ill:
My life's foul deed, my life's fair end ſhall free it.
Faint not, faint heart, but ſtoutly ſay, *ſo be it.*
Yield to my hand; my hand ſhall conquer thee;
Thou dead, both die, and both ſhall victors be.

This plot of death when ſadly ſhe had laid,
And wip'd the briniſh pearl from her bright eyes,
With untun'd tongue ſhe hoarſely call'd her maid,
Whoſe ſwift obedience to her miſtreſs hies;
For fleet-wing'd duty with thought's feathers flies [4].
Poor

[3] Thou, *Collatine, ſhalt overſee this Will*;] Thus the quarto. The edition of 1616 has:

Then Collatine, &c. MALONE.

The *overſeer* of a will was, I ſuppoſe, deſigned as a check upon executors. Our author appoints John Hall and his wife for his *executors*, and Thomas Ruſſel and Francis Collins as his *overſeers*. STEEVENS.

Overſeers were frequently added in Wills from the ſuperabundant caution of our anceſtors; but our law acknowledges no ſuch perſons, nor are they (as contradiſtinguiſhed from executors,) inveſted with any legal rights whatſoever. In ſome old Wills the term *overſeer* is uſed inſtead of *executor*. Sir Thomas Bodley, the founder of the Bodleian Library in Oxford, not content with appointing two executors and two *overſeers*, has likewiſe added three *ſupervifors*. MALONE.

[4] —*with* thought's feathers *flies*.] So, in *King John*:

"—ſet *feathers* to thy heels,
"And fly like *thought*." STEEVENS.

Poor Lucrece' cheeks unto her maid ſeem ſo
As winter meads, when ſun doth melt their ſnow.

Her miſtreſs ſhe doth give demure good-morrow,
With ſoft-ſlow tongue, true mark of modeſty [5];
And ſorts a ſad look to her lady's ſorrow [6],
(For why? her face wore ſorrow's livery:)
But durſt not aſk of her audaciouſly
Why her two ſuns were cloud-eclipſed ſo,
Nor why her fair cheeks over-waſh'd with woe.

But as the earth doth weep, the ſun being ſet [7],
Each flower moiſten'd like a melting eye [8];
Even ſo the maid with ſwelling drops 'gan wet
Her circled eyne, enforc'd by ſympathy
Of thoſe fair ſuns, ſet in her miſtreſs ſky,
Who in a ſalt-wav'd ocean quench their light,
Which makes the maid weep like the dewy night [9].

A pretty

[5] *With* ſoft ſlow tongue, *true mark of modeſty*;] So, in *The Taming of the Shrew*:

"Such duty to the drunkard let him do,
"With *ſoft-low tongue* and lowly courteſy."

In *King Lear* the ſame praiſe is beſtowed on Cordelia:

"— Her *voice* was ever *ſoft*,
"*Gentle* and *low*:—an excellent thing in woman."

MALONE.

[6] *And* ſorts *a ſad look to her lady's ſorrow*,] To *ſort* is to chooſe out. So before:

"When wilt thou *ſort* an hour great ſtrifes to end.

MALONE.

[7] —*as the earth* doth weep, the ſun being ſet, &c.] So in *Romeo and Juliet*;

"When *the ſun ſets*, the air doth *drizzle dew*,"

STEEVENS.

[8] *Each* flower *moiſtened like a* melting eye;] So in *A Midſummer Night's Dream*:

"The moon, methinks, looks with a *watry eye*;
"And when ſhe *weeps*, weeps every little *flower*."

STEEVENS.

[9] *Which makes the maid* weep like the dewy night. So, in Dryden's *Oedipus*:

"Thus *weeping* blind *like dewy night* upon thee."

STEEVENS.

A pretty while [1] theſe pretty creatures ſtand,
Like ivory conduits coral ciſterns filling [2]:
One juſtly weeps; the other takes in hand
No cauſe, but company, of her drops ſpilling:
Their gentle ſex to weep are often willing;
Grieving themſelves to gueſs at others' ſmarts,
And then they drown their eyes, or break their hearts:

For men have marble, women waxen, minds,
And therefore are they form'd as marble will [3];
The weak oppreſs'd, the impreſſion of ſtrange kinds
Is form'd in them by force, by fraud, or ſkill:
Then call them not the authours of their ill,
No more than wax ſhall be accounted evil,
Wherein is ſtamp'd the ſemblance of a devil [4].

Their

[1] *A* pretty *while*—] *Pretty* ſeems formerly to have ſometimes had the ſignification of *petty*,—as in the preſent inſtance. So alſo in Shelton's tranſlation of Don Quixote, 4to, 1612, Vol. I. p. 407: "the admiration and tears joined, induced in them all for a *pretty* ſpace." MALONE.

[2] *Like ivory* conduits *coral ciſterns filling*:] So, in *As you Like it*: "I will weep for nothing, like *Diana* in the *fountain*." Again, in *Romeo and Juliet*:

"How now? a *conduit*, girl? What? ſtill in tears?
"Ever more weeping." MALONE.

So, in *Titus Andronicus*:

"As from a *conduit* with their iſſuing ſpouts."
STEEVENS.

[3] *And therefore are they form'd as marble will*;] Hence do they [women] receive whatever impreſſion their marble hearted aſſociates [men] chooſe. The expreſſion is very quaint. MALONE.

[4] *Then call them not the authours of their ill,*
No more than wax ſhall be accounted evil,
Wherein is ſtamp'd the ſemblance of a devil.] So, in *Twelfth Night*:

"How eaſy is it for the proper falſe
"In *women's waxen hearts* to ſet their forms!
"Alas, *our frailty is the cauſe, not we*,
"For, ſuch as we are made of, ſuch we be."

Again, in *Meaſure for Meaſure*:

"Women! help Heaven! *men their creation mar*
"In profiting by them. Nay, call us ten times frail,
"For we are as *ſoft* as our complexions are,
"*And credulous to falſe prints*." MALONE.

Their ſmoothneſs, like a goodly champaign plain,
Lays open all the little worms that creep;
In men, as in a rough-grown grove, remain
Cave-keeping evils that obſcurely ſleep:
Through cryſtal walls each little mote will peep:
Though men can cover crimes with bold ſtern looks,
Poor women's faces are their own faults' books [5].

No man inveigh againſt the wither'd flower,
But chide [6] rough winter that the flower hath kill'd!
Not that devour'd, but that which doth devour,
Is worthy blame. O, let it not be hild [7]
Poor women's faults, that they are ſo fulfill'd
With men's abuſes [8]: thoſe proud lords, to blame,
Make weak-made women tenants to their ſhame.

The precedent whereof in Lucrece view,
Aſſail'd by night, with circumſtances ſtrong
Of preſent death, and ſhame that might enſue
By that her death, to do her huſband wrong;
Such danger to reſiſtance did belong,

That

[5] —*women's* faces *are their own faults'* books.] So, in *Macbeth*:

" Your *face*, my thane, is as a *book*, where men
" May read ſtrange matters." STEEVENS.

Our authour has advanced a contrary ſentiment in another poem:

" The wiles and guiles that women work,
" Diſſembled with an outward ſhew,
" The tricks and toys that in them lurk,
" The cock that treads them ſhall not know."

MALONE.

[6] *No man* inveigh *againſt the wither'd flower*,
But chide—] Thus the quarto. All the other copies have *inveighs* and *chides*. MALONE.

[7] — *O, let it not be* hild] Thus the quarto, for the ſake of the rhime. Spenſer, in imitation of the Italian poets, often takes the ſame liberty. MALONE.

[8] —*that they are ſo* fulfill'd
With men's abuſes:] *Fulfilled* had formerly the ſenſe of *filled*. It is ſo uſed in our liturgy. MALONE.

Fulfilled means completely filled, till there be no room for more. The word, in this ſenſe, is now obſolete. So, in the Prologue to *Troilus and Creſſida*:

" And correſponſive and *fulfilling* bolts." STEEVENS.

That dying fear through all her body ſpread;
And who cannot abuſe a body dead[9]?

By this, mild patience bid fair Lucrece ſpeak
To the poor counterfeit of her complaining[1];
My girl, quoth ſhe, on what occaſion break
Thoſe tears from thee, that down thy cheeks are raining?
If thou doſt weep for grief of my ſuſtaining,
Know, gentle wench, it ſmall avails my mood:
If tears could help, mine own would do me good.

But tell me, girl, when went—(and there ſhe ſtay'd
Till after a deep groan) Tarquin from hence?
Madam, ere I was up, reply'd the maid,
The more to blame my ſluggard negligence:
Yet with the fault I thus far can diſpenſe;
Myſelf was ſtirring ere the break of day,
And, ere I roſe, was Tarquin gone away.

But lady, if your maid may be ſo bold,
She would requeſt to know your heavineſs.
O peace! quoth Lucrece; if it ſhould be told,
The repetition cannot make it leſs;
For more it is than I can well expreſs:
And that deep torture may be call'd a hell,
When more is felt than one hath power to tell.

Go, get me hither paper, ink, and pen,—
Yet ſave that labour, for I have them here.
What ſhould I ſay?—One of my huſband's men
Bid thou be ready, by and by, to bear
A letter to my lord, my love, my dear;

Bid

[9] —*abuſe a body dead?*] So, in *Romeo and Juliet*:

"—to do ſome villainous ſhame
"On the *dead bodies*—." STEEVENS.

[1] *To the poor* counterfeit *of her complaining*:] To her maid, whoſe countenance exhibited an image of her miſtreſs's grief. A *counterfeit*, in ancient language, ſignified a *portrait*. So, in *The Merchant of Venice*:

"What have we here? fair Portia's *counterfeit?*"
MALONE.

Bid him with ſpeed prepare to carry it:
The cauſe craves haſte, and it will ſoon be writ.

Her maid is gone, and ſhe prepares to write,
Firſt hovering o'er the paper with her quill:
Conceit and grief an eager combat fight;
What wit ſets down, is blotted ſtraight with will;
This is too curious-good, this blunt and ill:
Much like a preſs of people at a door,
Throng her inventions, which ſhall go before[2].

At laſt ſhe thus begins: "Thou worthy lord
Of that unworthy wife that greeteth thee,
Health to thy perſon! next vouchſafe to afford
(If ever, love, thy Lucrece thou wilt ſee,)
Some preſent ſpeed, to come and viſit me:
So I commend me from our houſe in grief[3];
My woes are tedious, though my words are brief."

Here folds ſhe up the tenour of her woe,
Her certain ſorrow writ uncertainly.
By this ſhort ſchedule Collatine may know
Her grief, but not her grief's true quality:
She dares not thereof make diſcovery,
Leſt he ſhould hold it her own groſs abuſe,
Ere ſhe with blood had ſtain'd her ſtain'd excuſe.
Beſides,

[2] *Much like a* preſs of people *at a door,*
Throng *her* inventions, *which ſhall go before.*] So, in *K. John:*

"—legions of ſtrange *fantaſies,*
"Which, in their *throng* and *preſs* to that laſt hold,
"*Confound themſelves.*"

Again, in *King Henry VIII:*

"which forc'd ſuch way.
"That many maz'd *conſiderings* did *throng,*
"And *preſs* in with this caution." MALONE.

[3] *So I commend me* from our houſe in grief;] Shakſpeare has here cloſely followed the practice of his own times. Thus, Anne Bullen concluding her pathetick letter to her ſavage murderer: "*From my doleful priſon in the Tower,* this 6th of May."

So alſo Gaſcoigne the poet ends his addreſs *to the Youth of England,* prefixed in his works: "*From my poor houſe at* Walthamſtowe in the Foreſt, the ſecond of February, 1575."
MALONE.

Beſides, the life and feeling of her paſſion
She hoards, to ſpend when he is by to hear her;
When ſighs and groans and tears may grace the faſhion
Of her diſgrace, the better ſo to clear her
From that ſuſpicion which the world might bear her.
To ſhun this blot, ſhe would not blot the letter
With words, till action might become them better.

To ſee ſad ſights moves more than hear them told[4];
For then the eye interprets to the ear
The heavy motion that it doth behold[5],
When every part a part of woe doth bear,
'Tis but a part of ſorrow that we hear:
Deep ſounds make leſſer noiſe than ſhallow fords[6],
And ſorrow ebbs, being blown with wind of words.

[4] *To ſee ſad ſights moves more than hear them told:*
" Segnius irritant animos demiſſa per aurem
" Quam quæ ſunt oculis ſubjecta fidelibus." *Hor.*
MALONE.

[5] *For then the eye* interprets *to the ear*
The heavy motion *that it doth behold,*] Our authour ſeems to have been thinking of thoſe *heavy motions* called *Dumb-ſhows*, which were exhibited on the ſtage in his time. *Motion*, in old language, ſignifies a *puppet-ſhow*; and the perſon who ſpoke for the puppets was called an *interpreter*. So, in *Timon of Athens*:
" —to the *dumbneſs* of the *geſture*
" One might *interpret*." MALONE.

[6] *Deep* ſounds *make leſſer noiſe than ſhallow fords.*] Thus the quarto, 1594, and all the ſubſequent copies. The authour probably wrote:
Deep *floods* make leſſer noiſe, &c.
So, before:
" *Deep woes* roll forward like a gentle *flood*."
The old reading is perhaps the true one. A *ſound*, in naval language, is ſuch a part of the ſea as may be *ſounded*. We have all heard of Plymouth *ſound*, the *depth* of which is ſufficient to carry veſſels that draw the moſt water. The contradiction in terms is of little moment. We ſtill talk of the *back front* of a houſe; and every *ford*, or *ſound*, is comparatively *deep*. STEEVENS.
As a meaning may be extracted from the reading of the old copy, I have not diſturbed it, though I ſuſpect that Shakſpeare wrote not *ſounds* but *floods*, for theſe reaſons:
1. Becauſe there is ſcarce an Engliſh poet that has not compared real ſorrow to a deep water, and loquacious and counterfeited

Her letter now is ſeal'd, and on it writ,
At Ardea to my lord, with more than haſte [7]:
The poſt attends, and ſhe delivers it,
Charging the ſour-fac'd groom to hie as faſt
As lagging fowls before the northern blaſt [8].
Speed more than ſpeed but dull and ſlow ſhe deems:
Extremity ſtill urgeth ſuch extremes.

The homely villein [9] court'ſies to her low;
And bluſhing on her, with a ſtedfaſt eye
Receives the ſcroll, without or yea or no,
And forth with baſhful innocence doth hie,
But they whoſe guilt within their boſoms lie,
Imagine every eye beholds their blame;
For Lucrece thought he bluſh'd to ſee her ſhame.
When

terfeited grief to a bubbling ſhallow ſtream. The compariſon is always between a *river* and a brook; nor have I obſerved the *ſea* once mentioned in the various places in which this trite thought is expreſſed. Shakſpeare, we ſee, has it in this very poem in a preceding paſſage, in which deep woes are compared to a gentle *flood*.

2. Becauſe, ſuppoſing the poet to have had the ſea in his contemplation, ſome reaſon ought to be aſſigned why he ſhould have choſen thoſe parts of it which are called *ſounds*. To give force to the preſent ſentiment, they muſt be ſuppoſed to be peculiarly ſtill; whereas the truth I believe is, that all parts of the ocean are equally boiſterous; at leaſt thoſe which are called *ſounds* are not leſs ſo than others.

Laſtly, becauſe thoſe parts of the ſea which are denominated *ſounds*, ſo far from deſerving the epithet *deep*, are expreſsly defined to be "*ſhallow* ſeas; ſuch as may be ſounded. MALONE.

7 —*and on it writ,*
At Ardea to my lord, with more than haſte:] Shakſpeare ſeems to have begun early to confound the cuſtoms of his own country, with thoſe of other nations. About a century and a half ago, all our letters that required ſpeed were ſuperſcribed—*With poſt poſt haſte.* STEEVENS.

8 *As lagging* fowls] Thus the quarto. All the modern editions have—*ſouls*. The quarto reads—*blaſts*, which the rhyme ſhews to have been a miſprint, and which I ſhould not mention but that it proves that even in Shakſpeare's own edition there were ſome errors. See the preceding note, and p. 128, n. 9. MALONE.

9 *The homely* villein *court'ſies to her low*;] *Villein* has here its ancient legal ſignification; that of a *ſlave*. The term *court'ſy* was formerly applied to men as well as to women. MALONE.

When, ſilly groom! God wot, it was defect
Of ſpirit, life, and bold audacity.
Such harmleſs creatures have a true reſpect
To talk in deeds [1], while others ſaucily
Promiſe more ſpeed, but do it leiſurely:
Even ſo, this pattern of the worn-out age [2]
Pawn'd honeſt looks, but lay'd no words to gage.

His kindled duty kindled her miſtruſt,
That two red fires in both their faces blaz'd;
She thought he bluſh'd, as knowing Tarquin's luſt,
And, bluſhing with him, wiſtly on him gaz'd;
Her earneſt eye did make him more amaz'd:
The more ſhe ſaw the blood his cheeks repleniſh,
The more ſhe thought he ſpy'd in her ſome blemiſh.

But long ſhe thinks till he return again,
And yet the duteous vaſſal ſcarce is gone.
The weary time ſhe cannot entertain,
For now 'tis ſtale to ſigh, to weep, and groan:
So woe hath wearied woe, moan tired moan,
That ſhe her plaints a little while doth ſtay,
Pauſing for means to mourn ſome newer way.

[1] *To* talk *in* deeds—] So, in *Hamlet*:
" As he, in his peculiar act and force,
" May give his *ſaying deed*."
Again, in *Troilus and Creſſida*:
" *Speaking in deeds*, and deedleſs in his tongue."
MALONE.
Again, in *Julius Cæſar*:
" *Caſca. Speak hands* for me." STEEVENS.

[2] —*this* pattern *of the* worn-out age—] This example of antient ſimplicity and virtue. So, in *King Richard III*:
" Behold this *pattern* of thy butcheries.
See alſo p. 132, n. *.
We meet with nearly the ſame expreſſion in our author's 68th *Sonnet*:
" Thus is his cheek the *map of days out-worn*."
MALONE.
So, in *As you Like it*:
" —how well in thee appears
" The conſtant ſervice of the *antique world*." STEEV.

At laſt ſhe calls to mind where hangs a piece
Of ſkilful painting, made for Priam's Troy;
Before the which is drawn [3] the power of Greece,
For Helen's rape [4] the city to deſtroy,
Threatening cloud-kiſſing Ilion with annoy [5];
Which the conceited painter drew ſo proud [6],
As heaven (it ſeem'd) to kiſs the turrets bow'd.

A thouſand lamentable objects there,
In ſcorn of nature, art gave lifeleſs life:
Many a dry drop ſeem'd a weeping tear [7],
Shed for the ſlaughter'd huſband by the wife:
The red blood reek'd, to ſhow the painter's ſtrife;
And

[3] *Before* the which *is* drawn—] That is, before Troy. MALONE.

Drawn, in this inſtance, does not ſignify *delineated*, but *drawn out into the field*, as armies are. So, in *King Henry IV*:

" He cannot *draw his power* theſe fourteen days." STEEVENS.

[4] *For Helen's rape*—] *Rape* is uſed by all our old poets in the ſenſe of *raptus*, or carrying away by force. It ſometimes alſo ſignifies the perſon forcibly carried away. MALONE.

[5] *Threatening* cloud-kiſſing *Ilion with annoy*;] So, in *Pericles*:

" Whoſe towers bore heads ſo high they *kiſs'd* the *clouds*."

Again, in *Troilus and Creſſida*:

" Yon towers, whoſe wanton tops do *buſs* the *clouds*."

Again in *Hamlet*:

" —like the herald Mercury,
" New-lighted on a *heaven-kiſſing* hill." MALONE.

[6] *Which the* conceited *painter drew ſo proud*,] *Conceited*, in old language, is *fanciful*, *ingenious*. MALONE.

[7] *Many a* dry *drop ſeem'd a weeping tear*,] Thus the quarto. The variation made in this line, in the edition of 1616, which is ſaid in the title-page to be *newly reviſed and corrected*, would alone prove it not to have been prepared by our authour. The editor knowing that all drops are wet, and not obſerving that the poet is here ſpeaking of a picture, diſcarded the old reading, and gave, inſtead of it,

Many a *dire* drop ſeem'd a weeping tear;

Which has been followed in all the ſubſequent copies. Had he been at all acquainted with Shakſpeare's manner, he never would have made this alteration, or have adopted it, if made before. MALONE.

And dying eyes gleam'd forth their aſhy lights,
Like dying coals burnt out in tedious nights [9].

There might you ſee the labouring pioneer
Begrim'd with ſweat, and ſmeared all with duſt;
And from the towers of Troy there would appear
The very eyes of man through loop-holes thruſt,
Gazing upon the Greeks with little luſt:
Such ſweet obſervance in this work was had,
That one might ſee thoſe far-off eyes look ſad.

In great commanders grace and majeſty
You might behold, triumphing in their faces;
In youth, quick bearing and dexterity;
And here and there the painter interlaces
Pale cowards, marching on with trembling paces;
Which heartleſs peaſants did ſo well reſemble,
That one would ſwear he ſaw them quake and tremble.

In Ajax and Ulyſſes, O, what art
Of phyſiognomy might one behold!
The face of either 'cipher'd either's heart;
Their face their manners moſt expreſsly told:
In Ajax' eyes blunt rage and rigour roll'd;
But the mild glance that ſly Ulyſſes lent,
Show'd deep regard and ſmiling government [1].

Their pleading might you ſee grave Neſtor ſtand,
As 'twere encouraging the Greeks to fight;
Making ſuch ſober action with his hand,

That

[9] *And dying eyes gleam'd forth their* aſhy lights,
Like dying coals burnt out *in tedious nights.*] Perhaps Milton had theſe lines in his thoughts when he wrote:

"Where glowing *embers* through the room
"Teach *light* to counterfeit a *gloom.*"

It is probable he alſo remembered theſe of Spenſer:

"—his gliſtering armour made
"A little *glooming light* much like a *ſhade.*"

[1] —*deep regard and ſmiling government.*] Profound wiſdom, and the complacency ariſing from the paſſions being under the command of reaſon. The former word [*regard*] has already occurred more than once in the ſame ſenſe. MALONE.

That it beguil'd attention, charm'd the ſight:
In ſpeech, it ſeem'd, his beard, all ſilver white,
Wagg'd up and down, and from his lips did fly
Thin winding breath, which purl'd up to the ſky [2].

About him were a preſs of gaping faces [3],
Which ſeem'd to ſwallow up his ſound advice [4];
All jointly liſtening, but with ſeveral graces,
As if ſome mermaid [5] did their ears entice;
Some high, ſome low; the painter was ſo nice,
The

[2] *In ſpeech, it ſeem'd, his* beard, all ſilver white,
Wagg'd up and down, and from his lips did fly
Thin winding breath, *which* purl'd *up to the ſky.*] So, in *Troilus and Creſſida*:

" —and ſuch again
" As venerable Neſtor, hatch'd in *ſilver*,
" Should with a bond of *air* (ſtrong as the axle-tree
" On which heaven rides) knit all the Greekiſh ears
" To his experienc'd tongue." MALONE.

I ſuppoſe we ſhould read—*curl'd*. Thus, Pope:

" While *curling* ſmoaks from village tops are ſeen."

Again, in *Cymbeline*:

" And let our *crooked* ſmoaks climb to their noſtrils."
STEEVENS.

There is no need of change, for *purling* had formerly the ſame meaning, being ſometimes uſed to denote the *curling* of water, without any reference to ſound. So, in Drayton's *Mortimeriados*, 4to, no date:

" Whoſe ſtream an easie breath doth ſeem to blow;
" Which on the ſparkling gravel runs in *purles*,
" As though the waves had been of ſilver *curles*."

This ſenſe of the word is unnoticed in Dr. Johnſon's Dictionary. MALONE.

[3] *About him were a preſs of gaping faces*, &c.] Had any engraving, or account, of Raphael's celebrated picture of *The School of Athens* reached England in the time of our authour, one might be tempted by this deſcription to think that he had ſeen it. MALONE.

[4] *Which ſeem'd to* ſwallow *up his ſound advice*; So, in *King John*:

" With open mouth, *ſwallowing* a taylor's news."
STEEVENS.

[5] *As if ſome mermaia*—] See p. 36, n. 5. MALONE.

[6] —*all* boll'n *and red*;] Thus the old copy. In the former edition, when I was leſs cautious than I am at preſent, I ſubſtituted *blown* for *boll'n*, which I conceived to be a miſprint;

The ſcalps of many, almoſt hid behind,
To jump up higher ſeem'd, to mock the mind.

Here one man's hand lean'd on another's head,
His noſe being ſhadow'd by his neighbour's ear;
Here one, being throng'd, bears back, all boll'n and red [6];
Another, ſmother'd, ſeems to pelt and ſwear [7];
And in their rage ſuch ſigns of rage they bear,
As, but for loſs of Neſtor's golden words,
It ſeem'd they would debate with angry ſwords [8].

For

print; but ſcarcely had the book iſſued from the preſs, when I diſcovered my miſtake. The reader will, I truſt, find no inſtances of ſimilar temerity in the preſent edition of our authour's works.

Boll'n means *ſwollen*, and is uſed by Golding in his tranſlation of Ovid's *Metamorphoſes*, 1567:

"Her leanneſſe made her joynts *bolne* big, and knee-pannes, for to ſwell."

Auxerat articulos macies, genuumque rigebat
Orbis—.

Again, (as an anonymous writer has obſerved,) in Phaer's tranſlation of the tenth book of Virgil's Æneid:

"—with what bravery *bolne* in pride
"King Turnus proſperous rides."
—tumiduſque ſecundo
Marte ruat.

Gawin Douglas tranſlating the ſame paſſage uſes the words "*orpit* and proudly." See p. 85 of this volume.

Skinner ſuppoſes the word to be derived from *bouillier*, Fr. to bubble. But Mr. Tyrwhitt in his accurate Gloſſary to Chaucer, (as has likewiſe been obſerved by the ſame anonymous writer,) ſays, it is the part. p. of *bolge*, v. Sax.

MALONE.

[7] *Another, ſmother'd, ſeems to* pelt *and ſwear*;] To *pelt* meant, I think, to be clamorous, as men are in a paſſion. So, in an old collection of tales, entitled *Wits, Fits, and Fancies*, 1614: "The young man, all in a *pelting* chafe,—."

MALONE.

[8] —debate *with angry ſwords*.] i. e. *fall to contention. Bate* is an ancient word ſignifying *ſtrife*. So, in the old play of *Acolaſtus*, 1540:

"We ſhall not fall to *bate*, or ſtryve for this matter."

STEEVENS.

Debate has here, I believe, its uſual ſignification. They ſeemed ready to *argue* with their *ſwords*. So, in *Julius Cæſar*: "*Speak hands* for me."

Again,

For much imaginary work was there;
Conceit deceitful, ſo compact, ſo kind [9],
That for Achilles' image ſtood his ſpear,
Grip'd in an armed hand; himſelf, behind,
Was left unſeen, ſave to the eye of mind [1]:
A hand, a foot, a face, a leg, a head,
Stood for the whole to be imagined.

And from the walls of ſtrong-beſieged Troy
When their brave hope, bold Hector, march'd to field,
Stood many Trojan mothers, ſharing joy
To ſee their youthful ſons bright weapons wield;
And to their hope they ſuch odd action yield,
That, through their light joy, ſeemed to appear
(Like bright things ſtain'd) a kind of heavy fear.

And, from the ſtrond of Dardan where they fought,
To Simois' reedy banks the red blood ran,
Whoſe waves to imitate the battle ſought
With ſwelling ridges; and their ranks began
To break upon the galled ſhore, and than [2]
Retire

Again, in *Hamlet*:
"I will *ſpeak daggers* to her, but uſe none."
Again, more appoſitely, in *Troilus and Creſſida*:
"*Speaking* in *deeds*, and deedleſs in his tongue."
So, in Marlowe's *King Edward II*:
"Come, uncle, let us leave this brain-ſick king,
"And henceforth *parly with* our angry *ſwords*."
MALONE.

[9] *Conceit deceitful, ſo compact, ſo* kind,] An artful delineation, ſo nicely and *naturally* executed. *Kind* and nature, in old language, were ſynonymous. MALONE.

[1] *Was left unſeen, ſave to* the eye of mind:] We meet with the ſame expreſſion in *Hamlet*, and in one of our authour's *Sonnets*. Again, in *King Richard II*:
"—with *the eyes of* heavy *mind*
"I ſee thy glory." MALONE.

[2] *To break upon the galled ſhore, and* than—] *Than* for *then*. This licence of changing the termination of words is ſometimes uſed by our ancient poets, in imitation of the Italian writers. Thus, Daniel, in his *Cleopatra*, 1594:
"And now wilt yield thy ſtreames
"A prey to other *reames*;"
i. e. realms. Again, in his *Complaint of Roſamond*, 1592:
"When

Retire again, till meeting greater ranks
They join, and ſhoot their foam at Simois' banks.

To this well-painted piece is Lucrece come,
To find a face where all diſtreſs is ſtêl'd [3].
Many ſhe ſees, where cares have carved ſome,
But none where all diſtreſs and dolour dwell'd,
Till ſhe deſpairing Hecuba beheld,
Staring

I 5

" When cleaner thoughts my weakneſs 'gan *upbray*,
" Againſt myſelf, and ſhame did force me ſay,—."

Again, in Hall's *Satires*, 1599:

" As frozen dunghills in a winter's morne,
" That voyd of vapours ſeemed all *beforne*,
" Soone as the ſun," &c.

Again, *ibid*:

" His bonnet vail'd, or ever he could thinke,
" The unruly winde blowes off his *periwinke*."

Again, in *Godfrey of Bulloigne*, tranſlated by Fairfax, 1600:

" Time was, (for each one hath his doting time,
" Theſe ſilver locks were golden treſſes *than*,)
" That countrie life I hated as a crime,
" And from the forreſt's ſweet contentment ran."

Again, in Drayton's *Mortemeriados*, ſign. Q. 1. 4to, no date:

" Out of whoſe top the freſh ſprings trembling downe,
" Duly keep time with their harmonious *ſowne*."

Again, in *Songes and Sonnetes* by the earle of *Surrey* and others, edit. 1567, f. 81:

" —half the paine had never man
" Which had this woful Troyan *than*."

Many other inſtances of the ſame kind might be added. See the next note. MALONE.

Reames, in the firſt inſtance produced, is only the French *royaumes* affectedly anglicized. STEEVENS.

In Daniel's time the French word was uſually written *royaul'me*. MALONE.

[3] *To find a face where all diſtreſs is* ſtêl'd.] Thus the quarto, and all the ſubſequent copies.—In our authour's twenty-fourth *Sonnet* we find theſe lines:

" Mine eye hath play'd the *painter*, and hath *ſteel'd*
" Thy beauty's form in table of my heart."

This therefore I ſuppoſe to have been the word intended here, which the poet altered for the ſake of rhime. So before—*hild* for *held*, and *than* for *then*. He might, however, have written:

——where all diſtreſs is *ſpell'd*.

i. e. *written*. So, in *The Comedy of Errors*:

" And careful hours with time's deformed hand
" Have *written* ſtrange defeatures in my face."

MALONE.

Staring on Priam's wounds with her old eyes,
Which bleeding under Pyrrhus' proud foot lies [4].

In her the painter had anatomiz'd
Time's ruin, beauty's wreck, and grim care's reign;
Her cheeks with chaps and wrinkles were diſguis'd;
Of what ſhe was, no ſemblance did remain:
Her blue blood chang'd to black in every vein,
Wanting the ſpring that thoſe ſhrunk pipes had fed,
Show'd life impriſon'd in a body dead.

On this ſad ſhadow Lucrece ſpends her eyes [5],
And ſhapes her ſorrow to the beldame's woes,
Who nothing wants to anſwer her but cries,
And bitter words, to ban her cruel foes:
The painter was no God to lend her thoſe;
And therefore Lucrece ſwears he did her wrong,
To give her ſo much grief, and not a tongue.

Poor inſtrument, quoth ſhe, without a ſound;
I'll tune thy woes with my lamenting tongue:
And drop ſweet balm in Priam's painted wound,
And rail on Pyrrhus that hath done him wrong,
And with my tears quench Troy, that burns ſo long;
And with my knife ſcratch out the angry eyes
Of all the Greeks that are thine enemies.

Show me the ſtrumpet that began this ſtir,
That with my nails her beauty I may tear.
Thy heat of luſt, fond Paris, did incur
This load of wrath that burning Troy doth bear;
Thy eye kindled the fire that burneth here:
And here in Troy, for treſpaſs of thine eye,
The ſire, the ſon, the dame, and daughter, die.

Why

[4] Which *bleeding under Pyrrhus' proud foot lies.*] Dr. Sewell unneceſſarily reads—*Who* bleeding, &c. The neutral pronoun was anciently often uſed for the perſonal. It ſtill remains in the Liturgy. *Which*, however, may refer to *wounds*, notwithſtanding the falſe concord which ſuch a conſtruction produces. See p. 71, n. 9.

[5] *On this ſad ſhadow Lucrece* ſpends her eyes,] Fixes them earneſtly; gives it her whole attention. Hounds are ſaid *to ſpend their tongues*, when they join in full cry. MALONE.

Why ſhould the private pleaſure of ſome one
Become the publick plague of many mo[6]?
Let ſin, alone committed, light alone
Upon his head that hath tranſgreſſed ſo;
Let guiltleſs ſouls be freed from guilty woe:
For one's offence why ſhould ſo many fall,
To plague a private ſin in general?

Lo, here weeps Hecuba, here Priam dies,
Here manly Hector faints, here Troilus ſwounds[7];
Here friend by friend in bloody channel lies,
And friend to friend gives unadviſed wounds[8],
And one man's luſt theſe many lives confounds*:
Had doting Priam check'd his ſon's deſire,
Troy had been bright with fame, and not with fire.

Here feelingly ſhe weeps Troy's painted woes:
For ſorrow, like a heavy-hanging bell,
Once ſet on ringing, with his own weight goes;
Then little ſtrength rings out the doleful knell:
So Lucrece ſet a-work, ſad tales doth tell
To pencil'd penſiveneſs and colour'd ſorrow;
She lends them words, and ſhe their looks doth borrow.
She

[6] —*the plague of many* mo?] *Mo* for *more*. The word is now obſolete. MALONE.

[7] *Here manly Hector faints, here* Troilus ſwounds;] In the play of *Troilus and Creſſida*, his name is frequently introduced in the ſame manner as here, as a diſſyllable. The mere Engliſh reader ſtill pronounces the word as, I believe, Shakſpeare did.

Swounds is *ſwoons*. *Swoon* is conſtantly written *ſound* or *ſwound* in the old copies of our authour's plays; and from this ſtanza it is probable that the word was anciently pronounced as it is here written. So alſo Drayton in his *Mortimeriados*, 4to, no date:

"Thus with the pangs out of this traunce areyſed,
"As water ſometime wakeneth from a *ſwound*,—
"As when the bloud is cold, we feele the wound."

MALONE.

[8] *And friend to friend gives* unadviſed wounds,] *Advice*, it has been already obſerved, formerly meant *knowledge*. *Friends wound friends*, not knowing *each other*. It ſhould be remembered that Troy was ſacked in the night. MALONE.

* —*confounds*:] i. e. deſtroys. MALONE.

She throws her eyes about the painting, round [9],
And whom ſhe finds forlorn, ſhe doth lament:
At laſt ſhe ſees a wretched image bound,
That piteous looks to Phrygian ſhepherds lent;
His face, though full of cares, yet ſhow'd content:
Onward to Troy with the blunt ſwains he goes,
So mild, that Patience ſeem'd to ſcorn his woes [1].

In him the painter labour'd with his ſkill
To hide deceit, and give the harmleſs ſhow [2]
An humble gait, calm looks, eyes wailing ſtill,
A brow unbent, that ſeem'd to welcome woe;
Cheeks, neither red nor pale, but mingled ſo
That bluſhing red no guilty inſtance * gave,
Nor aſhy pale the fear that falſe hearts have.

But, like a conſtant and confirmed devil,
He entertain'd a ſhow ſo ſeeming juſt,
And therein ſo enſconc'd his ſecret evil [3],
That jealouſy itſelf could not miſtruſt
Falſe-creeping craft and perjury ſhould thruſt
Into ſo bright a day ſuch black-fac'd ſtorms,
Or blot with hell-born ſin ſuch ſaint-like forms.

The

[9] *She throws her eyes about the* painting, *round*,] i. e. ſhe throws her eyes round about, &c. The octavo, 1616, and all the ſubſequent copies, read:—about the *painted* round. MALONE.

[1] *So mild, that Patience ſeem'd to ſcorn* his *woes*.] That is, the woes ſuffered by *Patience*. We have nearly the ſame image in our authour's *Twelfth Night*:

" She ſeem'd like *Patience* on a monument,
" *Smiling* at *grief*."

Again, in *Pericles*:

" —Yet thou doſt look
" Like Patience, gazing on kings' graves, and ſmiling
" Extremity out of act." MALONE.

[2] —*the harmleſs* ſhow—] The harmleſs *painted figure*. MALONE.

* —*no guilty* inſtance—] No example or ſymptom of guilt. MALONE.

[3] *And therein ſo* enſconc'd *his ſecret evil*,] And by that means ſo *concealed* his ſecret treachery. A *ſconce* was a ſpecies of fortification. MALONE.

The well-ſkill'd workman this mild image drew
For perjur'd Sinon, whoſe enchanting ſtory
The credulous old Priam after ſlew;
Whoſe words, like wild-fire, burnt the ſhining glory
Of rich-built Ilion, that the ſkies were ſorry,
And little ſtars ſhot from their fixed places,
When their glaſs fell, wherein they view'd their faces[4].

This picture ſhe adviſedly perus'd[5],
And chid the painter for his wond'rous ſkill;
Saying, ſome ſhape in Sinon's was abus'd,
So fair a form lodg'd not a mind ſo ill;
And ſtill on him ſhe gaz'd; and gazing ſtill,
Such ſigns of truth in his plain face ſhe ſpy'd,
That ſhe concludes the picture was bely'd.

It cannot be, quoth ſhe, that ſo much guile—
(She would have ſaid) *can lurk in ſuch a look*;
But Tarquin's ſhape came in her mind the while,
And from her tongue, *can lurk* from *cannot* took;
It cannot be ſhe in that ſenſe forſook,
And turn'd it thus: "It cannot be, I find,
But ſuch a face ſhould bear a wicked mind:

For even as ſubtle Sinon here is painted,
So ſober-ſad, ſo weary, and ſo mild,
(As if with grief or travail he had fainted,)
To me came Tarquin armed; ſo beguil'd
With outward honeſty[6], but yet defil'd

With

[4] *And little* ſtars ſhot *from their* fixed places,
When the glaſs fell, wherein they view'd their faces.] So, in *A Midſummer-Night's Dream*:

"—the rude ſea grew civil at her ſong,
"And certain *ſtars ſhot* madly from their *ſpheres*,
"To hear the ſea-maid's muſick."

Why Priam's palace, however beautiful or magnificent, ſhould be called the mirrour in which the fixed ſtars beheld themſelves, I do not ſee. The image is very quaint and far-fetched. MALONE.

[5] *This picture ſhe* adviſedly *perus'd.*] *Adviſedly* is *attentively*; with deliberation. MALONE.

[6] *So ſober-ſad, ſo weary, and ſo mild,*
(As if with grief or travail he had fainted,)

To

With inward vice: as Priam him did cheriſh,
So did I Tarquin; ſo my Troy did periſh.

Look, look, how liſtening Priam wets his eyes,
To ſee thoſe borrow'd tears that Sinon ſheds.
Priam, why art thou old, and yet not wiſe?
For every tear he falls [7], a Trojan bleeds;
His eye drops fire, no water thence proceeds:
Thoſe round clear pearls of his, that move thy piry,
Are balls of quenchleſs fire, to burn thy city.

Such devils ſteal effects from lightleſs hell;
For Sinon in his fire doth quake with cold,
And in that cold, hot-burning fire doth dwell;
Theſe contraries ſuch unity do hold,
Only to flatter fools, and make them bold:
So Priam's truſt falſe Sinon's tears doth flatter,
That he finds means to burn his Troy with water.

Here

To me came Tarquin armed; ſo *beguil'd*
With outward honeſty,--] *To me came Tarquin with the ſame armour of hypocriſy that Sinon wore.* The old copy reads:

To me came Tarquin armed *to* beguild
With outward honeſty, &c.

To muſt, I think, have been a miſprint for *ſo*. *Beguil'd* is *beguiling*. Our authour frequently confounds the active and paſſive participle. Thus, in *Othello*, *delight* for *delighting*:

" If virtue no *delighted* beauty lack,—." MALONE.

I think the reading propoſed is right; and would point thus:

To me came Tarquin armed; ſo beguil'd
With outward honeſty, but yet, &c.

So beguil'd is ſo cover'd, ſo maſked with fraud, i. e. like Sinon. Thus, in *The Merchant of Venice*, Act III. ſc. ii:

" Thus ornament is but the *guiled* ſhore
" To a moſt dangerous ſea." STEEVENS.

[7] *For every tear he falls*—] He lets fall. So, in *Othello*:

" Each *tear* ſhe *falls* would prove a crocodile."
MALONE.

A ſimilar thought occurs in *Troilus and Creſſida*:

" *For every falſe drop in her bawdy veins,*
" A Grecian's life hath ſunk; for every ſcruple
" In her contaminated carrion weight,
" *A Trojan hath been ſlain.*" STEEVENS.

Here, all enrag'd, ſuch paſſion her aſſails,
That patience is quite beaten from her breaſt.
She tears the ſenſeleſs Sinon with her nails,
Comparing him to that unhappy gueſt
Whoſe deed hath made herſelf herſelf deteſt:
At laſt ſhe ſmilingly with this gives o'er;
Fool! fool! quoth ſhe, his wounds will not be ſore.

Thus ebbs and flows the current of her ſorrow,
And time doth weary time with her complaining.
She looks for night, and then ſhe longs for morrow,
And both ſhe thinks too long with her remaining:
Short time ſeems long in ſorrow's ſharp ſuſtaining.
Though woe be heavy, yet it ſeldom ſleeps;
And they that watch, ſee time how ſlow it creeps.

Which all this time hath overſlipp'd her thought,
That ſhe with painted images hath ſpent;
Being from the feeling of her own grief brought
By deep ſurmiſe of others' detriment;
Loſing her woes in ſhows of diſcontent.
It eaſeth ſome, though none it ever cur'd,
To think their dolour others have endur'd.

But now the mindful meſſenger, come back,
Brings home his lord and other company;
Who finds his Lucrece clad in mourning black;
And round about her tear-diſtained eye
Blue circles ſtream'd, like rainbows in the ſky.
Theſe water-galls in her dim element [8]
Foretell new ſtorms to thoſe already ſpent.

Which when her ſad-beholding huſband ſaw,
Amazedly in her ſad face he ſtares:
Her eyes, though ſod in tears, look'd red and raw [9],
Her lively colour kill'd with deadly cares.
He hath no power to aſk her how ſhe fares;

But

[8] *Theſe* water-galls *in her dim element*—] The *water-gall* is ſome appearance attendant on the rainbow. The word is current among the ſhepherds on Saliſbury plain. STEEVENS.

[9] —*look'd red and raw*,] So, in *Hamlet:*

"The Daniſh cicatrice *looks red and raw*." STEEVENS.

But ſtood, like old acquaintance in a trance,
Met far from home, wondering each other's chance.

At laſt he takes her by the bloodleſs hand,
And thus begins: What uncouth ill event
Hath thee befallen, that thou doſt trembling ſtand?
Sweet love, what ſpite hath thy fair colour ſpent?
Why art thou thus attir'd in diſcontent [1]?
Unmaſk, dear dear, this moody heavineſs,
And tell thy grief, that we may give redreſs.

Three times with ſighs ſhe gives her ſorrow fire,
Ere once ſhe can diſcharge one word of woe:
At length addreſs'd to anſwer his deſire [2],
She modeſtly prepares to let them know
Her honour is ta'en priſoner by the foe;
While Collatine and his conſorted lords
With ſad attention long to hear her words.

And now this pale ſwan in her watery neſt
Begins the ſad dirge of her certain ending:
Few words, quoth ſhe, ſhall fit the treſpaſs beſt,
Where no excuſe can give the fault amending:
In me more woes than words are now depending;
And my laments would be drawn out too long,
To tell them all with one poor tired tongue.

Then be this all the taſk it hath to ſay:
Dear huſband, in the intereſt of thy bed
A ſtranger came, and on that pillow lay
Where thou waſt wont to reſt thy weary head [3];
And what wrong elſe may be imagined

By

[1] *Why art thou thus* attir'd in diſcontent?] So, in *Much ado about Nothing*:

"For my part, I am ſo *attir'd in wonder*,
"I know not what to ſay." STEEVENS.

[2] *At length* addreſs'd *to anſwer his deſire*,] *Addreſs'd* is *ready, prepared*. So, in *King Henry V*:

"To morrow for the march are we *addreſs'd*."
MALONE.

[3] *Dear huſband, in the intereſt of thy bed*
A ſtranger came, and on that pillow lay
Where thou waſt wont to reſt thy weary head;] "Veſtigia

By foul enforcement might be done to me,
From that, alas! thy Lucrece is not free.

For in the dreadful dead of dark midnight,
With ſhining falchion in my chamber came
A creeping creature, with a flaming light,
And ſoftly cry'd, Awake, thou Roman dame,
And entertain my love; elſe laſting ſhame
On thee and thine this night I will inflict,
If thou my love's deſire do contradict.

For ſome hard-favour'd groom of thine, quoth he,
Unleſs thou yoke thy liking to my will,
I'll murder ſtraight, and then I'll ſlaughter thee,
And ſwear I found you where you did fulfil
The loathſome act of luſt, and ſo did kill
The lechers in their deed: this act will be
My fame, and thy perpetual infamy.

With this I did begin to ſtart and cry,
And then againſt my heart he ſet his ſword;
Swearing, unleſs I took all patiently,
I ſhould not live to ſpeak another word:
So ſhould my ſhame ſtill reſt upon record;
And never be forgot in mighty Rome
The adulterate death of Lucrece and her groom.

Mine enemy was ſtrong, my poor ſelf weak,
And far the weaker with ſo ſtrong a fear:
My bloody judge forbade my tongue to ſpeak;
No rightful plea might plead for juſtice there:
His ſcarlet luſt came evidence to ſwear
That my poor beauty had purloin'd his eyes,
And when the judge is robb'd, the priſoner dies.

O, teach

gia viri alieni, Collatine, in lecto ſunt tuo." *Liv.* lib. i. cap. 58. Since the former edition I find theſe words had been tranſlated by Painter in his novel: "Alas, Collatine, the ſteppes of another man be now fixed in thy bed." *Palace of Pleaſure*, Vol. I. fol. 6. MALONE.

Peradventure the pillow which the lady here ſpeaketh of, was what in a former ſtanza is denominated *the heart of all her land*. Tarquin *ſlept not*, it is to be preſumed, though, like Jachimo, he *had that was well worth watching*. AMNER.

O, teach me how to make mine own excuſe!
Or, at the leaſt, this refuge let me find;
Though my groſs blood be ſtain'd with this abuſe,
Immaculate and ſpotleſs is my mind;
That was not forc'd; that never was inclin'd
To acceſſary yieldings, but ſtill pure
Doth in her poiſon'd cloſet yet endure.

Lo here, the hopeleſs merchant of this loſs,
With head declin'd, and voice damm'd up with woe,
With ſad-ſet eyes, and wretched arms acroſs,
From lips new-waxen pale begins to blow
The grief away, that ſtops his anſwer ſo:
But wretched as he is, he ſtrives in vain;
What he breathes out, his breath drinks up again.

As through an arch the violent roaring tide
Out-runs the eye that doth behold his haſte [4],
Yet in the eddy boundeth in his pride
Back to the ſtrait that forc'd on him ſo faſt;
In rage ſent out, recall'd in rage, being paſt [5]:
Even ſo his ſighs, his ſorrows, make a ſaw,
To puſh grief on, and back the ſame grief draw.

Which ſpeechleſs woe of his poor ſhe attendeth,
And his untimely frenzy thus awaketh:
Dear lord, thy ſorrow to my ſorrow lendeth
Another power; no flood by raining ſlaketh.
My woe too ſenſible thy paſſion maketh
More feeling-painful: let it then ſuffice
To drown one woe, one pair of weeping eyes [6].

And

[4] *As through an arch the violent roaring tide*
Out-runs the eye that doth behold his haſte, &c.] So, in *Coriolanus*:
"*Ne'er through an arch ſo hurry'd the blown tide*,
"As the recomforted through the gates." MALONE.

[5] *In rage ſent out, recall'd* in *rage, being paſt*:] Should we not read:
In rage ſent out, recall'd, *the* rage being paſt.
FARMER.

[6] *To drown* one *woe, one pair of weeping eyes.*] The quarto has:
To drown *on* woe,——
On and *one* are perpetually confounded in old Engliſh books.

The

And for my ſake, when I might charm thee ſo,
For ſhe that was thy Lucrece,—now attend me;
Be ſuddenly revenged on my foe,
Thine, mine, his own; ſuppoſe thou doſt defend me
From what is paſt: the help that thou ſhalt lend me
Comes all too late, yet let the traitor die;
For ſparing juſtice feeds iniquity [7].

But ere I name him, you fair lords, quoth ſhe,
(Speaking to thoſe that came with Collatine,)
Shall plight your honourable faiths to me,
With ſwift purſuit to venge this wrong of mine;
For 'tis a meritorious fair deſign,
To chaſe injuſtice with revengeful arms:
Knights, by their oaths, ſhould right poor ladies' harms [8].

At this requeſt, with noble diſpoſition
Each preſent lord began to promiſe aid,
As bound in knighthood to her impoſition,
Longing to hear the hateful foe bewray'd.
But ſhe, that yet her ſad taſk hath not ſaid,
The proteſtation ſtops. O ſpeak, quoth ſhe,
How may this forced ſtain be wip'd from me?

What is the quality of mine offence,
Being conſtrain'd with dreadful circumſtance?
May my pure mind with the foul act diſpenſe,
My low-declined honour to advance?
May any terms acquit me from this chance?
The poiſon'd fountain clears itſelf again;
And why not I from this compelled ſtain [9]?

With

The former does not ſeem to have any meaning here. The edition of 1600 has—*one* woe. We might read:

To drown *in* woe one pair of weeping eyes.

MALONE.

[7] *For ſparing juſtice feeds iniquity.*] So, in *Romeo and Juliet*:

"Mercy but murders, pardoning thoſe that kill."

MALONE.

[8] *Knights, by their oaths, ſhould right poor ladies' harms.*] Here one of the laws of chivalry is ſomewhat prematurely introduced. MALONE.

[9] *The poiſon'd fountain clears itſelf again;*
And why not I from this compelled ſtain?] There are perhaps

With this, they all at once began to ſay,
Her body's ſtain her mind untainted clears;
While with a joyleſs ſmile ſhe turns away

The

haps few who would not have acquieſced in the juſtice of this reaſoning. It did not however, as we learn from hiſtory, ſatisfy this admired heroine of antiquity. Her conduct on this occaſion has been the ſubject of much ſpeculation. It is not alledged by any of the hiſtorians that actual violence was offered to her. Διὰ μεν δὴ ταῦτ' (ſays Dion) ΟΥΚ ΑΚΟΥΣΑ δὴ ἐμαιχεύθη. Why then, it is aſked, did ſhe not ſuffer death rather than ſubmit to her raviſher? An ingenious French writer thinks ſhe killed herſelf too late to be entitled to any praiſe. [*Les Oeuvres de Sarazin*, p. 182, edit. 1694.]—A venerable father of the church (St. Auſtin) cenſures her ſtill more ſeverely, concluding his ſtrictures on her conduct with this dilemma: "Ita hæc cauſa ex utroque latere coarctatur; ut, ſi extenuatur homicidium, adulterium confirmetur; ſi purgatur adulterium, homicidium cumulatur; nec omnino invenitur exitus, ubi dicitur, ſi adulterata, cur laudata? ſi pudica, cur occiſa?"—On theſe words a writer of the laſt century [Renatus Laurentius de la Barre] formed the following Latin Epigram:

"Si tibi forte fuit, Lucretia, gratus adulter,
"Immerito ex meritâ præmia cæde petis:
"Sin potius caſto vis eſt allata pudori,
"Quis furor eſt hoſtis crimine velle mori?
"Fruſtra igitur laudem captas, Lucretia; namque
"Vel furioſa ruis, vel ſcelerata cadis."

"If Tarquin's guilt, Lucretia, pleas'd thy ſoul,
"How could thy blood waſh out a ſtain ſo foul?
"But if by downright force the joy he had,
"To die on his account, muſt prove you mad:
"Then be thy death no more the matron's pride;
"You liv'd a ſtrumpet, or a fool you dy'd."

The ladies muſt determine the queſtion.

I am indebted to a friend for perhaps the beſt defence that can be made for this celebrated ſuicide:

"Heu! miſera, ante alias, Lucretia! rumor iniquus
"Me referet pactam me violâſſe fidem?
"Criminis et ſocius fingetur ſervus? Imago
"Vincit, et horrendis cedo, tyranne, minis.
"Te, pudor, heu violo;—valeant jam gaudia vitæ!
"Carior et vitâ, care marite, vale!
"Ferrum at reſtituet læſo ſua jura pudori,
"Ad cœlum et ſurget ſanguine fama meo."

In

The face, that map which deep impreſſion bears
Of hard misfortune, carv'd in it with tears.

No

In theſe verſes the authour ſeems to have had in view the following lines in Young's ſeventh Satire:

" Ambition, in the truly noble mind,
" With ſiſter virtue is for ever join'd:
" As in fam'd LUCRECE, who, with equal dread,
" From guilt and ſhame by her laſt conduct fled:
" Her virtue long rebell'd in firm diſdain,
" And the ſword pointed at her heart in vain;
" But when the ſlave was threaten'd to be laid
" Dead by her ſide, *her love of fame* obey'd.

M. Antonius Caſanova, a writer of the ſixteenth century, has alſo defended the conduct of Lucretia in the following lines:

" Dicite, cum melius cadere ante Lucretia poſſet,
" Cur potius voluit poſt ſcelus illa mori?
" Crimine ſe abſolvit manus, habitura coactæ
" Ultorem, et patriæ depoſitura jugum.
" Quam bene contempto ſacrat ſua pectora ferro,
" Dum pariter famæ conſulit et patriæ"

Thus tranſlated by Thomas Heywood, the dramatick poet:

" Why Lucrece better might herſelfe have ſlain,
" Before the act, than after her black ſtain,
" Can any tell? No crime ſhe did commit,
" For of all guilt her hand did her acquit.
" Her raviſher ſhe ſlew by that brave ſtroke,
" And from her countries neck tooke off the yoke;
" From thine own hand thy death moſt willing came,
" To ſave thy country, and preſerve thy fame."

MALONE.

Peradventure a certain lady of Baſil, whoſe name thoſe who have leiſure or inclination to diſport themſelves in ſuch reſearches, may hereafter diſcover, hath a better title to admiration than the loquacious wife of Tarquinius Collatinus. I have heretofore met with a pretty epigram, of good antiquity, in praiſe of the aforeſaid lady, which, me ſeemeth, may afford no improper ſupplement to the remarks that the conduct of the celebrated Roman matron hath produced:

Paſſa torum, non paſſa virum, Lucretia noſtri
Ævi, poſtgenitis nobilis hiſtoria;
Quæ virgo et matrona ſimul tria luſtra peregi,
Nupta innupta ſimul ſemiviri atque viri.
Conjugium tacui; cujus languentia membra
Non Venus aſpexit, non ruber ille deus.
Sed tacui, atque tuli: non hanc vicina querelam
Audiit, aut frater, aut pater, aut genitrix.

Heu

No, no, quoth ſhe, no dame, hereafter living,
By my excuſe ſhall claim excuſe's giving [1].

Here with a ſigh, as if her heart would break,
She throws forth Tarquin's name: *He, he,* ſhe ſays,
But more than *he* her poor tongue could not ſpeak;
Till after many accents and delays,
Untimely breathings, ſick and ſhort aſſays,
She utters this: He, he, fair lords, 'tis he,
That guides this hand to give this wound to me.

Even here ſhe ſheathed in her harmleſs breaſt
A harmful knife, that thence her ſoul unſheath'd:
That blow did bail it from the deep unreſt
Of that polluted priſon where it breath'd:
Her contrite ſighs unto the clouds bequeath'd
Her winged ſprite, and through her wounds doth fly
Life's laſting date from cancel'd deſtiny.

Stone-

Heu male pro meritis tribuuntur præmia tantis;
Alceſtem exoriens ſol ſcit et occiduus,
Solum me Baſilea; ſed eſt, me judice, majus
Semper ab igne uri, quam ſemel igne mori."

And this remindeth me of another unfortunate lady, whoſe ill hap gave birth to ſome pretty conceited verſes:

Impubes nupſi valido, nunc firmior annis
Exſucco et molli ſum ſatiata viro.
Ille fatigavit teneram, hic ætate virentem
Intactam tota nocte jacere ſinit.
Dum licuit, nolui; nunc, dum volo, non licet uti.
O Hymenſ, aut annos aut mihi redde virum."

AMNER.

[1] *—no dame, hereafter living,*
By my excuſe ſhall claim excuſe's giving.] "Ego me, etſi peccato abſolvo, ſupplicio non libero; *nec ulla deinde impudica exemplo Lucretiæ vivet.*" *Liv.* lib. i. cap. 58.—No tranſlation of the firſt book of Livy having appeared before the publication of this poem, this coincidence ſeemed to me extraordinary; but ſince the former edition I have obſerved that Painter's novel furniſhed our authour with this ſentiment. "As for my part, though I cleare my ſelfe of the offence, my body ſhall feel the puniſhment, for no unchaſte or ill woman ſhall hereafter impute no diſhoneſt act to Lucrece." *Palace of Pleaſure*, 1567, Vol. I. f. 7

MALONE.

Stone-ſtill, aſtoniſh'd with this deadly deed,
Stood Collatine and all his lordly crew;
Till Lucrece' father that beholds her bleed,
Himſelf on her ſelf-ſlaughter'd body threw;
And from the purple fountain Brutus drew
The murderous knife, and as it left the place,
Her blood, in poor revenge, held it in chaſe;

And bubbling from her breaſt, it doth divide
In two ſlow rivers, that the crimſon blood
Circles her body in on every ſide,
Who like a late-ſack'd iſland vaſtly ſtood [2],
Bare and unpeopled, in this fearful flood.
Some of her blood ſtill pure and red remain'd,
And ſome look'd black, and that falſe Tarquin ſtain'd.

About the mourning and congealed face
Of that black blood, a watery rigol goes [3],
Which ſeems to weep upon the tainted place:
And ever ſince, as pitying Lucrece' woes,
Corrupted blood ſome watery token ſhows;
And blood untainted ſtill doth red abide,
Bluſhing at that which is ſo putrify'd.

Daughter, dear daughter, old Lucretius cries,
That life was mine, which thou haſt here depriv'd.
If in the child the father's image lies,
Where ſhall I live, now Lucrece is unliv'd [4]?
Thou waſt not to this end from me deriv'd.

[2] —vaſtly *ſtood*,] i. e. like a *waſte*. *Vaſtum* is the law-term for *waſte* ground. Thus, in *The Winter's Tale*: "—ſhook hands as over a *vaſt*." Again, in *Pericles*:

"Thou God of this great *vaſt*, rebuke the ſurges."

STEEVENS.

[3] —*a watery* rigol *goes*,] A *rigol* is a circle. MALONE. So, in *King Henry IV.* P. II:

"———a ſleep
"That from this golden *rigol* hath divorc'd
"So many Engliſh kings." STEEVENS.

[4] *If in the child the father's* image lies,
Where ſhall I live, *now Lucrece is* unliv'd?] So, in *King Richard III*:

"And *liv'd* by looking on his *images*." MALONE.

—unliv'd?

If children pre-deceaſe progenitors [5],
We are their offſpring, and they none of ours.

Poor broken glaſs, I often did behold
In thy ſweet ſemblance my old age new-born;
But now that fair freſh mirror, dim and old [6],

Shows

—unliv'd ?] The quaintneſs of this word has only been equalled by another of the ſame kind in *Crononhotonthologos*:

" Himſelf he unfatigues with pleaſing ſlumbers."

STEEVENS.

I do not perceive any peculiar uncouthneſs in this expreſſion. What is *unliv'd* but *liveleſs* (for ſo the word *lifeleſs* was frequently written in our authour's time)? Thus, in *The Comedy of Errors*:

" But to procraſtinate his *liveleſs* end.

The privative *un* may be joined to almoſt any Engliſh participle. When indeed it is annexed to a word that is itſelf of a privative nature, (as *fatigue*,) the word ſo formed may juſtly be objected to. But *unliv'd* does not appear to me more exceptionable than *unhouſed*, *unpaved*, and twenty more.

In *Macbeth* we meet with *unrough*:

" —many *unrough* youths, that even now
" Proteſt their firſt of manhood."

And in *King Richard II.* we have *undeaf*:

" My death's ſad tale may yet *undeaf* his ear."

MALONE.

[5] *If children pre-deceaſe progenitors*,] So, in *Romeo and Juliet*:

" ——oh, thou untaught!
" To preſs before thy father to a grave!" STEEV.

[6] *But now that fair freſh mirror, dim and* old,] Thus the quarto. The modern editions have—dim and *cold*, which I once thought might have been the true reading. This indeed is not a very proper epithet, becauſe all mirrors are cold. But the poet, I conceived, might have thought that its being deſcriptive of Lucretia's ſtate was ſufficient. On a more mature conſideration, however, I am of opinion that the old copy is right. As *dim* is oppoſed to *fair*, ſo *old* is to *freſh*.

MALONE.

Old, I believe, is the true reading. Though *glaſs* may not prove ſubject to decay, the quickſilver behind it will periſh, through *age*, and it then exhibits a faithleſs reflection. A *ſteel-glaſs*, however, would certainly grow *dim* in proportion as it grows *old*. STEEVENS.

Shows me a bare-bon'd death by time out-worn [7];
O, from thy cheeks my image thou haſt torn [8]!
And ſhiver'd all the beauty of my glaſs,
That I no more can ſee what once I was.

O time, ceaſe thou thy courſe, and laſt no longer [9],
If they ſurceaſe to be, that ſhould ſurvive.
Shall rotten death make conqueſt of the ſtronger,
And leave the faltering feeble ſouls alive?
The old bees die, the young poſſeſs their hive:
Then live, ſweet Lucrece, live again, and ſee
Thy father die, and not thy father thee!

[7] *Poor* broken glaſs, *I often did behold*
In thy ſweet ſemblance *my old age new-born:*
But now that fair freſh mirror, *dim and old,*
Shows me a bare-bon'd death *by time out-worn*;] So, in *King Richard III:*

" I have bewept a worthy huſband's death,
" And liv'd by looking on his images;
" But now two *mirrors* of his princely *ſemblance*
" Are *crack'd in pieces* by malignant *death*;
" And I for comfort have but one falſe *glaſs*,
" That grieves me when I ſee my ſhame in him."

Again, in our author's third *Sonnet*:

" Thou art thy mother's *glaſs*," &c. MALONE.

Compare this ſtanza with the ſpeech of *King Richard II.* when he commands a mirror to be brought, and afterwards daſhes it on the ground. STEEVENS.

Shows me a bare-bon'd death—] So, in *King John:*

" —and on his forehead ſits
" A *bare-ribb'd death*—." STEEVENS.

[8] *O, from* thy *cheeks my image thou haſt torn*!] Thus the quarto. The edition of 1600, and all ſubſequent to it, have:

O, from *my* cheeks my image thou haſt torn!

But the father's image was in his daughter's countenance, which ſhe had now diſfigured. The old copy is therefore certainly right. MALONE.

[9] *O time, ceaſe thou thy courſe, and* laſt *no longer*,] Thus the quarto. The octavo, 1616, reads:

—*haſte* no longer—

which has been followed by all the modern editions. MALONE.

By this ſtarts Collatine as from a dream,
And bids Lucretius give his ſorrow place [1];
And then in key-cold Lucrece' bleeding ſtream [2]
He falls, and bathes the pale fear in his face *,
And counterfeits to die with her a ſpace;
Till manly ſhame bids him poſſeſs his breath,
And live, to be revenged on her death.

The deep vexation of his inward ſoul
Hath ſerv'd a dumb arreſt upon his tongue;
Who mad that ſorrow ſhould his uſe control,
Or keep him from heart-eaſing words ſo long,
Begins to talk; but through his lips do throng
Weak words, ſo thick come, in his poor heart's aid,
That no man could diſtinguiſh what he ſaid.

Yet ſometime Tarquin was pronounced plain,
But through his teeth, as if the name he tore.
This windy tempeſt, till it blow up rain,
Held back his ſorrow's tide, to make it more;
At laſt it rains, and buſy winds give o'er [3];

Then

[1] *And bids Lucretius* give his ſorrow place;] So, Queen Margaret, in *King Richard III*:

" *And let my griefs frown on the upper hand.*"

STEEVENS.

[2] *And then in* key-cold *Lucrece' bleeding ſtream*] This epithet is frequently uſed by our authour and his contemporaries. So, in *King Richard III*:

" Poor *key-cold* figure of a holy king." MALONE.

* —*the* pale fear *in his face*,] So, in *King Richard II*:

" And with *pale* beggar-*fear* impeach my height."

MALONE.

[3] *At laſt it* rains, *and buſy* winds give o'er:] So, in *Macbeth*:

" That *tears* ſhall *drown the wind*." STEEVENS.

Again, in *Troilus and Creſſida*:

" Where are my tears?—rain, rain, to lay this wind."

Again, in *King Henry VI.* P. III:

" Would'ſt have me *weep?* why now thou haſt thy will:
" For raging *wind* blows up inceſſant *ſhowers*,
" And where the rage allays, the *rain* begins."

Again, in *King John*:

" But this effuſion of ſuch manly drops,
" This *ſhower*, *blown up by tempeſt of the ſoul*,—.

MALONE.

Then ſon and father weep with equal ſtrife,
Who ſhould weep moſt for daughter or for wife.

The one doth call her his, the other his,
Yet neither may poſſeſs the claim they lay.
The father ſays, ſhe's mine: O, mine ſhe is,
Replies her huſband: Do not take away
My ſorrow's intereſt; let no mourner ſay
He weeps for her, for ſhe was only mine,
And only muſt be wail'd by Collatine.

O, quoth Lucretius, I did give that life,
Which ſhe too early and too late hath ſpill'd [4].
Woe, woe, quoth Collatine, ſhe was my wife,
I ow'd her, and 'tis mine that ſhe hath kill'd.
My daughter and *my wife* with clamours fill'd
The diſpers'd air, who holding Lucrece' life,
Anſwer'd their cries, *my daughter and my wife.*

Brutus, who pluck'd the knife from Lucrece' ſide,
Seeing ſuch emulation in their woe,
Began to clothe his wit in ſtate and pride,
Burying in Lucrece' wound his folly's ſhow.
He with the Romans was eſteemed ſo
As ſilly-jeering ideots are with kings,
For ſportive words, and uttering fooliſh things:

But now he throws that ſhallow habit by,
Wherein deep policy did him diſguiſe;
And arm'd his long-hid wits adviſedly,
To check the tears in Collatinus' eyes.
Thou wronged lord of Rome, quoth he, ariſe;
Let my unſounded ſelf, ſuppos'd a fool,
Now ſet thy long-experienc'd wit to ſchool.

[4] *O, quoth Lucretius, I did* give that life,
Which ſhe too early *and* too late *hath ſpill'd.*] The ſame conceit occurs in the third part of *King Henry VI*:

" O boy, thy father *gave thee life too ſoon,*
" And hath bereft thee of thy life *too late!*" STEEV.

Which ſhe too early and too late *hath ſpill'd.*] *Too late* here means *too recently*. So, in *King Richard III*:

" *Too late* he died, that might have kept that title,
" Which by his death hath loſt much majeſty."

MALONE.

Why, Collatine, is woe the cure for woe? *
Do wounds help wounds, or grief help grievous deeds:
Is it revenge to give thyſelf a blow,
For his foul act by whom thy fair wife bleeds?
Such childiſh humour from weak minds proceeds;
Thy wretched wife miſtook the matter ſo,
To ſlay herſelf, that ſhould have ſlain her foe.

Courageous Roman, do not ſteep thy heart
In ſuch relenting dew of lamentations;
But kneel with me, and help to bear thy part,
To rouſe our Roman gods with invocations,
That they will ſuffer theſe abominations [5],
Since Rome herſelf in them doth ſtand diſgrac'd,
By our ſtrong arms from forth her fair ſtreets chas'd.

Now by the Capitol that we adore,
And by this chaſte blood ſo unjuſtly ſtain'd,
By heaven's fair ſun, that breeds the fat earth's ſtore,
By all our country rights in Rome maintain'd,
And by chaſte Lucrece' ſoul, that late complain'd
Her wrongs to us [6], and by this bloody knife,
We will revenge the death of this true wife.

This ſaid, he ſtruck his hand upon his breaſt,
And kiſs'd the fatal knife, to end his vow;
And to his proteſtation urg'd the reſt,

Who

* *Why, Collatine, is woe the cure of woe?*] So, in *Romeo and Juliet*:

"Peace, ho, for ſhame! *confuſion's cure lives not*
"*In theſe confuſions.*" MALONE.

[5] *That they will ſuffer theſe abominations*, &c.] The conſtruction is—that they will ſuffer theſe abominations *to be* chaſed, &c. MALONE

[6] *And by chaſte Lucrece' ſoul, that late* complain'd
Her wrongs to us—] To *complain* was anciently uſed in an active ſenſe, without an article ſubjoined to it. So, in Fairfax's tranſlation of Taſſo's *Jeruſalem Delivered*:

"Pale death our valiant leader hath oppreſs'd;
"Come, wreak his loſs, *whom* bootleſs ye *complain*."
MALONE.

Who wondering at him, did his words allow [7]:
Then jointly to the ground their knees they bow;
And that deep vow which Brutus made before,
He doth again repeat, and that they ſwore.

When they had ſworn to this adviſed doom,
They did conclude to bear dead Lucrece thence;
To ſhow her bleeding body thorough Rome,
And ſo to publiſh Tarquin's foul offence:
Which being done with ſpeedy diligence,
The Romans plauſibly [8] did give conſent
To Tarquin's everlaſting baniſhment [9].

[7] *Who wondering at him, did his words* allow:] Did *approve* of what he ſaid. So, in *King Lear:*

" —if your ſweet ſway
" *Allow* obedience—." MALONE.

[8] *The Romans* plauſibly—] That is, *with acclamations*, To expreſs the ſame meaning, we ſhould now ſay, *plauſively*: but the other was the phraſeology of Shakſpeare's age. So, in Stowe's Chronicle, p. 1426, edit. 1605: "This change was very *plauſible* or well pleaſing to the nobility and gentry."

Bulloker in his *Engliſh Expoſitor*, 8vo, 1616, interprets *plauſible* thus, "That which greatly pleaſeth, or *rejoiceth*." MALONE.

Plauſibly may mean, *with expreſſions of applauſe*. *Plauſibilis*, Lat. Thus, in the *Argument* prefixed to this poem: " —wherewith the people were ſo moved, that with one conſent, and a general *acclamation*, the Tarquins were all exiled." STEEVENS.

[9] *To Tarquin's everlaſting baniſhment.*] In examining this and the preceding poem, we ſhould do Shakſpeare injuſtice, were we to try them by a compariſon with more modern and poliſhed productions, or with our preſent idea of poetical excellence.

It has been obſerved, that few authours riſe much above the age in which they live. If their performances reach the ſtandard of perfection eſtabliſhed in their own time, or ſurpaſs ſomewhat the productions of their contemporaries, they ſeldom aim further; for if their readers are ſatisfied, it is not probable that they ſhould be diſcontented. The poems of *Venus and*

and Adonis, and *The Rape of Lucrece*, whatever opinion may be now entertained of them, were certainly much admired in Shakſpeare's life-time. In thirteen years after their firſt appearance, ſix impreſſions of each of them were printed, while in nearly the ſame period his *Romeo and Juliet* (one of his popular plays) paſſed only twice through the preſs. They appear to me ſuperior to any pieces of the ſame kind produced by Daniel or Drayton, the moſt celebrated writers in this ſpecies of narrative poetry that were then known. The applauſe beſtowed on the *Roſamond* of the former authour, which was publiſhed in 1592, gave birth, I imagine, to the preſent poem. The ſtanza is the ſame in both.

No compoſitions were in that age oftener quoted, or more honourably mentioned, than theſe two of Shakſpeare. In the preliminary and concluding notes on *Venus and Adonis*, various proofs of the truth of this aſſertion may be found. Among others, Drayton, in the firſt edition of his *Matilda*, has pronounced the following elogium on the preceding poem:

" Lucrece, of whom proud Rome hath boaſted long,
" Lately reviv'd to live another age,
" And here arriv'd, to tell of Tarquin's wrong,
" Her chaſte denial, and the tyrant's rage,
" Acting her paſſions on our ſtately ſtage,
" She is remember'd, all forgetting me,
" Yet I as fair and chaſte as ere was ſhe."

Matilda, the fair and chaſte daughter of Lord Robert Fitzwater. By Michael Drayton, 4to, 1594.—If the reader ſhould look for theſe lines in any edition of *Matilda* after the ſecond in 1596, in octavo, he will be diſappointed. It is obſervable that Daniel and Drayton made many alterations in their poems at every re-impreſſion.

From Drayton's having omitted this elogium on Shakſpeare in the ſubſequent editions, there is reaſon to believe, that however friendly they might have been in 1596, at a ſubſequent period ſome coolneſs ſubſiſted between them. In Drayton's works he has, I think, mentioned Shakſpeare but once, and then rather niggard in his praiſe.

In

In *The Times displayed in Six Seſtiads*, 4to, 1646, dedicated by S. Shepard to Philip Earl of Pembroke, p. 22, Seſtiad VI. Stanza 9, the authour thus ſpeaks of our poet:

" See him, whoſe tragick ſcenes Euripides
" Doth equal, and with Sophocles we may
" Compare great Shakſpeare; Ariſtophanes
" Never like him his fancy could diſplay:
" Witneſs the Prince of Tyre, his Pericles;
" His ſweet and his to-be-admired lay
" He wrote of luſtful Tarquin's rape, ſhews he
" Did underſtand the depth of poeſie."

If it ſhould be aſked, how comes it to paſs that Shakſpeare in his dramatick productions alſo, did not content himſelf with only doing as well as thoſe playwrights who had gone before him, or ſomewhat ſurpaſſing them; how it happened, that whilſt his contemporaries on the ſtage crept in the moſt groveling and contemptible proſe, or ſtalked in ridiculous and bombaſtick blank verſe, he has penetrated the inmoſt receſſes of the human mind, and, not contented with ranging through the wide field of nature, has with equal boldneſs and felicity often expatiated *extra flammantia mœnia mundi*, the anſwer, I believe, muſt be, that his diſpoſition was more inclined to the drama than to the other kinds of poetry; that his genius for the one appears to have been almoſt a gift from heaven, his abilities for the other, of a leſs ſplendid and tranſcendent kind, and approaching nearer to thoſe of other mortals.

Of theſe two poems *Venus and Adonis* appears to me entitled to ſuperior praiſe. Their great defect is, the wearifome circumlocution with which the tale in each of them is told, particularly in that before us. When the reader thinks himſelf almoſt at his journey's end, he is led through many an intricate path, and after travelling for ſome hours, finds his inn at a diſtance: nor are his wanderings always repaid, or his labour alleviated, by the fertility of the country through which he paſſes; by groteſqueneſs of ſcenery or variety of proſpect.

Let us, however, never forget the ſtate of poetry when theſe pieces appeared; and after peruſing the productions

productions of the contemporary and preceding writers, Shakſpeare will have little to fear from the unprejudiced deciſion of his judges. In the foregoing notes we have ſeen almoſt every ſtanza of theſe poems fraught with images and expreſſions that occur alſo in his plays. To the liquid lapſe of his numbers, in his *Venus and Adonis*, his *Lucrece*, his *Sonnets*, his *Lovers omplaint*, and in all the *ſongs* which are introduced in his dramas, I wiſh particularly to call the attention of the reader. In this reſpect he leaves all his contemporaries many paces behind him.—Even the length of his two principal poems will be pardoned, when the practice of his age is adverted to. Like ſome advocates at the Bar, our elder poets ſeem to have thought it impoſſible to ſay too much on any ſubject. On the ſtory of *Roſamond* Daniel has written above nine hundred lines. Drayton's *Legend of Rollo duke of Normandy* contains nine hundred and forty five lines; his *Matilda* ſix hundred and ſeventy two; and his *Legend of Pierce Gaveſton* ſeven hundred and two. On the ſtory of *Romeo and Juliet*, Arthur Brooke has left a poem of above *four thouſand* lines; and that of *Troilus and Creſſida* Chaucer has expanded into no leſs than *eight thouſand* verſes. MALONE.

OTHELLO.

OTHELLO.

Perſons Repreſented.

Duke of Venice.
Brabantio, *a Senator.*
Two other Senators.
Gratiano, *brother to* Brabantio.
Lodovico, *kinſman to* Brabantio.
Othello, *the Moor.*
Caſſio, *his Lieutenant.*
Iago, his *Ancient.*
Roderigo, *a* Venetian *Gentleman.*
Montano, Othello's *predeceſſor in the government of* Cyprus.
Clown, ſervant to Othello.
Herald.

Deſdemona, *daughter to* Brabantio, *and wife to* Othello.
Emilia, *wife to* Iago.
Bianca, *a courtezan, miſtreſs to* Caſſio.

Officers, Gentlemen, Meſſengers, Muſicians, Soldiers, Attendants, &c.

SCENE, for the firſt Act, in Venice; *during the reſt of the play, at a ſea-port in* Cyprus.

OTHELLO[1].

ACT I. SCENE I.

Venice. *A Street.*

Enter RODERIGO, *and* IAGO.

Rod. Tuſh, never tell me[2], I take it much unkindly,
That thou, Iago,—who haſt had my purſe,
As if the ſtrings were thine,—ſhould'ſt know of this.
Iago. 'Sblood, but you will not hear me: if ever
I did dream of ſuch a matter, abhor me.
Rod. Thou told'ſt me, thou did'ſt hold him in thy hate.
Iago. Deſpiſe me, if I do not. Three great ones of the city,
In perſonal ſuit to make me his lieutenant,
Oft capp'd to him[3];—and, by the faith of man,
I know my price, I am worth no worſe a place:

But

[1] The ſtory is taken from *Cynthio's Novels*. POPE.
I have not hitherto met with any tranſlation of this novel (the ſeventh in the third decad) of ſo early a date as the age of Shakſpeare; but undoubtedly many of thoſe little pamphlets have periſhed between his time and ours.
This play was firſt entered at Stationers' Hall, Oct. 6, 1621, by Thomas Walkely. STEEVENS.
I have ſeen a French tranſlation of *Cynthio*, by Gabriel Chappuys, Par. 1584. This is not a faithful one; and I ſuſpect, through this medium the work came into Engliſh. FARMER.
This tragedy I have aſcribed (but on no very ſure ground) to the year 1611. MALONE.

[2] Tuſh, *never tell me*,] Thus the quarto, 1622. In the folio the word *tuſh* is omitted. MALONE.

[3] Oft *capp'd to him*:—] Thus the quarto. The folio reads, *Off*-capp'd to him. STEEVENS.

In

But he, as loving his own pride and purpoſes,
Evades them, with a bombaſt circumſtance,
Horribly ſtuff'd with epithets of war;
And, in concluſion, nonſuits my mediators;
For, certes [4], ſays he, *I have already*
Choſen my officer. And what was he?
Forſooth, a great arithmetician [5],
One Michael Caſſio, a Florentine,
A fellow almoſt damn'd in a fair wife [6];

That

In ſupport of the folio, *Antony and Cleopatra* may be quoted:

"I have ever held my *cap off* to thy fortunes."

This reading I once thought likely to be the true one. But a more intimate knowledge of the quarto copies has convinced me that they ought not without very ſtrong reaſon to be departed from. MALONE.

[4] —*certes*,] i. e. certainly, in truth. Obſolete. So Spenſer, in the *Faery Queen*, b. 4. c. 9:

"*Certes* her loſſe ought me to ſorrow moſt." STEEV.

[5] *Forſooth, a great* arithmetician,] So, in *Romeo and Juliet*. Mercutio ſays: "one that fights by the book of *arithmetick*." STEEVENS.

Iago, however, means to repreſent Caſſio, not as a perſon whoſe arithmetick was "*one, two*, and the *third* in your boſom," but as a man merely converſant with *civil* matters, and who knew no more of a ſquadron than the *number* of men it contained. So afterwards he calls him this *counter-caſter*. MALONE.

[6] *A fellow almoſt damn'd in a fair wife*;] Sir Thomas Hanmer ſuppoſed that the text muſt be corrupt, becauſe it appears from a following part of the play that Caſſio was an unmarried man. Mr. Steevens has clearly explained the words in the ſubſequent note: I have therefore no doubt that the text is right; and have not thought it neceſſary to inſert Mr. Tyrwhitt's note, in which he propoſed to read—"a fellow almoſt damn'd in a fair *life*." Shakſpeare, he conceived, might allude to the judgment denounced in the goſpel againſt thoſe *of whom all men ſpeak well*. MALONE.

Mr. Tyrwhitt's conjecture is ingenious, but cannot be right; for the malicious Iago would never have given Caſſio the higheſt commendation that words can convey, at the very time that he wiſhes to depreciate him to Roderigo: though afterwards, in ſpeaking to himſelf, [Act V. ſc. i.] he gives him his juſt character. MASON.

That Caſſio was *married*, is not ſufficiently implied in the words, *a fellow almoſt damn'd in a fair wife*, ſince they may mean,

That never ſet a ſquadron in the field,
Nor the diviſion of a battle knows

More

mean, according to Iago's licentious manner of expreſſing himſelf, no more than a man *very near being married*. This ſeems to have been the caſe in reſpect of Caſſio.—Act IV. ſc. i, Iago, ſpeaking to him of Bianca, ſays,—*Why, the cry goes, that you ſhall marry her.* Caſſio acknowledges that ſuch a report has been raiſed, and adds, *That is the monkey's own giving out: ſhe is perſuaded I will marry her, out of her own love and ſelf-flattery, not out of my promiſe.* Iago then, having heard this report before, very naturally circulates it in his preſent converſation with Roderigo. If Shakſpeare, however, deſigned *Bianca* for a courtizan of *Cyprus*, (where Caſſio had not yet been, and had therefore never ſeen her,) Iago cannot be ſuppoſed to allude to the report concerning his marriage with her, and conſequently this part of my argument muſt fall to the ground.

Had Shakſpeare, conſiſtently with Iago's character, meant to make him ſay that Caſſio was *actually damn'd in being married to a handſome woman*, he would have made him ſay it *outright*, and not have interpoſed the palliative *almoſt*. Whereas what he ſays at preſent amounts to no more than that (however near his marriage) he is not yet *completely damn'd*, becauſe he is not *abſolutely married*. The ſucceeding parts of Iago's converſation ſufficiently evince, that the poet thought no mode of conception or expreſſion too brutal for the character. STEEVENS.

There is no ground whatſoever for ſuppoſing that Shakſpeare deſigned Bianca for a courtezan of Cyprus. Caſſio, who was a Florentine, and Othello's lieutenant, ſailed from thence in a ſhip belonging to Verona, at the ſame time with the Moor; and what difficulty is there in ſuppoſing that Bianca, who, Caſſio himſelf informs us, "haunted him every where," took her paſſage in the ſame veſſel with him; or followed him afterwards? Othello, we may ſuppoſe, with ſome of the Venetian troops, ſailed in another veſſel; and Deſdemona and Iago embarked in a third.

Iago, after he has been at Cyprus but one day, ſpeaks of Bianca, (Act IV. ſc. i.) as one whom he had long known: he muſt therefore (if the poet be there correct) have known her at *Venice*:

"Now will I queſtion Caſſio of *Bianca*,
"*A houſewife, that, by ſelling her deſires,*
"*Buys herſelf bread and cloaths: it is a creature,*
"*That dotes on Caſſio*;—as 'tis the ſtrumpet's plague,
"To beguile many, and be beguil'd by one."

MALONE.

Ingenious

More than a ſpinſter; unleſs the bookiſh theorick [7],
Wherein the toged conſuls can propoſe [8]
As maſterly as he: mere prattle, without practice,
Is

Ingenious as Mr. Tyrrwhitt's conjecture may appear, it but ill accords with the context. Iago is enumerating the diſqualifications of Caſſio for his new appointment; but ſurely his *being well ſpoken of by all men* could not be one of them. It is evident from what follows that a report had prevailed at Venice of Caſſio's being ſoon to be married "to the moſt *fair* Bianca." Now as ſhe was in Shakſpeare's language "a cuſtomer," it was with a view to ſuch a connexion that Iago called the new lieutenant *a fellow almoſt damn'd*. It may be gathered from various circumſtances that an intercourſe between Caſſio and Bianca had exiſted before they left Venice; for Bianca is not only well known to Iago at Cyprus, but ſhe upbraids Caſſio, (Act III. ſc. iv.) with having been abſent a week from her, when he had not been *two days* on the iſland. Hence, and from what Caſſio himſelf relates, (Act IV. ſc. i.) *I was the other day talking on the* SEA-BANK WITH CERTAIN VENETIANS, *and* THITHER *comes the bauble; by this hand ſhe falls thus about my neck*;"—it may be preſumed ſhe had ſecretly followed him to Cyprus: a concluſion not only neceſſary to explain the paſſage in queſtion, but to preſerve the conſiſtency of the fable at large.—The *ſea-bank* on which Caſſio was converſing with certain Venetians, was at Venice; for he had never till the day before been at Cyprus: he ſpecifies thoſe with whom he converſed as *Venetians*, becauſe he himſelf was a *Florentine*; and he mentions the behaviour of Bianca in their preſence, as tending to corroborate the report ſhe had ſpread that he was ſoon to marry her.

HENLEY.

I think, as I have already mentioned, that Bianca was a Venetian courtezan: but the *ſea-bank* of which Caſſio ſpeaks, may have been the ſhore of Cyprus. In ſeveral other inſtances beſides this, our poet appears not to have recollected that the perſons of his play had only been one day at Cyprus. I am aware, however, that this circumſtance may be urged with equal force againſt the concluding part of my own preceding note; and the term ſea-*bank* cer ainly adds ſupport to what Mr. Henley has ſuggeſted, being the very term uſed by Lewkenor, in his account of the *Lito maggior* of *Venice*. See p. 216, n 2. MALONE.

[7] —*the bookiſh* theorick,] *Theorick* for *theory*. STEEVENS. This was the common language of Shakſpeare's time.

MALONE.

[8] —*the toged* conſuls—] The *rulers of the ſtate*, or civil governours. The word is uſed by Marlowe, in the ſame ſenſe, in *Tamburlaine*, a tragedy, 1590:

"Both we will raigne as *conſuls* of the earth.

MALONE.

By

Is all his ſoldierſhip. But, he, ſir, had the election:
And I,—of whom his eyes had ſeen the proof,
At Rhodes, at Cyprus; and on other grounds
Chriſtian and heathen,—muſt be be-lee'd and calm'd [9]
By debitor * and creditor, this counter-caſter [1];

He

By *toged* perhaps is meant *peaceable*, in oppoſition to the *warlike* qualifications of which he had been ſpeaking. He might have formed the word in alluſion to the Latin adage, —*Cedant arma togæ*. STEEVENS.

[9] —*muſt be be-lee'd and calm'd*—] *Be-lee'd* and *be-calm'd* are terms of navigation.

I have been informed that one veſſel is ſaid to be in the *lee* of another, when it is ſo placed that the wind is intercepted from it. Iago's meaning therefore is, that Caſſio had got to the wind of him, and *becalmed* him from going on.

To *be-calm* (as I learn from Falconer's *Marine Dictionary*) is likewiſe to obſtruct the current of the wind in its paſſage to a ſhip, by any contiguous object. STEEVENS.

The quarto, 1622, reads—

——muſt be *led* and calm'd—.

I ſuſpect therefore that Shakſpeare wrote—muſt be *lee'd* and calm'd. The *lee*-ſide of a ſhip is that on which the wind blows. To *lee*, or to be *lee'd* may mean, to fall to leeward, or to loſe the advantage of the wind.

The reading of the text is that of the folio. I doubt whether there be any ſuch ſea-phraſe as to *be-lee*; and ſuſpect the word *be* was inadvertently repeated by the compoſitor of the folio.

Mr. Steevens has explain'd the word *becalm'd*, but where is it found in the text? MALONE.

* *By* debitor—] All the modern editors read—By *debtor*; but *debitor* (the reading of the old copies) was the word uſed in Shakſpeare's time. So, in Sir John Davies's *Epigrams*, 1598:

"There ſtands the conſtable, there ſtands the whore,—
"There by the ſerjeant ſtands the *debitor*."

See alſo the paſſage quoted from *Cymbeline* in n. 1. MALONE.

[1] —*this* counter-caſter;] It was anciently the practice to reckon up ſums with *counters*. To this Shakſpeare alludes again in *Cymbeline*, Act V. "—it ſums up thouſands in a trice: you have no true debitor and creditor, but it; of what's paſt, is, and to come, the diſcharge. Your neck, ſir, is pen, book, and *counters*;" &c. Again, in *Acolaſtus*, a comedy, 1540: "I wyl caſt my *counters*, or with *counters* make all my reckenynges." STEEVENS.

So, in *The Winter's Tale*:—"fifteen hundred ſhorn,—What comes the wool to?—I cannot do't without *counters*." MALONE.

He, in good time, muſt his lieutenant be,
And I, (God bleſs the mark [2]!) his Moor-ſhip's [3] ancient.

Rod. By heaven, I rather would have been his hangman.

Iago. But there's no remedy, 'tis the curſe of ſervice;
Preferment goes by letter [4], and affection,
Not by the old gradation [5], where each ſecond
Stood heir to the firſt. Now, ſir, be judge yourſelf,
Whether I in any juſt term am affin'd [6]
To love the Moor.

Rod. I would not follow him then.

Iago. O, ſir, content you;
I follow him to ſerve my turn upon him:
We cannot all be maſters, nor all maſters
Cannot be truly follow'd. You ſhall mark
Many a duteous and knee-crooking knave,
That, doting on his own obſequious bondage,
Wears out his time, much like his maſter's aſs,
For nought but provender, and, when he's old, caſhier'd;
Whip me ſuch honeſt knaves [7]: Others there are,
Who, trimm'd in forms and viſages of duty,
Keep yet their hearts attending on themſelves;
And, throwing but ſhows of ſervice on their lords,
Do well thrive by them, and, when they have lin'd their coats,

Do

[2] —*bleſs the mark!*] Kelly, in his comments on Scots proverbs, obſerves, that the Scots, when they compare perſon to perſon, uſe this exclamation. STEEVENS.

[3] *his* Moorſhip's—] The firſt quarto reads—his *worſhip's*—. STEEVENS.

[4] —*by letter*,—] By *recommendation* from powerful friends. JOHNSON.

[5] *Not by the* old gradation,—] *Old gradation*, is *gradation* eſtabliſhed by *ancient* practice. JOHNSON.

[6] *Whether I in any juſt term am* affin'd—] *Affin'd* is the reading of the third quarto and the firſt folio. The ſecond quarto and all the modern editions have *aſſign'd*. The meaning is, *Do I ſtand* within *any ſuch* terms *of propinquity* or *relation to the Moor, as that it is my duty to love him?* JOHNSON.

The original quarto, 1622 has *aſſign'd*; but it was manifeſtly an error of the preſs. MALONE.

[7] —*honeſt knaves*:] *Knave* is here for *ſervant*, but with a mixture of ſly contempt. JOHNSON.

Do themſelves homage: theſe fellows have ſome ſoul;
And ſuch a one do I profeſs myſelf.
For, ſir,
It it as ſure as you are Roderigo,
Were I the Moor, I would not be Iago:
In following him, I follow but myſelf;
Heaven is my judge, not I for love and duty,
But ſeeming ſo, for my peculiar end:
For when my outward action doth demonſtrate
The native act and figure of my heart
In compliment extern [8], 'tis not long after
But I will wear my heart upon my ſleeve
For doves to peck at [9]: I am not what I am.

Rod. What a full fortune does the thick-lips owe [1],
If he can carry't thus!

Iago. Call up her father,
Rouſe him: make after him, poiſon his delight,
Proclaim

[8] *In compliment extern,*] In that which I do only for an outward ſhew of civility. JOHNSON.

So, in Sir W. D'Avenant's *Albovine*, 1629:

" ——that in ſight *extern*
" A patriarch ſeems." STEEVENS.

[9] *But I will wear my* heart upon my ſleeve
For doves *to* peck at:] Thus the quarto, 1622. The folio reads—For *daws*, &c. I have adhered to the original copy, becauſe I ſuſpect Shakſpeare had in his thoughts a paſſage in Lily's *Euphues and his England*, 1580: " As all coynes are not good that have the image of Cæſar, nor all gold, that is coyned with the kings ſtampe, ſo all is not truth that beareth the ſhew of godlineſſe, nor all friends that beare a faire face. If thou pretend ſuch love to Euphues, carry *thy heart on the backe of thy hand*, and thy tongue in thy palme, that I may ſee what is in thy minde, and then with thy finger claſpe thy mouth.—I can better take a bliſter of a nettle, than a pricke of a roſe; more willing that a raven ſhould pick out mine eyes, than a *turtle peck at* them." MALONE.

[1] *What a* full fortune *does the thick lips* owe,] *Full fortune* is, I believe, a complete piece of good fortune, as in another ſcene of this play a *full ſoldier* is put for a complete ſoldier. To *owe* is in ancient language, to *own*, to poſſeſs. STEEVENS.

So, in *Antony and Cleopatra*:

" —not the imperious ſhew
" Of the *full-fortun'd* Cæſar—."

Full is uſed by Chaucer in the ſame ſenſe in his *Troilus*, B. L.

" Sufficeth this, my *full* friend Pandare,
" That I have ſaid—." MALONE.

Proclaim him in the ſtreets; incenſe her kinſmen,
And, though he in a fertile climate dwell,
Plague him with flies: though that his joy be joy,
Yet throw ſuch changes of vexation on't,
As it may loſe ſome colour.

Rod. Here is her father's houſe; I'll call aloud.

Iago. Do; with like timorous accent, and dire yell,
As when, by night and negligence, the fire
Is ſpy'd in populous cities [2].

Rod. What ho! Brabantio! ſignior Brabantio, ho!

Iago. Awake! what, ho! Brabantio! thieves! thieves! thieves!
Look to your houſe, your daughter, and your bags!
Thieves! thieves!

BRABANTIO, *above, at a window.*

Bra. What is the reaſon of this terrible ſummons?
What is the matter there?

Rod. Signior, is all your family within?

Iago. Are your doors lock'd [3]?

Bra. Why? wherefore aſk you this?

Iago. 'Zounds, ſir, you are robb'd; for ſhame, put on your gown;
Your heart is burſt [4], you have loſt half your ſoul;
Even now, very now, an old black ram

Is

[2] *As when, by night and negligence, the fire*
Is ſpy'd in populous cities.] The meaning, as Mr. Edwards has obſerved, is, "not that the fire was ſpied by negligence, but the fire, which came by night and negligence, was ſpied. —And this double meaning to the ſame word is common to Shakſpeare with all other writers, eſpecially where the word is ſo familiar a one, as this in queſtion. Ovid ſeems even to have thought it a beauty inſtead of a defect." MALONE.

The particle is uſed equivocally; the ſame liberty is taken by writers more correct.

The wonderful creature! a woman of reaſon!
Never grave out of *pride*, *never gay* out of *ſeaſon*.
JOHNSON.

[3] *Are your doors lock'd?*] The firſt quarto reads, Are *all* doors lock'd? STEEVENS.

[4] —*is* burſt,] i. e. broken. *Burſt* for *broke* is uſed in our author's *King Henry IV:* P. II: "—and then he *burſt* his head for crowding among the marſhal's men." STEEVENS.

Is tupping your white ewe [5]. Ariſe, ariſe;
Awake the ſnorting citizens with the bell,
Or elſe the devil will make a grandſire of you:
Ariſe, I ſay.

Bra. What, have you loſt your wits?

Rod. Moſt reverend ſignior, do you know my voice?

Bra. Not I; What are you?

Rod. My name is—Roderigo.

Bra. The worſe welcome:
I have charg'd thee, not to haunt about my doors:
In honeſt plainneſs thou haſt heard me ſay,
My daughter is not for thee; and now, in madneſs,
Being full of ſupper, and diſtempering draughts [6],
Upon malicious bravery, doſt thou come
To ſtart my quiet.

Rod. Sir, ſir, ſir,—

Bra. But thou muſt needs be ſure,
My ſpirit, and my place, have in them power
To make this bitter to thee.

Rod. Patience, good ſir.

Bra. What tell'ſt thou me of robbing? this is Venice;
My houſe is not a grange [7].

Rod. Moſt grave Brabantio,
In ſimple and pure ſoul I come to you.

Iago.

[5] — tupping *your white ewe.*] In the north of England a ram is called a tup. MALONE.

[6] —diſtempering *draughts,*—] To be diſtempered with liquor, was, in Shakſpeare's age, the phraſe for intoxication. In *Hamlet*, the king is ſaid to be "marvellous *diſtempered* with wine." MALONE.

[7] —— *this is Venice:*
My houſe is not a grange.] That is, "you are in a populous city, not in a *lone houſe*, where a robbery might eaſily be committed." *Grange* is ſtrictly and properly the farm of a monaſtery, where the religious repoſited their corn. *Grangia*, Lat. from *Granum*. But in Lincolnſhire, and in other northern counties, they call every lone houſe, or farm which ſtands ſolitary, a *grange*. WARTON.

So, in Daniel's *Complaint of Roſamond*, 1599:

"— ſoon was I train'd from court
"To a *ſolitary grange*," &c.

Again, in *Meaſure for Meaſure*:

"At the moated *grange* reſides this dejected Mariana."

STEEVENS.

Iago. 'Zounds, ſir, you are one of thoſe, that will not ſerve God, if the devil bid you. Becauſe we come to do you ſervice, you think we are ruffians: You'll have your daughter cover'd with a Barbary horſe! you'll have your nephews neigh to you [8]: you'll have courſers for couſins, and gennets for germans [9].

Bra. What profane wretch art thou [1]?

Iago. I am one, ſir, that comes to tell you, your daughter and the Moor are now making the beaſt with two backs [2].

Bra.

[8] —*your* nephews *neigh to you:*] *Nephew*, in this inſtance, has the power of the Latin word *nepos*, and ſignifies a grandſon, or any lineal deſcendant, however remote. So, in Spenſer:

" And all the ſons of theſe five brethren reign'd
" By due ſucceſs, and all their *nephews* late,
" Even thrice eleven deſcents the crown obtain'd."

Again, in Chapman's verſion of the Odyſſey, B. 24, Laertes ſays of Telemachus, his *grandſon:*

" — to behold my ſon
" And *nephew* cloſe in ſuch contention."

Sir W. Dugdale very often employs the word in this ſenſe; and without it, it would not be very eaſy to ſhew how *Brabantio* could have *nephews* by the marriage of his *daughter*. Ben Jonſon likewiſe uſes it with the ſame meaning. The alliteration in this paſſage cauſed Shakſpeare to have recourſe to it. STEEVENS.

[9] —gennets *for germans.*] A *jennet* is a Spaniſh horſe. STEEVENS.

[1] *What* profane *wretch art thou?*] That is, *what wretch of groſs and licentious language?* In that ſenſe Shakſpeare often uſes the word profane. JOHNSON.

It is ſo uſed by other writers of the ſame age:

" How far off dwells the houſe-ſurgeon?
" — You are a *profane* fellow, i'faith."

Again, in Ben Jonſon's *Tale of a Tub:*

" By the ſly juſtice, and his clerk *profane*." STEEV.

[2] —*your daughter and the Moor are now making* the beaſt with two backs.] This is an ancient proverbial expreſſion in the French language, whence Shakſpeare probably borrowed it; for in the *Dictionnaire des Proverbes Françoſes*, par G. D. B. Bruſſelles, 1710, 12mo, I find the following article: "Faire la bête à deux dos," pour dire, faire l'amour. PERCY.

In the *Dictionnaire Comique*, par le Roux, 8vo. 1750, this phraſe is more particularly explained, under the article *Bete*. " *Faire la bete a deux dos.* Maniere de parler, qui ſignifie être couché

Bra. Thou art a villain.

Iago. You are—a ſenator.

Bra This thou ſhalt anſwer; I know thee, Roderigo.

Rod. Sir, I will anſwer any thing. But I beſeech you,
If't be your pleaſure [3], and moſt wiſe conſent,
(As partly, I find, it is,) that your fair daughter,
At this odd-even and dull watch o' the night [4],
Tranſported—with no worſe nor better guard,
But with a knave of common hire, a gondalier,—
To the groſs claſps of a laſcivious Moor,—
If this be known to you, and your allowance [5],
We then have done you bold and ſaucy wrongs;
But, if you know not this, my manners tell me,
We have your wrong rebuke. Do not believe,
That,

couché avec une femme; faire le deduit.—'Et faiſoient tous deux ſouvent enſemble *la bete à deux dos* joyeuſement.'—Rabelais. liv. I." There was a tranſlation of Rabelais publiſhed in the time of Shakſpeare. MALONE.

[3] *If't be your pleaſure*, &c.] This and the ſixteen following lines are not in the original quarto. They are found in the folio, 1623. MALONE.

[4] *At this* odd-even *and dull-watch o'the night*,] "The *even* of *night*," Dr. Johnſon obſerves, "is *midnight*, the time when night is divided into two *even* parts." This is certainly true; but our buſineſs is to explain the *odd-even* of night. By this ſingular expreſſion,—"this *odd-even* of night," our poet appears to have meant, that it was juſt approaching to, or juſt paſt, midnight; ſo near, or ſo recently paſt, that it was doubtful whether at that moment it ſtood at the point of midnight, or at ſome other leſs equal diviſion of the twenty four hours; which a few minutes either before or after midnight would be.

So, in *Macbeth:*

"——— What is the *night*?

"*Lady M.* Almoſt at *odds with morning, which is which.*"

Shakſpeare was probably thinking of his boyiſh ſchool-play, *odd or even.* MALONE.

[5] — *and your* allowance,] i. e. done with your *approbation.* MALONE.

[6] *That* from *the ſenſe of all civility*,] That is, *in oppoſition to*, or *departing from* the ſenſe of all civility. So, in *Twelfth Night:*

"But this is *from* my commiſſion."

Again, in *The Mayor of Queenborough*, by Middleton, 1661:

"But this is *from* my buſineſs." MALONE.

That, frome th ſenſe of all civility [6],
I thus would play and trifle with your reverence:
Your daughter,—if you have not given her leave,—
I ſay again, hath made a groſs revolt;
Tying her duty, beauty, wit, and fortunes
In an extravagant [7] and wheeling ſtranger [8],
Of here and every where: Straight ſatisfy yourſelf:
If ſhe be in her chamber, or your houſe,
Let looſe on me the juſtice of the ſtate
For thus deluding you [9].

Bra. Strike on the tinder, ho!
Give me a taper,—call up all my people:—
This accident is not unlike my dream,
Belief of it oppreſſes me already:—
Light, I ſay! light! [*Exit, from above.*

Iago. Farewel; for I muſt leave you:
It ſeems not meet, nor wholeſome to my place,
To be produc'd [1] (as, if I ſtay, I ſhall,)
Againſt the Moor: For, I do know, the ſtate,—
However this may gall him with ſome check [2],—
Cannot with ſafety caſt him [3]; for he's embark'd

With

[7] *In an* extravagant, &c.] *Extravagant* is here uſed in its Latin ſignification, for *wandering*. Thus in *Hamlet*: "—The *extravagant* and erring ſpirit,—." STEEVENS.

[8] *Tying her duty, beauty, wit, and fortunes,*
In *an extravagant and wheeling ſtranger*,] Thus the old copies, for which the modern editors, following Mr. Pope, have ſubſtituted—*To* an extravagant, &c. In *K. Lear* we find—"And hold our lives *in* mercy; (not *at* mercy;) in *The Winter's Tale*, "he was torn to pieces *with* a *bear*," not "*by* a bear;" and in *Hamlet*,

"To let this canker of our nature come
"*In* further evil."

So, in the next ſcene, we have "—*in* your part," not "*on* your part." We might ſubſtitute modern for ancient phraſeology in all theſe paſſages with as much propriety as in the preſent. We yet ſay, "ſhe is *wrapp'd up in* him." MALONE.

[9] *For* thus deluding you.] The firſt quarto reads, For *this deluſion*. STEEVENS.

[1] *To be* produc'd—] The folio reads, *producted*. STEEVENS.

[2] —*ſome* check,] Some rebuke. JOHNSON.

[3] — caſt *him*; —] That is, *diſmiſs* him; *reject* him. We ſtill ſay, a *caſt* coat, and a *caſt* ſerving-man. JOHNSON.

With ſuch loud reaſon to the Cyprus' wars,
(Which even now ſtand in act) that, for their ſouls,
Another of his fathom they have not,
To lead their buſineſs: in which regard,
Though I do hate him as I do hell pains,
Yet, for neceſſity of preſent life,
I muſt ſhew out a flag and ſign of love,
Which is indeed but ſign. That you ſhall ſurely find him,
Lead to the Sagittar [4] the raiſed ſearch;
And there will I be with him. So, farewel. [*Exit.*

Enter, below, BRABANTIO, *and Servants with torches.*

Bra. It is too true an evil: gone ſhe is;
And what's to come of my deſpiſed time [5],
Is nought but bitterneſs.—Now, Roderigo,
Where didſt thou ſee her?—O, unhappy girl!—
With the Moor, ſay'ſt thou?—Who would be a father?—
How didſt thou know 'twas ſhe?—O, thou deceiv'ſt me
Paſt thought [6]!—What ſaid ſhe to you?—Get more tapers;
Raiſe all my kindred.—Are they marry'd, think you?

Rod. Truly, I think, they are.

Bra. O heaven!—How got ſhe out?—O treaſon of the blood!—
Fathers, from hence truſt not your daughters' minds
By

[4] —*the* Sagittar—] Thus the quarto, 1622. Folio:—the *Sagittary*. MALONE.

[5] *And what's to come of my* deſpiſed *time,*] *Deſpiſed time*, is *time of no value*; time in which

" There's nothing ſerious in morality;
" The wine of life is drawn, and the mere dregs
" Are left this vault to brag of." *Macbeth.*

JOHNSON.

Again, in *Romeo and Juliet:*

" ———expire the term
" Of a *deſpiſed* life, clos'd in my breaſt." STEEV.

[6] —*O, thou deceiv'ſt me*
Paſt thought!—] Thus the quarto 1622. The folio 1623, and the quartos 1630 and 1655 read,

O ſhe deceives me
Paſt thought.

I have choſen the apoſtrophe to his abſent daughter, as the moſt ſpirited of the two readings. STEEVENS.

By what you ſee them act.—Is there not charms [7],
By which the property [8] of youth and maidhood [9]
May be abus'd? Have you not read, Roderigo,
Of ſome ſuch thing?

Rod. Yes, ſir; I have, indeed.

Bra. Call up my brother.—O, that you had had her!—
Some one way, ſome another.—Do you know
Where we may apprehend her and the Moor?

Rod. I think, I can diſcover him; if you pleaſe
To get good guard, and go along with me.

Bra. Pray you, lead on [1]. At every houſe I'll call;
I may command at moſt:—Get weapons, ho!

And

[7] —*Is there not charms*,] Is there not ſuch a thing as charms, &c. The modern editors, following an alteration made by the editor of the ſecond folio, read—*Are* there not charms, &c. MALONE.

[8] *By whicb the property of youth and maidhood*
May be abus'd?] By which the faculties of a young virgin may be infatuated, and made ſubject to illuſions and falſe imagination:

" —wicked dreams *abuſe*
" The curtain'd ſleep." *Macbeth.* JOHNSON.

[9] —*and* maidhood—] The quartos read—and *manhood*—. STEEVENS.

[1] *Pray* you, lead on] The firſt quarto reads—Pray lead me on. STEEVENS.

[2] *And raiſe ſome ſpecial officers of* night.—] Thus the original quarto, 1622; for which the editor of the folio ſubſtituted —officers of *might*; a reading which all the modern editors have adopted. I have more than once had occaſion to remark that the quarto readings were ſometimes changed by the editor of the folio, from ignorance of our poet's phraſeology or meaning.

I have no doubt that Shakſpeare, before he wrote this play, read *The Commonwealth and Government of Venice*, tranſlated from the Italian by Lewes Lewkenor, and printed in 4to. 1599: a book prefixed to which we find a copy of verſes by Spenſer. This treatiſe furniſhed our poet with the knowledge of thoſe *officers* of night, whom Brabantio here deſires to be called to his aſſiſtance.

" For the greater expedition thereof, of theſe kinds of judgments, the heades or chieftaines of the *officers of the night*, do obtaine the authority of which the advocators are deprived. Theſe *officers of the night* are ſix, and ſix likewiſe are thoſe meane officers, that have only power to correct baſe vagabonds and trifling offences.

" Thoſe

And raiſe ſome ſpecial officers of night [2].—
On, good Roderigo; I'll deſerve your pains. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.

The ſame. Another ſtreet.

Enter OTHELLO, IAGO, *and Attendants.*

Iago. Though in the trade of war I have ſlain men,
Yet do I hold it very ſtuff o' the conſcience [3]
To do no contriv'd murder; I lack iniquity
Sometimes, to do me ſervice: Nine or ten times
I had thought to have yerk'd him [4] here under the ribs.
Oth. 'Tis better as it is.
Iago. Nay, but he prated,
And ſpoke ſuch ſcurvy and provoking terms
Againſt your honour,
That, with the little godlineſs I have,
I did full hard forbear him. But, I pray, ſir,
Are you faſt marry'd? for, be ſure of this,—

" Thoſe that do execute this office are called heades of the tribes of the city, becauſe out of every tribe, (for the city is divided into ſix tribes, there is elected an *officer of the night*, and a head of the tribe.—The duty of eyther of theſe officers is, to keepe a watch every other night by turn, within their tribes; and, now the one and then the other, to make rounds about his quarter, till the dawning of the day, being always guarded and attended on with weaponed officers and ſerjeants, and to ſee that there be not any diſorder done in the darkneſs of the night, which alwaies emboldeneth men to naughtineſſe; and that there be not any houſes broken up, nor theeves nor rogues lurking in corners with intent to do violence." *Commonwealth of Venice*, pp. 97, 99. MALONE.

[3] —ſtuff *o'the* conſcience—] This expreſſion to common readers appears harſh. *Stuff* of the *conſcience* is, *ſubſtance*, or *eſſence* of the conſcience. *Stuff* is a word of great force in the Teutonick languages. The elements are called in Dutch, *Hoefd ſtoffen*, or *head-ſtuffs*. JOHNSON.

Again, in *King Henry VIII:*

" You're full of heavenly *ſtuff*," &c.

Friſch's *German Dictionary* gives this explanation of the word *ſtoff*:—materies ex qua aliquid fieri poterit. STEEVENS.

[4] *I had thought to have yerk'd* him—] Iago is probably here ſpeaking of Roderigo. MALONE.

That the magnifico [5] is much belov'd;
And hath, in his effect, a voice potential
As double as the duke's [6]: he will divorce you;

Or

[5] — *the* magnifico—] "The chief men of Venice are by a peculiar name called *Magnifici*, i. e, *magnificoes*." Minſhew's *Dictionary*. See too *Volpone*. TOLLET.

[6] — *a voice potential*

As double *as the duke's:*] It appears from Thomas's *Hiſtory of Italy*, 4to. 1560, to have been a popular opinion, though a falſe one, that the duke of Venice had a *double* voice. "Whereas," ſays he, "many have reported, the duke in ballotyng ſhould have *two voices*; it is nothinge ſo; for in giving his voice he hath but one ballot, as all others have." Shakſpeare, therefore, might have gone on this received opinion, which he might have found in ſome other book. Suppoſing, however, that he had learned from this very paſſage that the duke had *not* a double voice in the Council of Seven, yet as he has a vote in each of the various councils of the Venetian ſtate, (a privilege which no other perſon enjoys,) our poet might have thought himſelf juſtified in the epithet which he has here uſed; and this circumſtance, which he might have found in a book already quoted, Contareno's *Commonwealth and Government of Venice*, 4to, 1599, was, I believe, here in his thoughts.

"The *duke* himſelf alſo, if he will, may uſe the authority of an advocator or preſident, and make report to the councell of any offence, and of any amercement or puniſhment that is thereupon to be inflicted;—for *ſo great is the prince's authoritie, that he may, in whatſoever court,* ADJOINE *himſelfe to the magiſtrate therein, being preſident, as his colleague and companion, and have* EQUAL POWER WITH THE OTHER PRESIDENTS, that he might ſo by this means be able to look into all things." p. 41. Again, *ibidem*, p. 42: "Beſides this, this prince [i. e. the *duke*,] hath in *every councell* equal authoritie withe any of them, for one ſuffrage or lotte." Thus we ſee, though he had not a double voice in any one aſſembly, yet as he had a vote in all the various aſſemblies, his voice, thus *added* to the voice of each of the preſidents of thoſe aſſemblies, might with ſtrict propriety be called *double*, and *potential.—Potential*, Dr. Johnſon thinks, means, operative, having the *effect*, (by *weight* and *influence*,) without the external actual property. It is uſed, he conceives "in the ſenſe of ſcience; a cauſtick is called *potential* fire." I queſtion whether Shakſpeare meant more by the word than *operative*, or *powerful*.

It ſhould be recollected that *ſtrong* beer was in our poet's time called *double* beer; and therefore, though the circumſtances ſtated in this note had not been (as I believe they were) in his contemplation, he might with his uſual licence have uſed *double* for *powerful* or *operative*. MALONE.

Or put upon you what reſtraint and grievance
The law (with all his might, to enforce it on,)
Will give him cable.

Oth. Let him do his ſpite:
My ſervices, which I have done the ſigniory,
Shall out-tongue his complaints. 'Tis yet to know,
(Which, when I know that boaſting is an honour,
I ſhall promulgate [7],) I fetch my life and being
From men of royal ſiege [8]; and my demerits [9]
May ſpeak, unbonnetted [1], to as proud a fortune

[7] —'*Tis yet to know,*
(*Which, when I know that boaſting is an honour,*
I ſhall promulgate,)—] Thus the folio. The quarto, 1622, reads:

—— Tis yet to know
That boaſting is an honour.
I ſhall promulgate, I fetch, &c.

Some words certainly were omitted at the preſs; and perhaps they have been ſupplied in the wrong place. Shakſpeare might have written:

——— Tis yet to know
That boaſting is an honour; which when I know,
I ſhall promulgate, I fetch my life, &c.

I am yet to learn that boaſting is honourable, which when I have learned, I ſhall proclaim to the world *that* I fetch my life, &c. MALONE.

[8] —*men of royal* ſiege;] Men who have ſat upon royal *thrones*.

The quarto has—*men of royal* height. *Siege* is uſed for *ſeat* by other authors. So, in Stowe's *Chronicle*, p. 575: "—there was ſet up a throne or *ſiege royall* for the king."

Again, in Spenſer's *Faery Queen*, b. 2. c. 7:

" A ſtately *ſiege* of ſoveraigne majeſtye." STEEVENS.

So, in Grafton's *Chronicle*, p. 443: " Incontinent after that he was placed in the *royal ſiege*," &c, MALONE.

[9] —*and my* demerits—] *Demerits* has the ſame meaning in our author, and many others of that age, as *merits*:

" Opinion that ſo ſticks on Martius, may
" Of his *demerits* rob Cominius." *Coriolanus.*

Again, in *Dugdale's Warwickſhire*, p. 850, edit. 1730: " Henry Conway, eſq. for his ſingular *demerits* received the dignity of knighthood."

Mereo and *demereo* had the ſame meaning in the Roman language. STEEVENS.

[1] *May ſpeak* unbonnetted,] Thus all the copies read this paſſage. But, to ſpeak *unbonnetted*, is to ſpeak *with the cap off*.

As this that I have reach'd: For know, Iago,
But that I love the gentle Deſdemona,
I would not my unhouſed [2] free condition
Put into circumſcription and confine
For the ſea's worth [3]. But, look! what lights come yonder?

Enter

off, which is directly oppoſite to the poet's meaning. Othello means to ſay, that his birth and ſervices ſet him upon ſuch a rank, that he may ſpeak to a ſenator of Venice with his hat *on*; i. e. without ſhewing any marks of deference or inequality. I therefore am inclined to think Shakſpeare wrote:

May ſpeak, and bonnetted, *&c.* THEOBALD.

Bonneter (ſays Cotgrave) is to *put off one's* cap. So, in *Coriolanus*: "—thoſe, who having been ſupple and courteous to the people, *bonnetted* without any further deed to have them at all into their eſtimation." *Unbonnetted* may therefore ſignify, *without taking the cap off*. We might, I think, venture to read *imbonnetted*. It is common with Shakſpeare to make or uſe words compounded in the ſame manner. Such are *imp'd-wn*, *impaint*, *impale*, and *immaſk*. Of all the readings hitherto propoſed, that of Theobald is, I think, the beſt. STEEVENS

The objection to Mr. Steevens's explanation of *unbonnetted*, i. e. *without taking the cap off*, is, that Shakſpeare has himſelf uſed the word in *K. Lear*, Act III. ſc. i. with the very contrary ſignification, namely, for *one whoſe cap is off*:

"——*Unbonnetted* he runs,
"And bids what will take all."

He might, however, have employed the word here in a different ſenſe. MALONE.

Unbonnetted, is uncovered, revealed, made known. In the ſecond act and third ſcene of this play we meet with an expreſſion ſimilar to this: "—you *unlace* your reputation;" and another in *As you like it*, Act IV. ſc. i. "Now *unmuzzle* your wiſdom." A. C.

[2] —*unhouſed*—] Free from *domeſtick* cares. A thought natural to an adventurer. JOHNSON.

Othello talking as a ſoldier, *unhouſed* may ſignify the having no ſettled houſe or habitation. WHALLEY.

[3] *For the ſea's worth.*] I would not marry her, though ſhe were as rich as the Adriatick, which the Doge annually marries. JOHNSON.

I believe the common and obvious meaning is the true one. The ſame words occur in Sir W. D'Avenant's *Cruel Brother*, 1630:

"—he would not looſe that privilege,
"*For the ſea's worth.*"

Perhaps the phraſe is proverbial.

Pliny

Enter CASSIO, *at a diſtance, and certain officers, with torches.*

Iago. Theſe are the raiſed father, and his friends:
You were beſt go in.

Oth. Not I: I muſt be found;
My parts, my title, and my perfect ſoul,
Shall manifeſt me rightly. Is it they?

Iago. By Janus, I think no.

Oth. The ſervants of the duke, and my lieutenant.
The goodneſs of the night upon you, friends!
What is the news?

Caſ. The duke does greet you, general;
And he requires your haſte, poſt-haſte appearance,
Even on the inſtant.

Oth. What is the matter, think you?

Caſ. Something from Cyprus, as I may divine;
It is a buſineſs of ſome heat: the gallies
Have ſent a dozen ſequent meſſengers[4]
This very night, at one another's heels;
And many of the conſuls[5], rais'd, and met,
Are at the duke's already: You have been hotly call'd for;
When, being not at your lodging to be found,

The

Pliny the naturaliſt has a chapter on *the riches of the ſea.*
Again, in the *Winter's Tale:*

" ———for all the ſun ſees, or
" The cloſe earth wombs, or *the profound ſea hides*
" *In unknown fathoms,*" &c.

Again, in *King Henry V.* Act I:

" ———As rich with praiſe,
" As is the ouze, and *bottom of the ſea,*
" With ſunken wreck, and ſumleſs treaſuries."

STEEVENS.

[4] —ſequent *meſſengers*—] The firſt quarto reads—*frequent* meſſengers. STEEVENS.

[5] —*conſuls,*] Hanmer reads, *councils.* Theobald would have us read *counſellors.* Venice was originally governed by *conſuls:* and *conſuls* ſeems to have been commonly uſed for *counſellors,* as before in this play. In *Albion's Triumph,* a maſque, 1631, the emperor Albanact is ſaid to be *attended by fourteen* conſuls.—Again: " *The habits of the* conſuls *were after the ſame manner.*" Geoffery of Monmouth, and Matthew Paris after him, call both dukes and earls, *conſuls.* STEEVENS.

See p. 206, n. 8. MALONE.

The ſenate hath ſent about three ſeveral queſts [6],
To ſearch you out.

Oth. 'Tis well I am found by you.
I will but ſpend a word here in the houſe,
And go with you.

Caſ. Ancient, what makes he here?

Iago. 'Faith, he to-night hath boarded a land carack [7];
If it prove lawful prize, he's made for ever.

Caſ. I do not underſtand.

Iago. He's married.

Caſ. To who [8]?

Re-enter

[6] *The ſenate hath ſent about*—] The early quartos, and all the modern editors, have,

The ſenate ſent above *three ſeveral queſts.*

The folio, *The ſenate* hath *ſent* about, *&c.* that is, *about* the city. I have adopted the reading of the folio. JOHNSON.

Queſts are, on this occaſion, ſearches. So, in Heywood's *Bazen Age*, 1613

"Now, if in all his *queſts*, he be witheld,—." STEEV.

[7] — *a land* carack;] A *carack* is a ſhip of great bulk, and commonly of great value; perhaps what we now call a *galleon.* JOHNSON.

So, in Beaumont and Fletcher's *Coxcomb*:

"——They'll be freighted;

"They're made like *caracks*, all for ſtrength and ſtowage." STEEVENS.

Mr. Maſon obſerves, that "the firſt ſhip that came richly laden from the Weſt Indies to Europe were thoſe from the *Caraccas*;" and ſeems to think that the veſſel called a *carack* derived its name from thence. But a *carack*, or *carick*, (for ſo it was more frequently written in Shakſpeare's time,) is of higher origin, and was denominated from the Spaniſh word, *caraca*, which ſignifies a veſſel of great bulk, conſtructed to carry a heavy burthen. The Spaniſh *caraca*, Minſheu thinks, may have been formed from the Italian *carico*, a lading, or freight. MALONE.

[8] *To who?*] It is ſomewhat ſingular that Caſſio ſhould aſk this queſtion. In the third ſcene of the third Act, *Iago* ſays:

Did Michael Caſſio, when you woo'd my lady,
Know of your love?

Oth. From firſt to laſt.

He who was acquainted with the object courted by his friend, could have little reaſon for doubting to whom he would be married. STEEVENS.

Caſſio's

Re-enter OTHELLO.

Iago. Marry, to—Come, captain, will you go?
Oth. Have with you.
Caſ. Here comes another troop to ſeek for you.

Enter BRABANTIO, RODERIGO, *and Officers of night, with torches and weapons.*

Iago. It is Brabantio:—general, be advis'd[9];
He comes to bad intent.
Oth. Hola! ſtand there!
Rod. Signior, it is the Moor.
Bra. Down with him, thief! [*They draw on both ſides.*
Iago. You, Roderigo! come, ſir, I am for you.
Oth. Keep up your bright ſwords, for the dew will ruſt them.—
Good ſignior, you ſhall more command with years,
Than with your weapons.
Bra. O thou foul thief, where haſt thou ſtow'd my daughter?
Damn'd as thou art, thou haſt enchanted her:
For I'll refer me to all things of ſenſe,
If ſhe in chains of magick were not bound,
Whether a maid—ſo tender, fair, and happy,
So oppoſite to marriage, that ſhe ſhunn'd
The wealthy curled darlings of our nation[1],—
Would

Caſſio's ſeeming ignorance of Othello's courtſhip or marriage might only be affected; in order to keep his friend's ſecret, till it became publickly known. BLACKSTONE.

Or he might fear that Othello had proved falſe to the gentle Deſdemona, and married another. MALONE.

[9] —*be advis'd*;] That is, be *cool*; be *cautious*; be *diſcreet*. JOHNSON.

[1] *The wealthy* curled *darlings of our nation*,] *Curled* is *elegantly and oſtentatiouſly dreſſed*. He had not the hair particularly in his thoughts. JOHNSON.

On another occaſion Shakſpeare employs the ſame expreſſion, and evidently alludes to *the hair*:

"If ſhe firſt meet the *curled* Antony," &c.

Sir *W. D'Avenant* uſes the ſame expreſſion in his *Juſt Italian*, 1630:

"The *curl'd* and ſilken nobles of the towne."

Again:

Would ever have, to incur a general mock,
Run from her guardage to the ſooty boſom
Of ſuch a thing as thou; to fear, not to delight [2].
Judge me [3] the world, if 'tis not groſs in ſenſe,
That thou haſt practis'd on her with foul charms;
Abus'd her delicate youth with drugs, or minerals,
That waken motion [4]:—I'll have it diſputed on:

'Tis

Again:

"Such is the *curled* youth of Italy."

I believe Shakſpeare has the ſame meaning in the preſent inſtance. STEEVENS.

That Dr. Johnſon was miſtaken in his interpretation of this line, is aſcertained by our poet's *Rape of Lucrece*, where the hair is not merely alluded to, but expreſsly mentioned, and the epithet *curled* is added as characteriſtick of a perſon of the higheſt rank:

"Let him have time to tear his *curled haire*."

Tarquin, a king's ſon is the perſon ſpoken of. Edgar, when he was "proud in heart and mind," *curl'd his haire*.

MALONE.

[2] — *to* fear, *not to delight*.] To one more likely to terrify than to delight her. So, in the next ſcene (Brabantio is again the ſpeaker):

"To fall in love with what *ſhe fear'd* to look on."

Mr. Steevens ſuppoſes *fear* to be a verb here, uſed in the ſenſe of to *terrify*; a ſignification which it formerly had. But *fear*, I apprehend, is a ſubſtantive, and poetically uſed for the *object* of fear. MALONE.

[3] *Judge me*, &c.] This and the five following lines are not in the quarto, 1622. MALONE.

[4] *Abus'd her delicate youth with drugs, or minerals,*
That waken *motion*:] The folio, where alone this paſſage is found, reads—That *weaken* motion. The emendation was made by Sir Thomas Hanmer; and I have adopted it, becauſe I have a good reaſon to believe that the words *weaken* and *waken* were in Shakſpeare's time pronounced alike, and hence the miſtake might eaſily have happened. *Motion* is elſewhere uſed by our poet preciſely in the ſenſe required here. So, in *Cymbeline*:

"——— for there's no *motion*
"That tends to vice in man, but I affirm
"It is the woman's part."

Again, in *Hamlet*:

"—— ſenſe ſure you have,
"Elſe could you not have *motion*."

Again,

'Tis probable, and palpable to thinking.
I therefore apprehend and do attach thee,

Again, in *Meaſure for Meaſure*:

" —— one who never feels
" The wanton ſtings and *motions* of the ſenſe."

So alſo, in *A Mad World, my Maſters*, by Middleton, 1608:

" And in myſelf ſooth up adulterous *motion*,
" And ſuch an appetite as I know damns me."

We have in the play before us—*waken'd wrath*, and I think in ſome other play of Shakſpeare—*waken'd love*. So, in our poet's 117th Sonnet:

" But ſhoot not at me in your *waken'd hate*."

Ben Jonſon in the preface to his *Volpone* has a ſimilar phraſeology. " —it being the office of the comick poet to *ſtirre up gentle affections*."

Mr. Theobald reads—That weaken *notion*, i. e. ſays he, her right conception and idea of things; underſtanding, judgment.

This reading, it muſt be acknowledged, derives ſome ſupport from a paſſage in *King Lear*, Act II. ſc. iv.—" either his *notion weakens*, or his diſcernings are lethargy'd." But the objection to it is, that no opiates or intoxicating potions or powders of any ſort can diſtort or pervert the *intellects*, but by deſtroying them for a time; nor was it ever at any time believed by the moſt credulous, that *love-powders*, as they were called, could *weaken the underſtanding*, though it was formerly believed that they could *faſcinate* the *affections*: or in other words, *waken* motion.

Brabantio afterwards aſſerts,

" That with ſome mixtures powerful o'er the *blood*,
" He wrought upon her."

(Our poet, it ſhould be remembered, in almoſt all his plays uſes *blood* for *paſſion*.) And one of the ſenators aſks Othello, not, whether he had *weaken'd* Deſdemona's *underſtanding*, but whether he did

" —— by indirect and forced courſes
" Subdue and *poiſon* this young maid's *affections*."

The notion of the efficacy of love-powders was formerly ſo prevalent, that in the parliament ſummoned by King Richard the Third, on his uſurping the throne, it was publickly urged as a charge againſt Lady Grey, that ſhe had bewitched King Edward the fourth " by ſtrange potions and amorous *charms*." See Fabian, p. 495; Speed, p. 913, edit. 1632; and Habington's *Hiſtory of King Edward the Fourth*, p. 35. MALONE.

Motion in a ſubſequent ſcene of this play is uſed in the very ſenſe in which Hanmer would employ it. " But we have reaſon to cool our raging *motions*, our carnal ſtings, our unbitted luſts." STEEVENS.

For an abuſer[5] of the world, a practiſer
Of arts inhibited and out of warrant:—
Lay hold upon him; if he do reſiſt,
Subdue him at his peril.

Oth. Hold your hands,
Both you of my inclining, and the reſt:
Were it my cue to fight, I ſhould have known it
Without a prompter.—Where will you that I go
To anſwer this your charge?

Bra. To priſon; till fit time
Of law, and courſe of direct ſeſſion,
Call thee to anſwer.

Oth. What if I do obey?
How may the duke be therewith ſatisfied;
Whoſe meſſengers are here about my ſide,
Upon ſome preſent buſineſs of the ſtate,
To bring me to him[6]?

Offi. 'Tis true, moſt worthy ſignior,
The duke's in council; and your noble ſelf,
I am ſure, is ſent for.

Bra. How! the duke in council!
In this time of the night!—Bring him away:
Mine's not an idle cauſe: the duke himſelf,
Or any of my brothers of the ſtate,
Cannot but feel this wrong, as 'twere their own:
For if ſuch actions may have paſſage free,
Bond-ſlaves, and pagans, ſhall our ſtateſmen be[7].

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE

[5] For *an abuſer*, &c.] The firſt quarto reads, *Such* an abuſer, &c. STEEVENS.

[6] *To* bring—] The quartos read—To *bear*. STEEVENS.

[7] *Bond-ſlaves, and* pagans, &c.] Brabantio alludes to the common condition of all blacks, who come from their own country, both *ſlaves* and *pagans*; and uſes the words in contempt of Othello and his complexion.—If this Moor is now ſuffered to eſcape with impunity, it will be ſuch an encouragement to his black countrymen, that we may expect to ſee all the firſt offices of our ſtate filled up by the *pagans* and *bond-ſlaves* of Africa. STEEVENS.

In our author's time *pagan* was a very common expreſſion of contempt. So, in *K. Henry IV.* P. II.

"What *pagan* may that be?" MALONE.

SCENE III.

The ſame. A Council-Chamber.

The Duke, *and Senators, ſitting at a table; Officers attending.*

Duke. There is no compoſition[8] in theſe news*,
That gives them credit.

1. *Sen.* Indeed, they are diſproportion'd;
My letters ſay, a hundred and ſeven gallies.

Duke. And mine, a hundred and forty.

2. *Sen.* And mine, two hundred:
But though they jump not on a juſt account,
(As in theſe caſes, where the aim reports[9],
'Tis oft with difference,) yet do they all confirm
A Turkiſh fleet, and bearing up to Cyprus.

Duke. Nay, it is poſſible enough to judgment;
I do not ſo ſecure me in the error,
But the main article I do approve
In fearful ſenſe.

Sailor. [*without.*] What ho! what ho! what ho!

Enter an Officer, with a Sailor.

Offi. A meſſenger from the gallies.

Duke. Now? the buſineſs?

Sail. The Turkiſh preparation makes for Rhodes;
So

[8] *There is no* compoſition—] *Compoſition*, for *conſiſtency*, *concordancy*. WARBURTON.

* —*theſe news*,] Thus the quarto, 1622, and ſuch was frequently the phraſeology of Shakſpeare's age. So, in *The Spaniſh Tragedy*, 1610:

"The *news are* more delightfull to his ſoul,—."

The folio reads—*this* news. MALONE.

[9] —*where the* aim *reports*,] In theſe caſes where conjecture or ſuſpicion tells the tale. *Aim* is again uſed as a ſubſtantive, in this ſenſe, in *Julius Cæſar*;

"What you would work me to, I have ſome *aim*."

Thus the folio. The quarto reads—*they aim'd* reports. MALONE.

To *aim* is to conjecture. So, in *The Two Gentlemen of Verona*:

"But fearing leſt my jealous *aim* might err."

STEEVENS.

So was I bid report here to the ſtate,
By ſignior Angelo [1].

Duke. How ſay you by this change?

1. *Sen.* This cannot be,
By no aſſay of reaſon [2]; 'tis a pageant,
To keep us in falſe gaze: When we conſider
The importancy of Cyprus to the Turk;
And let ourſelves again but underſtand,
That, as it more concerns the Turk than Rhodes,
So may he with more facile queſtion [3] bear it,
For that it ſtands not [4] in ſuch warlike brace [5],
But altogether lacks the abilities
That Rhodes is dreſs'd in:—if we make thought of this,
We muſt not think, the Turk is ſo unſkilful,
To leave that lateſt, which concerns him firſt;
Neglecting an attempt of eaſe, and gain,
To wake, and wage, a danger profitleſs [6].

Duke. Nay, in all confidence, he's not for Rhodes.

Offi. Here is more news.

Enter a Meſſenger.

Meſ. The Ottomites, reverend and gracious,
Steering with due courſe toward the iſle of Rhodes,
Have there injointed them with an after fleet.

1. *Sen.* Ay, ſo I thought [7]:—How many, as you gueſs?

Meſ.

[1] *By Signior Angelo.*] This hemiſtich is wanting in the firſt quarto. STEEVENS.

[2] *By no* aſſay *of reaſon*;—] Bring it to the *teſt*, examine it by reaſon as we examine metals by the *aſſay*, it will be found counterfeit by all trials. JOHNSON.

[3] — *with more facile* queſtion—] With leſs *diſpute*; with leſs oppoſition. MASON.

[4] *For that it ſtands not*, &c.] The ſeven following lines are added ſince the firſt edition. POPE.

[5] — *warlike* brace.] State of defence. To arm was called to *brace on* the armour. JOHNSON.

[6] *To wake, and* wage, *a danger profitleſs.*] To *wage* here, as in many other places in Shakſpeare, ſignifies to fight, to combat. Thus, in *King Lear*:

"To *wage* againſt the enmity of the air."

It took its riſe from the more common expreſſion, to *wage war*. STEEVENS.

[7] *Ay, ſo*, &c.—] This line is not in the firſt quarto. STEEVENS.

Meſ. Of thirty ſail: and now do they re-ſtem [8]
Their backward courſe, bearing with frank appearance
Their purpoſes toward Cyprus.—Signior Montano,
Your truſty and moſt valiant ſervitor,
With his free duty, recommends you thus,
And prays you to believe him [9].

Duke. 'Tis certain then for Cyprus,—
Marcus Luccheſé [1], is not he in town?

1. *Sen.* He's now in Florence.

Duke. Write from us; wiſh him, poſt, poſt-haſte diſpatch [2].

1. *Sen.* Here comes Brabantio, and the valiant Moor.

Enter BRABANTIO, OTHELLO, IAGO, RODERIGO, *and Officers.*

Duke. Valiant Othello, we muſt ſtraight employ you
Againſt the general enemy Ottoman [3].

I did

[8] —*they do* re-ſtem—] The quartos mean to read *re-ſterne*, though in the firſt of them the word is miſpelt. STEEVENS.

[9] *And prays you to* believe *him.*] *He intreats you not to doubt the truth of this intelligence.* JOHNSON.

[1] *Marcus* Luccheſé,] The old copies have *Luccicos*. Mr. Steevens made the correction. MALONE.

[2] —*wiſh him, poſt*, poſt-haſte diſpatch.] i. e. tell him we wiſh him to make all *poſſible haſte*. *Poſt-haſte* is before in this play uſed adjectively:

" And he requires your haſte, *poſt-haſte appearance*."

All meſſengers in the time of Shakſpeare were enjoyned, " *Haſte, haſte; for thy life, poſt haſte.*"

The reading of the text is that of the quarto, 1622. The folio reads:

" Write from us *to him*, poſt, poſt-haſte diſpatch."

MALONE.

[3] *Valiant Othello, we muſt ſtraight employ you*
Againſt the general enemy Ottoman.] It is part of the policy of the Venetian ſtate never to entruſt the command of an army to a native. " To exclude, therefore," (ſays Contareno, as tranſlated by Lewkenor, 4to, 1599,) " out of our eſtate the danger or occaſion of any ſuch ambitious enterpriſes, our anceſtors held it a better courſe to defend the dominions on the continent with foreign mercenary ſoldiers, than with their homebred citizens." Again: " Their charges and yearly occaſions of diſburſement are likewiſe very great; for alwaies they do entertain in honourable ſort with great proviſion a *captaine generall*, who alwaies is *a ſtranger borne*." MALONE.

I did not ſee you; welcome, gentle ſignior; [*to* Bra.
We lack'd your counſel and your help to-night.

Bra. So did I yours: Good your grace, pardon me;
Neither my place, nor aught I heard of buſineſs,
Hath rais'd me from my bed; nor doth the general care
Take hold [4] on me; for my particular grief
Is of ſo flood-gate and o'er-bearing nature,
That it engluts and ſwallows other ſorrows,
And it is ſtill itſelf.

Duke. Why, what's the matter?

Bra. My daughter! O; my daughter!

Sen. Dead?

Bra. Ay, to me;
She is abus'd, ſtol'n from me, and corrupted
By ſpells and medicines bought of mountebanks [5]:
For nature ſo prepoſterouſly to err,

Being

[4] *Take hold*—[The firſt quarto reads, Take *any* hold. STEEVENS.

[5] *By ſpells and medicines bought of mountebanks*:] Rymer has ridiculed this circumſtance as unbecoming (both for its weakneſs and ſuperſtition) the gravity of the accuſer, and the dignity of the tribunal; but his criticiſm only expoſes his own ignorance. The circumſtance was not only exactly in character, but urged with the greateſt addreſs, as the thing chiefly to be inſiſted on. For, by the Venetian law, the giving love-potions was very criminal, as Shakſpeare without queſtion well underſtood. Thus the law, *De i maleficii et herbarie*, cap. 17. of the Code, intitled, Della promiſſion del maleficio. "Statui-"mo etiamdio, che ſe alcun homo, o femina, harra fatto ma-"leficii, iquali ſe dimandano vulgarmente *amatorie*, o vera-"mente alcuni altri maleficii, che alcun homo o femina ſe "haveſſon in odio, ſia fruſta et bollado, et che hara conſegli-"ado patiſca ſimile pena." And therefore in the preceding ſcene Brabantio calls them,

—— *arts inhibited, and out of warrant.*

WARBURTON.

Though I believe Shakſpeare knew no more of this Venetian law than I do, yet he was well acquainted with the edicts of that ſapient prince king James the firſt, againſt

—— practiſers
Of arts inhibited and out of warrant. STEEVENS.

See p. 224, n. 4. MALONE.

Being not deficient [6], blind, or lame of ſenſe,
Sans witchcraft could not [7].

Duke. Whoe'er he be, that, in this foul proceeding,
Hath thus beguil'd your daughter of herſelf,
And you of her, the bloody book of law
You ſhall yourſelf read in the bitter letter,
After your own ſenſe; yea, though our proper ſon
Stood in your action [8].

Bra. Humbly I thank your grace.
Here is the man, this Moor; whom now, it ſeems,
Your ſpecial mandate, for the ſtate affairs,
Hath hither brought.

Duke, and Sen. We are very ſorry for it.

Duke. What, in your own part, can you ſay to this?
[*to* Othello.

Bra. Nothing, but this is ſo.

Oth. Moſt potent, grave, and reverend ſigniors,
My very noble and approv'd good maſters,—
That I have ta'en away this old man's daughter,
It is moſt true; true, I have married her;
The very head and front of my offending [9]

Hath

[6] *Being not*, &c.] This line is wanting in the firſt quarto. STEEVENS.

[7] *For nature ſo prepoſterouſly* to *err*—
Sans witchcraft could not.] Omit *to*, ſays Mr. Maſon, "and then the ſentence will be complete."

Omiſſion is at all times the moſt dangerous mode of emendation, and here aſſuredly is unneceſſary. We have again and again had occaſion to obſerve, that Shakſpeare frequently begins to conſtruct a ſentence in one mode, and ends it in another. Here he uſes *could not*, as if he had written, *has not the power or capacity* to, &c. It is not in nature ſo *to* err; ſhe knows not how to do it. MALONE.

[8] *Stood in your action.*] Were the man expoſed to your *charge* or *accuſation*. JOHNSON.

[9] *The very head and* front *of my offending*—] The *main*, the *whole*, unextenuated. JOHNSON.

A ſimilar expreſſion is found in Marlowe's *Tamburlaine*, 1590:

"The man that in the *forehead* of his fortunes
"Beares figures of renowne and miracle."

Again, in *Troilus and Creſſida*:

"So rich advantage of a promis'd glory,
"As ſmiles upon the *forehead* of this action."

MALONE,

Hath this extent, no more. Rude am I in my ſpeech,
And little bleſs'd with the ſet phraſe of peace [1];
For ſince theſe arms of mine had ſeven years' pith,
Till now ſome nine moons waſted, they have us'd
Their deareſt action [2] in the tented field;
And little of this great world can I ſpeak,
More than pertains to feats of broil and battle;
And therefore little ſhall I grace my cauſe,
In ſpeaking for myſelf: Yet, by your gracious patience,
I will a round unvarniſh'd tale deliver
Of my whole courſe of love; what drugs, what charms,
What conjuration and what mighty magick,
(For ſuch proceeding I am charg'd withal,)
I won his daughter [3].

Bra. A maiden never bold;
Of ſpirit ſo ſtill and quiet, that her motion

Bluſhed

[1] *And little bleſs'd with the* ſet *phraſe of peace*;] Thus the quarto, 1622. The folio reads—with the *ſoft* phraſe of peace. *Soft* may have been uſed for *ſtill* and *calm*, as oppoſed to the clamours of war. So, in *Coriolanus:*

" ——— —— Say to them,
" Thou art their *ſoldier*, and, being bred in *broils*,
" Haſt not the *ſoft* way, which thou doſt confeſs
" Were fit for thee to uſe."

Again, in *Antony and Cleopatra*:

" ——— 'Tis a worthy deed,
" And ſhall become you well, to entreat your captain
" To *ſoft* and gentle ſpeech." MALONE.

[2] *Their* deareſt *action* —] i. e. their moſt *important* action. MALONE.

I ſhould give theſe words a more natural ſignification, and ſuppoſe that they mean—their *favourite* action, the action moſt dear to them. Othello ſays afterwards:

" ——— I do agnize
" A natural and prompt alacrity
" I find in hardneſs." MASON.

[3] *I won his daughter.*] i. e. I won his daughter *with*: and ſo all the modern editors read, adopting an interpolation made by the editor of the ſecond folio, who was wholly unacquainted with our poet's metre and phraſeology. In *Timon of Athens* we have the ſame elliptical expreſſion:

" Who had the world as my confectionary,
" The mouths, the tongues, the eyes, and hearts of men,
" At duty, more than I could frame *employment* [*for*].

MALONE.

Bluſhed at herſelf [4]; And ſhe,—in ſpite of nature,
Of years, of country, credit, every thing,—
To fall in love with what ſhe feared to look on?
It is a judgment maim'd, and moſt imperfect,
That will confeſs—perfection ſo could err
Againſt all rules of nature; and muſt be driven
To find out practices of cunning hell,
Why this ſhould be. I therefore vouch again,
That with ſome mixtures powerful o'er the blood,
Or with ſome dram conjur'd with this effect,
He wrought upon her.

Duke. To vouch this [5], is no proof;
Without more certain and more overt teſt [6],
Than theſe thin habits [7], and poor likelihoods
Of modern ſeeming, do prefer againſt him.

1. *Sen.* But, Othello, ſpeak;—
Did you by indirect and forced courſes
Subdue and poiſon this young maid's affections?
Or came it by requeſt, and ſuch fair queſtion
As ſoul to ſoul affordeth?

Oth. I do beſeech you,
Send for the lady to the Sagittary [8],
And let her ſpeak of me before her father:
If you do find me foul in her report,

[4] *Bluſh'd at* herſelf;] Mr. Pope reads—at *itſelf*, but without neceſſity. Shakſpeare, like other writers of his age, frequently uſes the *perſonal*, inſtead of the *neutral* pronoun. STEEVENS.

[5] *To vouch*, &c.] The firſt folio unites this ſpeech with the preceding one of *Brabantio*; and inſtead of *certain* reads *wider*. STEEVENS.

[6] — *overt teſt*,] Open proofs, external evidence. JOHNSON.

[7] — *thin habits*, —
Of modern *ſeeming*,—] Weak ſhew of ſlight appearance. JOHNSON.

So *modern* is generally uſed by Shakſpeare. MALONE.

The firſt quarto reads:

Theſe are thin habits, and poore likelihoods
Of modern *ſeemings you* prefer againſt him.

STEEVENS.

[8] — *to the* Sagittary,] So the folio here and in a former paſſage. The quarto in both places reads—the *Sagittar*. MALONE.

The *Sagittary* means the ſign of the fictitious creature ſo called, *i. e.* an animal compounded of man and horſe, and armed with a bow and quiver. STEEVENS.

The

The truſt, the office, I do hold of you[9],
Not only take away, but let your ſentence
Even fall upon my life.

Duke. Fetch Deſdemona hither.

Oth. Ancient, conduct them; you beſt know the place.
[*Exeunt* IAGO, *and Attendants.*

And, till ſhe come, as truly [1] as to heaven
I do confeſs [2] the vices of my blood,
So juſtly to your grave ears I'll preſent
How I did thrive in this fair lady's love,
And ſhe in mine.

Duke. Say it, Othello.

Oth. Her father
Lov'd me; oft invited me; ſtill queſtion'd me
The ſtory of my life from year to year;
The battles, ſieges, fortunes, that I have paſs'd.
I ran it through even from my boyiſh days,
To the very moment that he bade me tell it.
Wherein I ſpake of moſt diſaſtrous chances,
Of moving accidents, by flood and field;
Of hair-breadth ſcapes i'th' imminent deadly breach;
Of being taken by the inſolent foe,
And ſold to ſlavery; of my redemption thence,
And portance in my travel's hiſtory [3]:

Wherein

[9] *The truſt*, &c.] This line is wanting in the firſt quarto. STEEVENS.

[1] — *as* truly—] The firſt quarto reads, as *faithful.* STEEVENS.

[2] *I do confeſs*, &c.] This line is omitted in the firſt quarto. STEEVENS.

[3] *And portance*, &c.] I have reſtored,

And with it all my travel's hiſtory:

from the old edition. It is in the reſt,

And portance in my travel's hiſtory.

Rymer, in his criticiſm on this play, has changed it to *portents*, inſtead of *portance*. POPE.

Mr. Pope has reſtored a line, to which there is little objection, but which has no force. I believe *portance* was the author's word in ſome reviſed copy. I read thus,

Of being — —
— *ſold to ſlavery, of my redemption thence,*
And portance in't *my travel's hiſtory.*

My redemption form ſlavery, and behaviour in it. JOHNSON.

I doubt

Wherein of antres vaſt [4] and deſarts idle [5],
Rough quarries, rocks and hills whoſe heads touch heaven,
It

I doubt much whether this line, as it appears in the folio, came from the pen of Shakſpeare. The reading of the quarto may be *weak*, but it is ſenſe; but what are we to underſtand by my demeanour, or my ſufferings, (which ever is the meaning,) *in my* travel's *hiſtory?* MALONE.

Portance is a word already uſed in *Coriolanus:*

" ——— ——— took from you
" The apprehenſion of his preſent *portance*,
" Which moſt gibingly, ungravely, he did faſhion," &c.

Spenſer, in the third Canto of the ſecond Book of the *Faery Queen*, likewiſe uſes it:

" But for in court gay *portaunce* he perceiv'd."

STEEVENS.

[4] *Wherein of antres vaſt*, &c.] Diſcourſes of this nature made the ſubject of the politeſt converſations, when voyages into, and diſcoveries of, the new world were all in vogue. So when the Baſtard Faulconbridge, in *King John*, deſcribes the behaviour of upſtart greatneſs, he makes one of the eſſential circumſtances of it to be this kind of table-talk. The faſhion then running altogether in this way, it is no wonder a young lady of quality ſhould be ſtruck with the hiſtory of an adventurer. So that Rymer, who profeſſedly ridicules this whole circumſtance, and the noble author of the *Characteriſtics*, who more obliquely ſneers at it, only expoſe their own ignorance. WARBURTON.

Whoever ridicules this account of the progreſs of love, ſhews his ignorance, not only of hiſtory, but of nature and manners. It is no wonder that, in any age, or in any nation, a lady, recluſe, timorous, and delicate, ſhould deſire to here of events and ſcenes which ſhe could never ſee, and ſhould admire the man who had endured dangers, and performed actions, which, however great, were yet magnified by her timidity. JOHNSON.

[5] —*and deſarts* idle,] Every mind is liable to abſence and inadvertency, elſe Pope [who reads—deſarts *wild*,] could never have rejected a word ſo poetically beautiful. *Idle* is an epithet uſed to expreſs the infertility of the chaotick ſtate, in the Saxon tranſlation of the Pentateuch. JOHNSON.

So, in the *Comedy of Errors:*

" Uſurping ivy, briar, or *idle* moſs."

Mr. Pope might have found the epithet *wild* in all the three laſt folios. STEEVENS.

The epithet, *idle*, which the ignorant editor of the ſecond folio did not underſtand, and therefore changed to *wild*, is confirmed by another paſſage in this act " —either to have it ſterile with *idleneſs*, or manured with induſtry." MALONE.

—*antres* —] *Caves* and *dens*. JOHNSON.

It was my hint to ſpeak [6], ſuch was the proceſs;
And of the Cannibals that each other eat,
The Anthropophagi, and men whoſe heads
Do grow beneath their ſhoulders [7]. Theſe things to hear,
Would Deſdemona ſeriouſly incline:
But ſtill the houſe affairs would draw her thence;
Which ever as ſhe could with haſte diſpatch,
She'd come again, and with a greedy ear

Devour

[6] *It was my* hint *to ſpeak,*] Thus the folio. The quarto, 1622 reads, It was my *hent* to ſpeak. MALONE.

Hent occurs at the concluſion of the fourth Act of *Meaſure for Meaſure*. It is derived from the Saxon *Henton*, to *take hold of, to ſeize*.

" —— the graveſt citizen
" Have *hent* the gates."

But in the very next page *Othello* ſays:

—— Upon this *hint* I ſpake.

It is certaine therefore that change is unneceſſary. STEEVENS.

[7] —— *men whoſe heads*
Do grow beneath their ſhoulders.] Of theſe men there is an account in the interpolated travels of Mandeville, a book of that time. JOHNSON.

The *Cannibals* and *Anthropophagi* were known to an Engliſh audience before Shakſpeare introduced them. In the *Hiſtory of Orlando Furioſo*, play'd for the entertainment of Queen *Elizabeth*, they are mentioned in the very firſt ſcene; and Raleigh ſpeaks of people whoſe heads appear *not above* their ſhoulders.

Again, in the *Tragedy of Locrine*, 1595:

" Or where the bloody *Anthropophagi*
" With greedy jaws devour the wand'ring wights."

The poet might likewiſe have read of them in Pliny's *Nat. Hiſt.* tranſlated by P. Holland, 1601, and in Stowe's *Chronicle*. STEEVENS.

Our poet has in *The Tempeſt* mentioned " men whoſe heads ſtood in their breaſts." He had in both places probably Hackluyt's *Voyage*, 1598, in view:—" On that branch which is called Caora, are a nation of people *whoſe heades appeare not above their ſhoulders:*— they are reported to have their eyes in their ſhoulders, and their mouthes in the middle of their breaſts."

Raleigh alſo has given an account of men whoſe heads do grow beneath their ſhoulders, in his *Deſcription of Guiana*, publiſhed in 1596, a book that without doubt Shakſpeare had read. MALONE.

Devour up my diſcourſe[8]: Which I obſerving,
Took once a pliant hour; and found good means
To draw from her a prayer of earneſt heart,
That I would all my pilgrimage dilate,
Whereof by parcels ſhe had ſomething heard,
But not intentively[9]: I did conſent;
And often did beguile her of her tears,
When I would ſpeak of ſome diſtreſsful ſtroke,
That my youth ſuffer'd. My ſtory being done,
She gave me for my pains a world of ſighs[1]:

She

[8] — *and with a greedy ear*
Devour up my diſcourſe:] So, in Marlowe's *Luſt's Dominion*, written before 1593:
" Hang both your *greedy ears* upon my lips;
" Let them *devour my ſpeech*."
Again, in Spenſer's *Faery Queene*, B. VI. c. ix.
" Whyleſt thus he talkt, the knight *with greedy eare*
" Hong ſtill upon his melting mouth attent."
MALONE.

" Iliacoſque iterum demens audire labores
" Expoſcit, pendetque iterum narrantis ab ore." *Virg.*
MASON.

[9] *But not* intentively:—] Thus the eldeſt quarto. The folio reads *inſtinctively*. Perhaps it ſhould be, *diſtinctively*.
The old word, however, may ſtand. *Intention* and *attention* were once ſynonymous. So, in a play called *The Iſle of Gulls*, 1633: " Grace! at ſitting down they cannot *intend* it for hungar," i. e. *attend* to it. Deſdemona, who was often called out of the room on the ſcore of houſe-affairs, could not have heard *Othello's* tale *intentively*, i. e. with *attention to all its parts*.
Again, in Chapman's Verſion of the Odyſſey, B. VIII.
" For our ſhips know th' expreſſed minds of men;
" And will ſo moſt *intentively* retaine
" Their ſcopes appointed, that they never erre."
STEEVENS.
Shakſpeare has already uſed the word in the ſame ſenſe in his *Merry Wives of Windſor*: " — ſhe did courſe over my exteriors with ſuch a greedy *intention*."
Diſtinctively was the conjectural emendation of the editor of the ſecond folio, who never examined a ſingle quarto copy.
MALONE.

[1] — *a world of* ſighs:] It was *kiſſes* in the later editions: but this is evidently the true reading. The lady had been forward indeed to give him a *world of kiſſes* upon the bare recital of his ſtory; nor does it agree with the following lines.
POPE.

Sighs

She ſwore,—in faith, 'twas ſtrange, 'twas paſſing ſtrange;
'Twas pitiful, 'twas wondrous pitiful:
She wiſh'd, ſhe had not heard it; yet ſhe wiſh'd
That heaven had made her ſuch a man: ſhe thanked me;
And bade me, if I had a friend that lov'd her,
I ſhould but teach him how to tell my ſtory,
And that would woo her. Upon this hint I ſpake:
She lov'd me for the dangers I had paſt;
And I lov'd her that ſhe did pity them.
This only is the witchcraft I have us'd;
Here comes the lady, let her witneſs it.

Enter DESDEMONA, IAGO, *and Attendants.*

Duke. I think this tale would win my daughter too.—
Good Brabantio,
Take up this mingled matter at the beſt:
Men do their broken weapons rather uſe,
Than their bare hands.

Bra. I pray you hear her ſpeak;
If ſhe confeſs, that ſhe was half the wooer,
Deſtruction on my head [2], if my bad blame
Light on the man!—Come hither, gentle miſtreſs,
Do you perceive in all this noble company,
Where moſt you owe obedience?

Deſ. My noble father,
I do perceive here a divided duty:
To you I am bound for life, and education;
My life, and education, both do learn me
How to reſpect you; you are the lord of duty [3],
I am hitherto your daughter: But here's my huſband;
And ſo much duty as my mother ſhew'd
To you preferring you before her father [4],

So

Sighs is the reading of the quarto, 1622; *kiſſes* of the folio. MALONE.

[2] *Deſtruction*, &c.] The quartos read, deſtruction *light on me*. STEEVENS.

[3] *You are the lord of duty*,] The firſt quarto reads,
You are lord of *all my duty*. STEEVENS.

[4] *And ſo much duty as my mother ſhew'd*
To you, preferring you before her father, &c.] Perhaps Shakſpeare had here in his thoughts the anſwer of the youngeſt daughter of *Ina*, king of the Weſt Saxons, to her father, which he ſeems to have copied in *King Lear*. MALONE.

So much I challenge that I might profeſs
Due to the Moor my lord.

Bra. God be with you, I have done:—
Pleaſe it your grace, on to the ſtate affairs;
I had rather to adopt a child, than get it.—
Come hither, Moor:
I here do give thee that with all my heart,
Which [5], but thou haſt already, with all my heart
I would keep from thee.—For your ſake, jewel,
I am glad at ſoul I have no other child;
For thy eſcape would teach me tyranny,
To hang clogs on them.—I have done, my lord.

Duke. Let me ſpeak like yourſelf [6]; and lay a ſentence,
Which as a griſe [7], or ſtep, may help theſe lovers
Into your favour [8].
When remedies are paſt, the griefs are ended [9],
By ſeeing the worſt, which late on hopes depended.
To mourn a miſchief that is paſt and gone,
Is the next way to draw new miſchief on [1].

What

[5] *Which*, &c.] This line is omitted in the firſt quarto. STEEVENS.

[6] *Let me ſpeak like* your *ſelf*;] The duke ſeems to mean, when he ſays he will ſpeak like Brabantio, that he will ſpeak ſententiouſly. JOHNSON.

Let me ſpeak like yourſelf;] i. e. let me ſpeak as yourſelf would ſpeak, were you not too much heated with paſſion. Sir J. REYNOLDS.

[7] —*as a* griſe,] *Grize* from *degrees*. A *grize* is a ſtep. So in *Timon*:

"——— for every *grize* of fortune
"Is ſmooth'd by that below."—

Ben Jonſon, in his *Sejanus*, gives the original word:

"Whom when he ſaw lie ſpread on the *degrees*."

In the will of K. Henry VI. where the dimenſions of King's College chapel at Cambridge are ſet down, the word occurs, as ſpelt in ſome of the old editions of Shakſpeare. "— From the provoſt's ſtall, unto the *greece* called *Gradus Chori*, 90 feet." STEEVENS.

[8] *Into your favour.*] This is wanting in the folio, but found in the quarto. JOHNSON.

[9] *When remedies are paſt, the griefs are ended*,—] This our poet has elſewhere expreſſed by a common proverbial ſentence, *Paſt cure is ſtill paſt cure*. MALONE.

[1] —*new* miſchief on.] The quartos read—*more* miſchief.— STEEVENS.

What cannot be preſerv'd when fortune takes,
Patience her injury a mockery makes,
The robb'd, that ſmiles, ſteals ſomething from the thief;
He robs himſelf, that ſpends a bootleſs grief.

Bra. So let the Turk of Cyprus us beguile;
We loſe it not, ſo long as we can ſmile.
He bears the ſentence well that nothing bears
But the free comfort which from thence he hears [2]:
But he bears both the ſentence and the ſorrow,
That, to pay grief, muſt of poor patience borrow.
Theſe ſentences, to ſugar or to gall,
Being ſtrong on both ſides, are equivocal:
But words are words; I never yet did hear,
That the bruis'd heart was pierced thro' the ear [3].
I humbly beſeech you, proceed to the affairs of ſtate.

Duke

[2] *But the free comfort which from thence he hears:*] But the moral precepts of conſolation, which are liberally beſtowed on the occaſion of the ſentence. JOHNSON.

[3] *But words are words; I never yet did hear,*
That the bruis'd heart was pierced *through the ear.*] Theſe moral precepts, ſays Brabantio, may perhaps be founded in wiſdom, but they are of no avail. Words after all are but words; and I never yet heard that conſolatory ſpeeches could *reach* and *penetrate* the afflicted heart, through the medium of the ear.

Brabantio here expreſſes the ſame ſentiment as the father of Hero in *Much ado about Nothing*, when he derides the attempts of thoſe comforters who in vain endeavour to

" Charm *ache* with *air*, and *agony* with *words*."

Our authour has in various places ſhewn a fondneſs for this antitheſis between the *heart* and *ear*. Thus, in his *Venus and Adonis:*

" This diſmal cry rings ſadly in her *ear*,
" Through which it enters, to ſurpriſe her *heart*."

Again, in *Much ado about Nothing:* " My couſin tells him in his *ear* that he is in her *heart*."

Again, in *Cymbeline:*

" — I have ſuch a *heart* as both mine *ears*
" Muſt not in haſte abuſe."

Again, in his *Rape of Lucrece:*

" His *ear* her prayers admits, but his *heart* granteth
" No *penetrable* entrance to her plaining."

A doubt has been entertained concerning the word *pierced*, which Dr. Warburton ſuppoſed to mean *wounded*, and therefore

Duke. The Turk with a moſt mighty preparation makes for Cyprus:—Othello, the fortitude of the place

fore ſubſtituted *pieced* in its room. But *pierced* is merely a figurative expreſſion, and means not *wounded*, but penetrated, *in a metaphorical ſenſe*; thoroughly affected; as in the following paſſage in Shakſpeare's 46th ſonnet:

" My *heart* doth plead, that thou in him doſt lie;
" A cloſet never *pierc'd* with cryſtal eyes."

So alſo, in *Love's Labour's Loſt:*

" Honeſt plain words beſt *pierce* the *ear* of *grief*."

Again, in *The Merchant of Venice:*

" With ſweeteſt touches *pierce* your miſtreſs' *ear*."

In a word, *a heart pierced through the ear*, is a heart which (to uſe our poet's words elſewhere,) has *granted a penetrable entrance* to the language of conſolation. So, in *The Mirrour for Magiſtrates*, 1575.

" My *piteous plaint*—the hardeſt *heart* may *pierce*."

Spenſer has uſed the word exactly in the ſame figurative ſenſe in which it is here employed; *Faery Queene*, B. VI. c. ix:

" Whyleſt thus he talkt, the knight with greedy eare
" Hong ſtill upon his melting mouth attent;
" Whoſe ſenſefull *words empierſt* his *hart* ſo neare,
" That he was rapt with double raviſhment."

And in his Fourth Book, c. viii. we have the very words of the text:

" Her *words*,———————
" Which, *paſſing through the eares*, would *pierce* the *hart*."

Some perſons have ſuppoſed that *pierced* when applied metaphorically to the heart, can only be uſed to expreſs pain; that the poet might have ſaid, *pierced* with *grief*, or *pierced* with *plaints*, &c. but that to talk of *piercing* a heart with *conſolatory ſpeeches*, is a catachreſis: but the paſſage above quoted from Spenſer's ſixth book ſhews that there is no ground for the objection. So alſo, in Marlowe's *Tamburlaine*, 1590, we find—

" Nor thee nor them, thrice noble Tamburlaine,
" Shall want my *heart* to be *with gladneſs pierc'd*."

MALONE.

That the bruis'd *heart was* pierced *through the ear.*] Shakſpeare was continually changing his firſt expreſſion for another, either ſtronger or more uncommon; ſo that very often the reader, who has not the ſame continuity or ſucceſſion of ideas, is at a loſs for its meaning. Many of Shakſpeare's uncouth ſtrained epithets may be explained, by going back to the obvious and ſimple expreſſion, which is moſt likely to occur to the mind in that ſtate. I can imagine the firſt mode of expreſſion that occurred to the poet was this:

The

is beſt known to you: and tho' we have there a ſubſtitute of moſt allowed ſufficiency, yet, opinion a ſovereign miſtreſs of effects, throws a more ſafer voice on you: you muſt therefore be content to ſlubber the gloſs of your new fortunes with this more ſtubborn and boiſterous expedition.

Oth. The tyrant cuſtom, moſt grave ſenators,
Hath made the flinty and ſteel couch of war
My thrice-driven bed of down [4]: I do agnize[5]
A natural and prompt alacrity,
I find in hardneſs; and do undertake
Theſe preſent wars * againſt the Ottomites.
Moſt humbly therefore bending to your ſtate,
I crave fit diſpoſition for my wife;
Due reference of place, and exhibition[6];

With

The *troubled* heart was never cured by words.
To give it poetical force, he altered the phraſe:
The wounded heart was never reached through the ear.
Wounded heart he changed to *broken*, and that to *bruiſed*, as a more uncommon expreſſion. *Reached* he altered to *touched*, and the tranſition is then eaſy to *pierced*, i. e. thoroughly touched. When the ſentiment is brought to this ſtate, the commentator, without this unravelling clue, expounds *piercing the heart* in its common acceptation, *wounding the heart*, which making in this place nonſenſe, is corrected to *pierced the heart*, which is very ſtiff, and, as Polonius ſays, *is a vile phraſe*.
Sir J. REYNOLDS.

[4] — *thrice-driven bed of down:* —] A *driven* bed, is a bed for which the feathers are ſelected, by *driving* with a fan, which ſeparates the light from the heavy. JOHNSON.

[5] — *I do agnize*—] *i. e.* acknowledge, confeſs, avow.
STEEVENS.
It is ſo defined in Bullokar's *Engliſh Expoſitor*, 8vo. 1616.
MALONE.

* Theſe *preſent wars*—] The quarto 1622, and the folio, by an error of the preſs, have—*this* preſent wars. For the emendation I am reſponſible. MALONE.

[6] *I crave fit diſpoſition for my wife;*
Due reference *of place, and exhibition*, &c.] I deſire, that proper *diſpoſition* be made for my wife; that ſhe may have *predecency*, and *revenue*, accommodation, and *company*, ſuitable to her rank.
For *reference of place*, the old quartos have *reverence*, which Hanmer has received. I ſhould read, *due* preference *of place*,—.
JOHNSON.
Exhibition is allowance. The word is at preſent uſed only at the univerſities. STEEVENS.

With ſuch accommodation, and beſort,
As levels with her breeding.

Duke. If you pleaſe,
Be't at her father's.

Bra. I will not have it ſo.

Oth. Nor I.

Deſ. Nor I; I would not there reſide,
To put my father in impatient thoughts,
By being in his eye. Moſt gracious duke,
To my unfolding lend a gracious ear [7];
And let me find a charter in your voice [8],
To aſſiſt my ſimpleneſs [9].

Duke. What would you, Deſdemona?

Deſ. That I did love the Moor to live with him,
My down-right violence and ſtorm of fortunes [1]

[7] — *Moſt* gracious *duke*,
To my unfolding lend a gracious *ear*;] Thus the quarto 1622. The folio, to avoid the repetition of the ſame epithet, reads:—your *proſperous* ear. i. e. your *propitious ear*. STEEVENS.

[8] — *a charter in your voice*,] Let your favour *privilege me*. JOHNSON.

[9] *To aſſiſt my ſimpleneſs.*] The firſt quarto reads this as an unfiniſhed ſentence:
And if my ſimpleneſs— STEEVENS.

[1] *My down-right violence and ſtorm of fortunes*—] *Violence* is not *violence ſuffered*, but *violence acted*. Breach of common rules and obligations. The old quarto has, *ſcorn* of fortune, which is perhaps the true reading. JOHNSON.

I would rather continue to read *ſtorm of fortunes*, on account of the words that follow, viz. *May* trumpet *to the world*.

So, in *King Henry IV.* P. I:
" —— the ſouthern *wind*
" Doth play the *trumpet* to his purpoſes."

Again, in *Troilus and Creſſida*:
" —— ſo
" Doth valour's ſhew, and valour's worth, divide
" In *ſtorms of fortune*." STEEVENS.

So, in *King Henry VIII.*
" An old man broken with the *ſtorms of ſtate*."

The expreſſion in the text is found in Spenſer's *Faery Queen*, B. VI. c. 9.
" Give leave awhile, good father, in this ſhore
" To reſt my barcke, which hath bene beaten late
" With *ſtormes of fortune* and tempeſtuous fate."

And Bacon, in his *Hiſtory of King Henry the Seventh*, has uſed the ſame language: " The king in his account of peace and calms

May trumpet to the world; my heart's ſubdu'd
Even to the very quality of my lord [2]:

I ſaw

calms did much overcaſt his *fortunes*, which proved for many years together full of broken ſeas, tides, and *tempeſts*."

Mr. Maſon objects, that Mr. Steevens has not explained theſe words. Is any explanation wanting? or can he, who has read in *Hamlet*, that a judicious player "in the *tempeſt* and *whirlwind* of his *paſſion* ſhould acquire aud beget a temperance;" who has heard Falſtaff wiſh for a *tempeſt* of provocation; and finds in *Troilus and Creſſida*—"in the wind and *tempeſt* of her frown," be at a loſs to underſtand the meaning of a *ſtorm of fortunes*? By her *downright violence and ſtorm of fortunes*, Deſdemona without doubt means, the bold and deciſive meaſure ſhe had taken, of following the dictates of paſſion and giving herſelf to the Moor; regardleſs of her parent's diſpleaſure, the forms of her country, and the future inconvenience ſhe might be ſubject to, by "tying her duty, beauty, wit, and *fortunes*, in an extravagant and wheeling ſtranger, of here and every where."

On looking into Mr. Edwards's remarks, I find he explains theſe words nearly in the ſame manner. "*Downright violence*," ſays he, "means, the unbridled impetuoſity with which her paſſion hurried her on to this unlawful marriage; and *ſtorm of fortunes* may ſignify the hazard ſhe thereby ran, of making ſhipwreck of her wordly intereſt. Both very agreeable to what ſhe ſays a little lower—

"—to his honours and his valiant parts
"Did I my ſoul and *fortunes* conſecrate." MALONE.

[2] *Even to the very* quality *of my lord:*] The firſt quarto reads,

Even to the *utmoſt pleaſure*—. STEEVENS.

Quality here means *profeſſion*. "I am ſo much enamoured of Othello, that I am even willing to endure all the inconveniences incident to a *military life*, and to attend him to the wars." "I cannot mervaile," (ſaid Lord Eſſex to Mr. Aſhton, a Puritan preacher who was ſent to him in the Tower,) though my proteſtations are not believed of my enemies, when they ſo little prevail with a man of your *quality*."

That this is the meaning, appears not only from the reading of the quarto,—"my heart's ſubdued, even *to the utmoſt pleaſure* of my lord, i. e. ſo as to prompt me to go with him wherever he *wiſhes* I ſhould go," but alſo from the whole tenour of Deſdemona's ſpeech; the purport of which is, that as ſhe had married a *ſoldier*, ſo ſhe was ready to accompany him to the wars, and to conſecrate her ſoul and fortunes to his *honours*, and his *valiant* parts; i. e. to attend him wherever his *military character* and his *love of fame* ſhould call him.

MALONE.

I ſaw Othello's viſage in his mind [3];
And to his honours, and his valiant parts,
Did I my ſoul and fortunes conſecrate.
So that, dear lords, if I be left behind,
A moth of peace, and he go to the war,
The rites, for which I love him, are bereſt me,
And I a heavy interim ſhall ſupport
By his dear abſence: Let me go with him.

Oth. Your voices, lords[4]:—beſeech you, let her will
Have a free way.
Vouch with me, heaven[5], I therefore beg it not,
To pleaſe the palate of my appetite;
Nor to comply with heat, the young affects,
In my diſjunct and proper ſatisfaction;
But to be free and bounteous to her mind[6]:

And

[3] *I ſaw Othello's viſage in his mind*;] It muſt raiſe no wonder, that I loved a man of an appearance ſo little engaging; I ſaw his face only in his mind; the greatneſs of his character reconciled me to his form. JOHNSON.

[4] *Your voices*, lords:] The folio reads, *Let her have your voice*. STEEVENS.

[5] *Vouch with me, heaven*,] Thus the folio. Theſe words are not in the original copy, 1622. MALONE.

[6] *Nor to comply with heat, the young affects,*
In my diſjunct *and proper ſatisfaction*;
But to be free and bounteous to her mind:] The old copies read:

In my *defunct* and proper ſatisfaction.

For the emendation now made I am reſponſible. Some emendation is abſolutely neceſſary, and this appears to me the leaſt objectionable of thoſe which have been propoſed. Dr. Johnſon, in part following Mr. Upton, reads and regulates the paſſage thus:

Nor to comply with heat (the young affects
In *me* defunct) and proper ſatisfaction.

To this reading there are, I think, three ſtrong objections. The firſt is, the ſuppreſſion of the word *being* before *defunct*, which is abſolutely neceſſary to the ſenſe, and of which the omiſſion is ſo harſh, that it affords an argument againſt the probability of the propoſed emendation. The ſecond and the grand objection is, that it is highly improbable that Othello ſhould declare on the day of his marriage that heat and the youthful affections were dead or defunct in him; that he had outlived the paſſions of youth. He himſelf (as Theobald has obſerved,) informs us afterwards, that he is "declined into the

And heaven defend [7] your good ſouls, that you think
I will your ſerious and great buſineſs ſcant,

For

the vale of years;" but adds, at the ſame time, "yet that's *not much*." This ſurely is a deciſive proof that the text is corrupt. My third objection to this regulation is, that by the introduction of a parentheſis, which is not found in the old copies, the words *and proper ſatisfaction* are ſo unnaturally diſjoined from thoſe with which they are connected in ſenſe, as to form a moſt lame and impotent concluſion; to ſay nothing of the awkwardneſs of uſing the word *proper* without any poſſeſſive pronoun prefixed to it.

All theſe difficulties are done away, by retaining the original word *my*, and reading *diſjunct*, inſtead of *defunct*; and the meaning will be, I aſk it not for the ſake of my *ſeparate* and private enjoyment, by the gratification of appetite, but that I may indulge the wiſhes of my wife.

The young affects, may either mean the affections or paſſions of youth, (conſidering *affects* as a ſubſtantive,) or theſe words may be connected with *heat*, which immediately precedes: "I aſk it not, for the purpoſe of gratifying that appetite *which* peculiarly ſtimulates the young." So in Spenſer's *Faery Queene*, B. V. c. ix.

"Layes of ſweete love, and *youth's* delightful *heat*."

Mr. Tyrwhitt would tranſpoſe the laſt two lines:

Nor to comply with heat, the young affects;
But to be free and bounteous to her mind
In my defunct and proper ſatisfaction.

and "recommends it to conſideration, whether the word *defunct*, (which would be the only remaining difficulty,) is not capable of a ſignification, drawn from the primitive ſenſe of its Latin original, which would very well agree with the context."

The mere Engliſh reader is to be informed, that *defunctus* in Latin ſignifies *performed*, *accompliſhed*, as well as *dead*: but is it probable that Shakſpeare was apprized of its bearing that ſignification? In Bullokar's *Engliſh Expoſitor*, 8vo. 1616, the work of a phyſician and a ſcholar, *defunct* is only defined by the word *dead*; nor has it, I am confident, any other meaning annexed to it in any dictionary or book of the times. Beſides; how, as Mr. Tollet has obſerved, could his conjugal duties be ſaid to be *diſcharged* or *performed*, at a time when his marriage was not yet conſummated?—On this laſt circumſtance however I do not inſiſt, as Shakſpeare is very licentious in the uſe of participles, and might have employed the paſt for the preſent: but the former objection appears to me fatal.

Proper is here and in other places uſed for *peculiar*. In this play we have *unproper* beds; not *peculiar* to the rightful owner, but *common* to him and others.

In

For ſhe is with me: No, when light-wing'd toys
Of feather'd Cupid ſeel with wanton dulneſs

My

In the preſent tragedy we have many more uncommon words than *disjunct*: as *facile*, *agnize*, *acerb*, *ſequeſtration*, *injointed*, *congregated*, *guttured*, *ſequent*, *extincted*, *exſufflicate*, *indign*, *ſegregated*, &c.—Iago in a ſubſequent ſcene ſays to Othello, "let us be *conjunctive* in our revenge;" and our poet has *conjunct* in *King Lear*, and *disjoin* and *disjunctive* in two other plays. In *King John* we have *adjunct* uſed as an adjective:

"Though that my death be *adjunct* to the act,—"

and in *Hamlet* we find *disjoint* employed in like manner:

"Or thinking ———
"Our ſtate to be *disjoint*, and out of frame."

MALONE.

Theobald has obſerved the impropriety of making Othello confeſs, that all youthful paſſions were *defunct* in him; and Hanmer's reading [*diſtinct*] may, I think, be received with only a ſlight alteration. I would read,

"——— I beg it not,
"To pleaſe the palate of my appetite,
"Nor to comply with heat, *and* young affects,
"In my *diſtinct* and proper ſatisfaction;
"But to be," &c.

Affects ſtands for *affections*, and is uſed in that ſenſe by Ben Jonſon in *The Caſe is alter'd*, 1609:

"—— I ſhall not need to urge
"The ſacred purity of our *affects*."

Again, in *Love's Labour's Loſt*:

"For every man with his *affects* is born."

Again, in *The wars of Cyrus*, 1594:

"The frail *affects* and errors of my youth."

There is, however, in *The Bondman*, by Maſſinger, a paſſage which ſeems to countenance and explain—the young affects in *me defunct*, &c.

"———— youthful heats,
"That look no further than your outward form,
"Are long ſince *buried* in me."

Timoleon is the ſpeaker. STEEVENS.

[7] —*defend*, &c.] To *defend*, is to forbid. So, in Chaucer's *Wife of Bathes Prologue*, late edit. ver. 5641:

"Wher can ye ſeen in any maner age
"That highe God *defended* mariage,
"By expreſſe word?"

From *defendre*, Fr. STEEVENS.

My ſpeculative and active inſtruments[8],
That my diſports corrupt and taint my buſineſs,
Let houſewives make a ſkillet of my helm,
And all indign and baſe adverſities
Make head againſt my eſtimation[9]!

Duke. Be it as you ſhall privately determine,
Either for her ſtay, or going: the affair cries—haſte,
And ſpeed muſt anſwer it; you muſt hence to night.

Deſ. To-night, my lord?

Duke. This night.

Oth. With all my heart.

Duke. At nine i'the morning here we'll meet again.
Othello, leave ſome officer behind,
And he ſhall our commiſſion bring to you;
With ſuch things elſe of quality and reſpect,
As doth import you.

Oth. Pleaſe your grace, my ancient;
A man he is of honeſty, and truſt:
To his conveyance I aſſign my wife,

With

[8] — *when light-wing'd toys*
Of *feather'd Cupid* ſeel *with wanton dulneſs*
My ſpeculative and active *inſtruments*,] Thus the folio, except that inſtead of *active inſtruments*, it has *offic'd inſtrument*. MALONE.

The quarto reads—

———— when light-wing'd toys
And feather'd *Cupid foils* with wanton dulneſs
My ſpeculative and *active* inſtruments—

All theſe words (in either copy) mean no more than this: *When the pleaſures and idle toys of love make me unfit either for ſeeing the duties of my office, or for the ready performance of them*, &c. STEEVENS.

Speculative inſtruments, in Shakſpeare's language, are the *eyes*; and *active inſtruments*, the *hands and feet*. So, in *Coriolanus*:

" —— where, the other *inſtruments*
" Did *ſee*, hear, deviſe, inſtruct, *walk*, *feel*, &c."

To *feel* is to cloſe the eyelids of a hawk by running a thread through them. As it is here metaphorically uſed, it applies very properly to the *ſpeculative* inſtruments; but *foils*, the reading of the quarto, agrees better with *active* inſtruments.

Wanton dulneſs is dulneſs ariſing from wanton indulgences. MALONE.

[9] — *my* eſtimation!] Thus the folio; the quarto—*reputation*. STEEVENS.

With what elſe needful your good grace ſhall think
To be ſent after me.

Duke. Let it be ſo.—
Good night to every one.—And, noble ſignior, [*to* Bra.
If virtue no delighted beauty lack[1],
Your ſon in law is far more fair than black.

1 *Sen.* Adieu, brave Moor! uſe Deſdemona well.

Bra. Look to her Moor; have a quick eye to ſee [2];
She has deceived her father, and may thee.

[*Exeunt* Duke, Senators, Officers, &c.

Oth. My life upon her faith.—Honeſt Iago,
My Deſdemona muſt I leave to thee:
I pr'ythee let thy wife attend on her;
And bring them after [3] in the beſt advantage[4].—
Come, Deſdemona; I have but an hour
Of love, of worldly matters and direction,
To ſpend with thee: we muſt obey the time.

[*Exeunt* OTHELLO, *and* DESDEMONA.

Rod. Iago.

Iago. What ſay'ſt thou, noble heart?

Rod. What will I do, think'ſt thou?

Iago. Why, go to bed and ſleep.

Rod. I will incontinently drown myſelf.

Iago. Well, if thou doſt, I ſhall never love thee after it. Why, thou ſilly gentleman!

[1] *If virtue no* delighted *beauty lack,*] The meaning, I believe, is, if virtue comprehends every thing in itſelf, then your virtuous ſon-in-law of courſe is beautiful: he has that beauty which delights every one. *Delighted*, for *delighting*; Shakſpeare often uſes the active and paſſive participles indiſcriminately. Of this practice I have already given many inſtances. The ſame ſentiment ſeems to occur in *Twelfth Night*:

"In nature is no blemiſh, but the mind;
"None can be call'd deform'd but the unkind:
"*Virtue is beauty.*"— STEEVENS.

Delighted is uſed by Shakſpeare in the ſenſe of *delighting*, or *delightful*. See *Cymbeline*, Act V:

"Whom beſt I love, I croſs, to make my gift,
"The more delay'd, *delighted.*" TYRWHITT.

[2] — *have a quick eye to ſee*;] Thus the eldeſt quarto. The folio reads,—*if thou haſt eyes to ſee*. STEEVENS.

[3] *And bring* them *after*—] Thus the folio. The quarto, 1622, reads—and bring *her* after. MALONE.

[4] — *beſt advantage.*—] Faireſt opportunity. JOHNSON.

Rod. It is fillineſs to live, when to live is a torment: and then have we a preſcription to die, when death is our phyſician.

Iago. O villainous! I have looked upon the world for four times ſeven years [5]: and ſince I could diſtinguiſh between a benefit and an injury, I never found a man that knew how to love himſelf. Ere I would ſay, I would drown myſelf for the love of a Guinea hen [6], I would change my humanity with a baboon.

Rod. What ſhould I do? I confeſs it is my ſhame to be ſo fond; but it is not in virtue to amend it.

Iago. Virtue! a fig! 'tis in ourſelves, that we are thus or thus, our bodies are our gardens; to the which our wills are gardeners; ſo that if we will plant nettles or ſow lettice; ſet hyſſop, and weed up thyme; ſupply it with one gender of herbs, or diſtract it with many; either

[5] *I have look'd upon the world* for four times ſeven years:] From this paſſage Iago's age ſeems to be aſcertained; and it correſponds with the account in the novel on which *Othello* is founded, where he is deſcribed as a *young*, handſome man. The French tranſlator of Shakſpeare is however of opinion, that Iago here only ſpeaks of thoſe years of his life in which he had looked on the world with an eye of obſervation. But it would be difficult to aſſign a reaſon why he ſhould mention the preciſe term of *twenty-eight* years; or to account for his knowing ſo accurately when his underſtanding arrived at maturity, and the operation of his ſagacity, and his obſervations on mankind, commenced.

That Iago meant to ſay he was but twenty eight years old, is clearly aſcertained, by his marking particularly, though indefinitely, a period *within that time*, ["and *ſince* I could diſtinguiſh," &c.] when he began to make obſervations on the characters of men.

Waller on a picture which was painted for him in his youth, by Cornelius Janſen, and which is now in the poſſeſſion of his heir, has expreſſed the ſame thought: "Anno ætatis 23; *vitæ vix primo.*" MALONE.

[6] *— a Guinea hen,*] A ſhowy bird with fine feathers. JOHNSON.

A *Guinea hen* was anciently the cant term for a proſtitute. So, in *Albertus Wallenſtein*, 1640:

"—— Yonder's the cock o' the game,
"About to tread yon *Guinea-hen*; they're billing."

STEEVENS.

either to have it ſteril with idleneſs [7], or manured with induſtry; why, the power and corrigible authority of this lies in our wills. If the balance [8] of our lives had not one ſcale of reaſon to poiſe another of ſenſuality, the blood and baſeneſs of our natures would conduct us to moſt prepoſterous concluſions: but we have reaſon to cool our raging motions, our carnal ſtings, our unbitted luſts [9]; whereof I take this, that you call—love, to be a ſect, or ſcyon [1].

Rod. It cannot be.

Iago. It is merely a luſt of the blood, and a permiſſion of the will. Come, be a man: Drown thyſelf! drown cats, and blind puppies. I have profeſs'd me thy friend, and I confeſs me knit to thy deſerving with cables of perdurable toughneſs [2]; I could never better ſtead thee than now. Put money in thy purſe; follow theſe wars; defeat thy favour with an uſurped beard [3], I ſay,

[7] —*either* to *have it ſteril with idleneſs*,—] Thus the authentick copies. The modern editors following the ſecond folio, have omitted the word *to*.—I have frequently had occaſion to remark that Shakſpeare often begins a ſentence in one way, and ends it in a different kind of conſtruction. Here he has made Iago ſay, if *we will* plant, &c. and he concludes, as if he had written—if *our will is*—either to have it, &c. See p. 231, n. 7. MALONE.

[8] *If the* balance—] The folio reads—If the *brain*. STEEVENS.

[9] —*reaſon to cool—our* carnal ſtings, *our* unbitted luſts;] So, in *A Knack to know an Honeſt Man*, 1596:

"—Virtue ne'er taught thee that;
"She ſets a *bit* upon her *bridled luſts*."

See alſo *As you Like it*, Act II. ſc. vi.

"For thou thyſelf haſt been a libertine;
"As ſenſual as the *brutiſh ſting* itſelf." MALONE.

[1] —*a* ſect or *ſcyon*.] Thus the folio and quarto. A ſect is what the more modern gardeners call a *cutting*. The modern editors read—a *ſet*. STEEVENS.

[2] *I confeſs me* knit *to thy* deſerving *with* cables *of* perdurable toughneſs;] So, in *Antony and Cleopatra*:

"To make you brothers, and to *knit* your hearts
"With an *unſlipping knot*."

Again, in our authour's 26th Sonnet.

"Lord of my love, to whom in vaſſalage
"Thy *merit* hath my duty ſtrongly *knit*." MALONE.

[3] —defeat *thy favour with an uſurped beard*;] To *defeat*, is to *undo*, to *change*. JOHNSON.

Defeat is from *defaire*, Fr. to *undo*. STEEVENS.

I ſay, put money in thy purſe. It cannot be that Deſdemona ſhould long continue her love to the Moor,—put money in thy purſe;—nor he his to her: it was a violent commencement, and thou ſhalt ſee an anſwerable ſequeſtration [4];—put but money in thy purſe.—Theſe Moors are changeable in their wills;—fill thy purſe with money: the food that to him now is as luſcious as locuſts ſhall be to him ſhortly as bitter as coloquintida [5]. She muſt change for youth: when ſhe is ſated

To *defeat*, Minſheu in his Dictionary, 1617, explains by the words—" to abrogate, to *undo*." See alſo Florio's Italian " Dictionary, 1598: *Disfacere*. To undoe, to marre, to unmake, to *defeat*." MALONE.

[4] — *it was a violent* commencement, *and thou ſhalt ſee an anſwerable* ſequeſtration;—] There ſeems to be an oppoſition of terms here intended, which has been loſt in tranſcription. We may read, *it was a violent* conjunction, *and thou ſhalt ſee an anſwerable ſequeſtration*; or, what ſeems to me preferable, *it was a violent commencement, and thou ſhalt ſee an anſwerable* ſequel. JOHNSON.

I believe the poet uſes *ſequeſtration* for *ſequel*. He might conclude that it was immediately derived from *ſequor*. *Sequeſtration*, however, may mean no more than *ſeparation*. So, in this play—" a *ſequeſter* from liberty." STEEVENS.

Surely *ſequeſtration* was uſed in the ſenſe of *ſeparation* only, or in modern language, *parting*. *Their paſſion began with violence, and* it ſhall end as quickly, of which *a ſeparation will be the conſequence*. A total and voluntary *ſequeſtration* neceſſarily includes the ceſſation or end of affection.—We have the ſame thought in ſeveral other places. So, in *Romeo and Juliet*:

" Theſe *violent delights* have *violent ends*,
" And in their triumph die."

Again, in *The Rape of Lucrece*:

" Thy violent vanities can never laſt."

I have here followed the firſt quarto. The folio reads—it was a violent commencement *in her*, &c. The context ſhews that the original is the true reading. Othello's love for Deſdemona has been juſt mentioned, as well as her's for the Moor. MALONE.

[5] —*as luſcious as locuſts*, —*as* bitter *as coloquintida*.] The old quarto reads—as *acerb* as coloquintida.

At *Tonquin* the inſect *locuſts* are conſidered as a great delicacy, not only by the poor but by the rich; and are ſold in the markets, as larks and quails are in Europe. It may be added, that the Levitical law permits four ſorts of them to be eaten.

An

ſated with his body, ſhe will find the error of her choice. —She muſt have change, ſhe muſt: therefore put money in thy purſe.—If thou wilt needs damn thyſelf, do it a more delicate way than drowning. Make all the money thou canſt: If ſanctimony and a frail vow, betwixt an erring Barbarian [6] and a ſuperſubtle Venetian, be not too hard, for my wits, and all the tribe of hell, thou ſhalt enjoy her; therefore make money. A pox of drowning thyſelf! It is clean out of the way: ſeek thou rather to be hang'd in compaſſing thy joy, than to be drown'd and go without her.

Rod. Wilt thou be faſt to my hopes, if I depend on the iſſue [7]?

Iago. Thou art ſure of me;—Go, make money:—I have told thee often and I re-tell thee again and again, I hate the Moor: My cauſe is hearted; thine hath no leſs reaſon: Let us be conjunctive [8] in our revenge againſt him: If thou canſt cuckold him, thou doſt thyſelf a pleaſure and me a ſport. There are many events in

An anonymous correſpondent informs me, that the fruit of the locuſt-tree is a long black pod, which contains the ſeeds, among which there is a very ſweet luſcious juice of mucſi the ſame conſiſtency as freſh honey. This (ſays he,) I have often taſted. STEEVENS.

Mr. Daines Barrington ſuggeſts to me, that Shakſpeare perhaps had the third chapter of St. Matthew's goſpel in his thoughts, in which we are told that John the Baptiſt lived in the wilderneſs on *locuſts* and wild *honey*. MALONE.

[6] — *betwixt an* erring *Barbarian*—] So, in *Hamlet*:

" Th' extravagant and *erring* ſpirit hies
" To his confine." STEEVENS.

An *erring Barbarian*; perhaps means a *rover* from *Barbary*. He had before ſaid, " You'll have your daughter covered with a *Barbary* horſe." MALONE.

The word *erring* is ſufficiently explained by a paſſage in the firſt ſcene of this play, where Roderigo tells Brabantio, that his daughter was

" Tying her duty, beauty, wit, and fortune
" In an extravagant and *wheeling* ſtranger,
" Of here and every where."

Erring is the ſame as *erraticus* in Latin. MASON.

[7] — *If I depend on the iſſue?*] Theſe words are wanting in the firſt quarto. STEEVENS.

[8] — *conjunctive*—] The firſt quarto reads, *communicative*. STEEVENS.

in the womb, of time, which will be delivered. Traverſe; go provide thy money. We will have more of this to-morrow. Adieu.

Rod. Where ſhall we meet i' the morning?

Iago. At my lodging.

Rod. I'll be with thee betimes.

Iago. Go to; farewel. Do you hear, Roderigo?[9]

Rod. What ſay you?

Iago. No more of drowning, do you hear.

Rod. I am changed. I'll ſell all my land.

Iago. Go to; farewell: put money enough in your purſe.

[*Exit* RODERIGO.

Thus do I ever make my fool my purſe:
For I mine own gain'd knowledge ſhould profane,
If I would time expend with ſuch a ſnipe,
But for my ſport, and profit. I hate the Moor;
And it is thought abroad, that 'twixt my ſheets
He has done my office: I know not, if't be true;
But I for mere ſuſpicion in that kind,
Will do as if for ſurety[1]. He holds me well;
The better ſhall my purpoſe work on him.
Caſſio's a proper man: Let me ſee now;
To get his place and to plume up my will[2],
A double knavery,—How?—how?—Let me ſee:—
After ſome time, to abuſe Othello's ear,
That he is too familiar with his wife,

He

[9] — *Do you hear, Roderigo?*] In the folio, inſtead of this and the following ſpeeches, we find only theſe words:

Iago. Go to; farewell. Do you hear, Roderigo?
Rod. I'll ſell all my land. [*Exit.*
Iago. Thus do I ever, &c.

The quarto, 1622, reads:

Iago. Go to; farewell:—do you hear, Roderigo?
Rod. What ſay you?
Iago. No more of drowning, do you hear.
Rod. I am chang'd [*Exit* Rod.
Iago. Go to; farewell: put money enough in your purſe.
Thus do I ever, &c.

The reading of the text is formed out of the two copies. MALONE.

[1] — *as if for ſurety.*] i. e. as if I were certain of the fact. MASON.

[2] — *to* plume *up*, &c.] The firſt quarto reads—to *make* up, &c. STEEVENS.

He hath a perſon, and a ſmooth diſpoſe,
To be ſuſpected; fram'd to make women falſe.
The Moor is of a free and open nature [3],
That thinks men honeſt that but ſeem to be ſo;
And will as tenderly be led by the noſe,
As aſſes are.
I hav't; it is engender'd—Hell and night
Muſt bring this monſtrous birth to the world's light. [*Exit.*

ACT II. SCENE I.

A Sea-port town in Cyprus *. *A Platform.*

Enter MONTANO, *and two* Gentlemen.

Mon. What from the cape can you diſcern at ſea?
1 *Gent.* Nothing at all: it is a high-wrought flood;
I cannot

[3] *The Moor is of a free and open nature,*] The firſt quarto reads:
The Moor, a free and open nature too,
That thinks, &c. STEEVENS.

* All the modern editors, following Mr. Rowe, have ſuppoſed the capital of Cyprus to be the place where the ſcene of *Othello* lies during four acts: but this could not have been Shakſpeare's intention; NICOSIA, the capital city of Cyprus, being ſituated nearly in the center of the iſland, and thirty miles diſtant from the ſea. The principal ſea-port town of Cyprus was FAMAGUSTA; where there was formerly a ſtrong fort and a commodious haven, the only one of any magnitude in the iſland; and there undoubtedly the ſcene ſhould be placed. "Neere unto the haven (ſays Knolles,) ſtandeth an old CASTLE, with four towers after the ancient manner of building." To this caſtle, we find, Othello preſently repairs.

It is obſervable that Cinthio in the novel on which this play is founded, which was firſt publiſhed in 1565, makes no mention of any attack being made on Cyprus by the Turks. From our poet's having mentioned the preparations againſt this iſland, which they firſt aſſaulted and took from the Venetians in 1570, we may ſuppoſe that he intended that year as the era of his tragedy; but by mentioning *Rhodes* as alſo likely to be aſſaulted by the Turks, he has fallen into an hiſtorical inconſiſtency;

I cannot, 'twixt the haven[4] and the main,
Deſcry a ſail.

Mon. Methinks, the wind hath ſpoke aloud at land;
A fuller blaſt ne'er ſhook our battlements:
If it hath ruffian'd ſo upon the ſea [5],
What ribs of oak, when mountains melt on them [6],
Can hold the mortice? what ſhall we hear of this?

2 *Gent.*

ſiſtency; for they were then in quiet poſſeſſion of that iſland, of which they became maſters in December, 1522; and if, to evade this difficulty, we refer *Othello* to an era prior to that year, there will be an equal incongruity; for from 1473, when the Venetians firſt became poſſeſſed of Cyprus, to 1522, they had not been moleſted by any Turkiſh armament.

MALONE.

[4] —*'twixt the* haven—] Thus the quarto, 1622. The folio has—the *heaven*, which affords a bolder image; but the article prefixed ſtrongly ſupports the original copy; for applied to *heaven*, it is extremely aukward. Beſides; though in *The Winter's Tale* our poet has made a Clown talk of a *ſhip boring the moon with her mainmaſt*, and ſay that "*between the ſea and the firmament you cannot thruſt a bodkin's point*," is it probable, that he ſhould put the ſame hyperbolical language into the mouth of a gentleman, anſwering a ſerious queſtion on an important occaſion? In a ſubſequent paſſage indeed he indulges himſelf without impropriety in the elevated diction of poetry.

Of the *haven* of Famaguſta, which was defended from the main by two great rocks, at the diſtance of forty paces from each other, Shakſpeare might have found a particular account in Knolles's *Hiſtory of the Turks* ad ann. 1570, p. 863.

MALONE.

[5] *If it hath* ruffian'd *ſo upon the ſea*,] So, in *Troilus and Creſſida*:

"But let the *ruffian* Boreas once enrage
"The gentle *Thetis*,— MALONE.

[6] —*when mountains melt on them*,] Thus the folio. The quarto reads:

— when *the huge mountain melts*.

This latter reading might be countenanced by the following paſſage in the ſecond Part of *King Henry IV*.

"——————— the continent
"Weary of ſolid firmneſs, *melt* itſelf
"Into the ſea——" STEEVENS.

The quarto 1622—reads, when the huge mountain *meslt*; the letter *s*, which perhaps belongs to *mountain*, having wandered at the preſs from its place.

I appre-

2 *Gent.* A ſegregation of the Turkiſh fleet:
For do but ſtand upon the foaming ſhore [7],
The chiding billow ſeems to pelt the clouds;
The wind-ſhak'd ſurge, with high and monſtrous main,
Seems to caſt water on the burning bear,
And quench the guards of the ever-fixed pole [8],
I never did like moleſtation view
On the enchafed flood.

Mon. If that the Turkiſh fleet
Be not inſhelter'd and embay'd, they are drown'd;
It is impoſſible they bear it out.

Enter a third Gentleman.

3. *Gent.* News, lords! our wars are done;
The deſperate tempeſt hath ſo bang'd the Turks,
That their deſignment halts: A noble ſhip of Venice
Hath ſeen a grievous wreck and ſufferance
On moſt part of their fleet.

Mon. How! is this true?

3. *Gent.* The ſhip is here put in,
A Veroneſé [9]: Michael Caſſio,
Lieutenant

I apprehend, that in the quarto reading (as well as in the folio,) by *mountains* the poet meant not land-mountains, which Mr. Steevens ſeems by his quotation to have thought, but thoſe huge ſurges, (reſembling mountains in their magnitude,) which "with high and monſtrous main ſeem'd to caſt water on the burning bear."

So, in a ſubſequent ſcene:

"And let the labouring bark climb *hills* of ſeas,
"*Olympus* high,—."

Again, in *Troilus and Creſſida*:

"—— and anon behold
"The ſtrong-ribb'd bark through *liquid mountains* cuts." MALONE.

7 — *the* foaming *ſhore*,] The elder quarto reads—*banning* ſhore, which offers the bolder image; *i. e.* the ſhore that execrates the ravage of the waves. So, in *King Henry VI.* P. I:

"Fell, *banning* hag, enchantreſs, hold thy tongue."
STEEVENS.

8 *And quench the guards of the ever-fixed pole:*] Alluding to the ſtar *Arctophylax*. JOHNSON.

The elder quarto reads—ever-*fired* pole. STEEVENS.

9 *A Veroneſé:*] The quarto, 1622, has—a *Veroneſſa*: the folio, *Veronneſſa*. The true ſpelling was pointed out by Mr. Heath.

Lieutenant to the warlike Moor, Othello,
Is come on ſhore: the Moor himſelf's at ſea,
And is in full commiſſion here for Cyprus.

Mon. I am glad on't; tis a worthy governour.

3. *Gent.* But this ſame Caſſio,—though he ſpeak of comfort,
Touching the Turkiſh loſs,—yet he looks ſadly,
And prays the Moor be ſafe; for they were parted
With foul and violent tempeſt.

Mon. Pray heaven he be;
For I have ſerv'd him, and the man commands
Like a full ſoldier [1]. Let's to the ſea-ſide, ho!
As well to ſee the veſſel that's come in,
As to throw out our eyes for brave Othello;
Even till we make the main [2], and the aerial blue,
An indiſtinct regard.

Gent. Come, let's do ſo;
For every minute is expectancy
Of more arrivance.

Enter

Heath. In Thomaſes *Hiſtory of Italy*, already quoted, the people of Verona are called the *Veroneſi*.

The ſhip has been already deſcribed as a ſhip of Venice. It is now called "a *Veroneſe*;" that is, a ſhip belonging to and furniſhed by the inland city of Verona, for the uſe of the Venetian ſtate; and newly arrived from Venice. "Beſides many other towns, (ſays Contareno,) caſtles, and villages, they [the Venetians,] poſſeſs ſeven faire cities; as Trevigi, Padoua, Vicenza, *Verona*, Breſcia, Bergamo, and Crema." *Commonwealth of Venice*, 1599.

Mr. Heath, Mr. Steevens, and Mr. Warton, concur in obſerving that *Veroneſe* muſt be pronounced as a quadriſyllable. In our poet's age, "it was common" Mr. Warton obſerves, "to introduce Italian words, and in their proper pronunciation then familiar. So Spenſer, in *The Faery Queene*, B. III. c. xiii. st. 10.

"With ſleeves dependant *Albaneſe* wiſe." MALONE.

[1] *Like a* full *ſoldier*] Like a *complete* ſoldier. So before, p. 209:

"What a *full* fortune doth the thick-lips owe."
MALONE.

[2] *Even till we make the main*, &c.] This line and half is wanting in the eldeſt quarto. STEEVENS.

Enter CASSIO.

Caſ. Thanks to the valiant of this warlike iſle [3],
That ſo approve the Moor; O, let the heavens
Give him defence againſt the elements,
For I have loſt him on a dangerous ſea!

Mon. Is he well ſhipp'd?

Caſ. His bark is ſtoutly timber'd, and his pilot
Of very expert and approv'd allowance [4];
Therefore my hopes, not ſurfeited to death,
Stand in bold cure [5].

Within.] A ſail, a ſail, a ſail!

Enter

[3] — warlike *iſle*,] Thus the folio. The firſt quarto reads—*worthy* iſle. STEEVENS.

[4] *Of very expert and approv'd allowance*;] *Expert and approv'd allowance* is put for *allow'd and approv'd expertneſs*. This mode of expreſſion is not unfrequent in Shakſpeare. STEEVENS.

[5] *Therefore my hopes, not ſurfeited to death,*
Stand in bold cure.] Dr. Johnſon ſays, "he knows not why *hope* ſhould be conſidered as a diſeaſe." But it is not *hope* which is here deſcribed as a diſeaſe; thoſe miſgiving apprehenſions which diminiſh hope, are in fact the diſeaſe, and hope itſelf is the patient.

A ſurfeit being a diſeaſe ariſing from an *exceſſive* overcharge of the ſtomach, the poet with his uſual licence uſes it for any ſpecies of *exceſs*.—Therefore, ſays Caſſio, my hopes, which, though faint and ſickly with apprehenſion, are not totally deſtroyed by an exceſs of deſpondency, erect themſelves with ſome degree of confidence that they will be relieved, by the ſafe arrival of Othello, from thoſe ill-divining fears under which they now languiſh.

The word *ſurfeit* having occurred to Shakſpeare, led him to conſider ſuch a hope as Caſſio entertained, not a ſanguine, but a faint and languid hope, ("ſicklied o'er with the pale caſt of thought,") as a *diſeaſe*, and to talk of its *cure*.

A paſſage in *Twelfth Night*, where a ſimilar phraſeology is uſed, may ſerve to ſtrengthen this interpretation:

"Give me *exceſs* of it; that, *ſurfeiting*,
"The appetite may *ſicken*, and ſo *die*."

Again, in *The Two Gentlemen of Verona*:

"O, I have fed upon this *woe* already,
"And now *exceſs* of it will make me *ſurfeit*."

MALONE.

To

Enter another Gentleman.

Caſ. What noiſe?

4. *Gent.* The town is empty; on the brow o' the ſea
Stand ranks of people, and they cry—a ſail.

Caſ. My hopes do ſhape him for the governour.

2. *Gent.* They do diſcharge their ſhot of courteſy;
Our friends, at leaſt. [*Guns heard.*

Caſ. I pray you, ſir, go forth,
And give us truth who 'tis that is arriv'd.

2. *Gent.* I ſhall. [*Exit.*

Mon. But, good lieutenant, is your general wiv'd?

Caſ. Moſt fortunately: he hath atchiev'd a maid
That paragons deſcription, and wild fame;
One that excels the quirks of blazoning pens[6],
And, in the eſſential veſture of creation,
Does bear all excellency[7].—How now? who has put in?

Re-enter

To *ſtand in bold cure*, is to erect themſelves in confidence of being fulfilled. A parallel expreſſion occurs in *K. Lear*, Act III. ſc. vi.

" This reſt might yet have balm'd thy broken ſenſes,
" Which, if conveniency will not allow,
" *Stand in hard cure.*"

Again,:

" ——— his life, with thine, &c.
" *Stand in aſſured loſs.*"

In bold cure means, in confidence of being cured.

STEEVENS.

I believe that Solomon upon this occaſion will be found the beſt interpreter: " *Hope deferred maketh the heart ſick.*"

HENLEY.

[6] *One that excels the quirks of blazoning pens,*] So, in our poet's 103d Sonnet:

" ——— a face
" Dulling my lines, and doing me diſgrace."

MALONE.

[7] *And, in the* eſſential *veſture of creation*
Does bear all excellency.] The author ſeems to uſe *eſſential*, for *exiſtent*, *real*. She excels the praiſes of invention, ſays he, and in *real* qualities, with which *creation* has *inveſted* her, *bears all excellency*. JOHNSON.

Does bear all excellency.—] Such is the reading of the quartos; for which the folio has this:

And in the eſſential veſture of creation
Do's tyre the ingeniuer.

Which

Re-enter ſecond Gentleman.

2. *Gent.* 'Tis one Iago, ancient to the general.

Caſ. He has had moſt favourable and happy ſpeed:
Tempeſts themſelves, high ſeas, and howling winds,
The gutter'd rocks, and congregated ſands,—
Traitors

Which I explain thus:

Does tire the ingenious verſe.

This is the beſt reading, and that which the author ſubſtituted in his reviſal. JOHNSON.

The reading of the quarto is ſo flat and unpoetical, when compared with that ſenſe which ſeems meant to have been given in the folio, that I heartily wiſh ſome emendation could be hit on, which might entitle it to a place in the text. I believe the word *tire* was not introduced to ſignify—to *fatigue*, but to *attire*, to *dreſs*. The verb *to attire*, is often ſo abbreviated. So, in *Holland's Leaguer*, 1633:

" ——— Cupid's a boy,
" And would you *tire* him like a ſenator?"

Again, in the *Comedy of Errors*, Act II. ſc. ii.

" —To ſave the money he ſpends in *tiring*," &c.

The eſſential veſture of creation tempts me to believe it was ſo uſed on the preſent occaſion. I would read ſomething like this:

And in the eſſential veſture of creation
Does tire the ingenuous virtue.

i. e. inveſts her artleſs virtue in the faireſt form of earthly ſubſtance.

In the *Merchant of Venice*, Act V. Lorenzo calls the body —" the muddy *veſture* of decay."

It may, however, be obſerved, that the word *ingener* did not anciently ſignify *one who manages the engines or artillery of an army*, but any *ingenious perſon*, any *maſter of liberal ſcience*.

So, in B. Jonſon's *Sejanus*, Act I. ſc. i:

" No, Silius, we are no good *ingeners*,
" We want the fine arts," &c.

Ingene therefore may be the true reading of this paſſage: and a ſimilar thought occurs in the *Tempeſt*, Act IV. ſc. i:

" For thou ſhalt find ſhe will outſtrip all praiſe,
" And make it *halt* behind her."

In the argument of *Sejanus*, Jonſon like wiſe ſays, that his hero " worketh with all his *ingene*," apparently from the Latin *ingenium*. STEEVENS.

Perhaps the words intended in the folio, were,

Does tire the *ingene ever*.

Ingene is uſed for *ingenium* by Puttenham, in his *Art of Poeſie*, 1589: " —ſuch alſo as made moſt of their works by tranſlation

Traitors enſteep'd [8] to clog the guiltleſs keel,
As having ſenſe of beauty, do omit
Their mortal natures, letting go ſafely by
The divine Deſdemona.

Mon. What is ſhe?

Caſ. She that I ſpake of, our great captain's captain,
Left in the conduct of the bold Iago;
Whoſe footing here anticipates our thoughts,
A ſe'nnights ſpeed.—Great Jove, * Othello guard,
And ſwell his ſail with thine own powerful breath;
That he may bleſs this bay with his tall ſhip,

Make

tranſlation out of the Latin and French tongue, and few or none of their owne *engine*." *Engine* is here without doubt a miſprint for *ingene*.—I believe, however, the reading of the quarto is the true one.—If *tire* was uſed in the ſenſe of *weary*, then *ingener* muſt have been uſed for the ingenious perſon who ſhould attempt to enumerate the merits of Deſdemona. To the inſtance produced by Mr. Steevens from *Sejanus*, may be added another in Fleckno's *Diſcourſe of the Engliſh Stage*, 1664. "Of this curious art the Italians (this latter age) are the greateſt maſters, the French good proficients, and we in England only ſchollars and learners, yet, having proceeded no further than to bare painting, and not arrived to the ſtupendous wonders of your great *ingeniers*." In one of Daniel's Sonnets, we meet with a ſimilar imagery to that in the firſt of theſe lines:

"Though time doth ſpoil her of the *faireſt vaile*
"*That ever yet mortalitie did cover*." MALONE.

[8] *Traitors* enſteep'd—] Thus the folio and one of the quartos. The firſt copy reads—*enſerped*, of which every reader may make what he pleaſes. Perhaps *eſcerped* was an old Engliſh word borrowed from the French *eſcarpé*, which Shakſpeare not finding congruous to the image of clogging the keel, afterwards changed.

I once thought that the poet had written—traitors *enſcarf'd*, i. e. muffled in their robes, as in *Julius Cæſar*. So, in *Hamlet*: "My ſea-gown *ſcarf'd* about me;" and this agrees better with the idea of a traitor: yet whatever is gained one way is loſt another. The poet too often adopts circumſtances from every image that aroſe in his mind, and employing them without attention to the propriety of their union, his metaphorical expreſſions become inextricably confuſed.

STEEVENS.

* *Great* Jove, &c.] For this abſurdity I have not the ſmalleſt doubt that the Maſter of the Revels, and not our poet, is anſwerable. See *The Hiſtorical Account of the Engliſh Stage*, Vol. I. Part II. MALONE.

Make love's quick pants in Deſdemona's arms [9],
Give renew'd fire to our extincted ſpirits,
And bring all Cyprus comfort![1]—O, behold,

Enter DESDEMONA, EMILIA, IAGO, RODERIGO, *and Attendants.*

The riches of the ſhip is come on ſhore!
Ye men of Cyprus, let her have your knees:—
Hail to thee, lady! and the grace of heaven,
Before, behind thee, and on every hand,
Enwheel thee round!

Def. I thank you, valiant Caſſio.
What tidings can you tell me of my lord?

Caſ. He is not yet arriv'd; nor know I aught
But that he's well, and will be ſhortly here.

Def. O, but I fear;—How loſt you company?

Caſ. The great contention of the ſea and ſkies
Parted our fellowſhip: But, hark! a ſail.

[*Cry within.* A ſail, a ſail! *Then guns heard.*

2. *Gent.* They give their greeting to the citadel;
This likewiſe is a friend.

Caſ. See for the news [2].— [*Exit* Gentleman.
Good ancient, you are welcome;—Welcome, miſtreſs:—
[*to* Emilia.
Let it not gall your patience, good Iago,
That I extend my manners; 'tis my breeding
That gives me this bold ſhew of courteſy. [*kiſſing her.*

Iago. Sir, would ſhe give you ſo much of her lips,
As of her tongue ſhe oft beſtows on me,
You'd have enough.

Def. Alas, ſhe has no ſpeech.

Iago. In faith, too much [3];
I find it ſtill, when I have liſt to ſleep:
Marry,

[9] *Make love's quick pants in Deſdemona's arms,*] Thus the folio. The quarto, with leſs animation:
And ſwiftly come to Deſdemona's arms. STEEVENS.

[1] *And bring all Cyprus comfort!*] This paſſage is only found in the quartos. STEEVENS.

[2] *See for the news.*] The firſt quarto reads, *So ſpeaks this voice.* STEEVENS.

[3] *In faith, too much;*] Thus the folio. The firſt quarto thus:
I know too much:
I find it, *I*; *for when*, &c. STEEVENS.

Marry, before your ladyſhip, I grant,
She puts her tongue a little in her heart,
And chides with thinking.

Emil. You have little cauſe to ſay ſo.

Iago. Come on, come on; you are pictures out of doors,
Bells in your parlours, wild cats in your kitchens,
Saints in your injuries [4], devils being offended,
Players in your houſewifery, and houſewives in your beds.

Deſ. O, fie upon thee, ſlanderer [5]!

Iago. Nay, it is true, or elſe I am a Turk;
You riſe to play, and go to bed to work.

Emil. You ſhall not write my praiſe.

Iago, No, let me not.

Deſ. What wouldſt thou write of me, if thou ſhould'ſt praiſe me?

Iago. O gentle lady, do not put me to it;
For I am nothing, if not critical [6].

Deſ. Come on, aſſay:—There's one gone to the harbour?

Iago. Ay, madam.

Deſ.

[4] *Saints in your injuries*, &c.] When you have a mind to do injuries, you put on an air of ſanctity. JOHNSON.

In Puttenham's *Art of Poetry*, 1589, I meet with almoſt the ſame thoughts:—"We limit the comely parts of a woman "to conſiſt in four points; that is, to be a ſhrew in the kitchen, "a ſaint in the church, an angel at board, and an ape in the "bed; as the chronicle reports by miſtreſs Shore, paramour "to K. Edward the Fourth."

Again, in a play of Middleton's called *Blurt Maſter Conſtable*, or, *The Spaniard's Night-walk*, 1602:

"—according to that wiſe ſaying of you, you be ſaints in the church, angels in the ſtreet, devils in the kitchen, and apes in your beds."

Again, in the *Miſeries of inforc'd Marriage* 1607: "Women are *in churches ſaints, abroad angels, at home devils.*"

Puttenham, who mentions all other contemporary writers, has not once ſpoken of Shakſpeare; ſo that it is probable he had not produced any thing of ſo early a date. STEEVENS.

[5] *O, fie upon thee, ſlanderer!*] This ſhort ſpeech is, in the quarto, unappropriated; and may as well belong to *Æmilia* as to *Deſdemona*. STEEVENS.

[6] — *critical.*] That is, *cenſorious*. JOHNSON.

So, in our authour's 122d Sonnet:

"——— my adder's ſenſe
"To *critick* and to flatterer ſtopped are." MALONE.

Deſ. I am not merry; but I do beguile
The thing I am, by ſeeming otherwiſe.—
Come, how would'ſt thou praiſe me?

Iago. I am about it; but, indeed my invention
Comes from my pate as birdlime does from frize,
It plucks out brains and all: But my muſe labours,
And thus ſhe is deliver'd.
If ſhe be fair and wiſe, fairneſs and wit,
The one's for uſe, the other uſeth it.

Deſ. Well prais'd! How if ſhe be black and witty?

Iago. If ſhe be black, and thereto have a wit,
She'll find a white that ſhall her blackneſs fit [7].

Deſ. Worſe and worſe.

Emil. How, if fair and fooliſh?

Iago. She never yet was fooliſh that was fair [8];
For even her folly help'd her to an heir.

Deſ. Theſe are old fond paradoxes, to make fools laugh i' the alehouſe. What miſerable praiſe haſt thou for her that's foul and fooliſh?

Iago. There's none ſo foul, and fooliſh thereunto,
But does foul pranks which fair and wiſe ones do.

Deſ. O heavy ignorance!—thou praiſeſt the worſt beſt. But what praiſe could'ſt thou beſtow on a deſerving woman indeed [9]? one, that, in the authority of her merit, did juſtly put on the vouch of very malice itſelf [1]?

[7] —*her blackneſs* fit.] The firſt quarto reads *hit.* STEEV.

[8] *She never yet was fooliſh*, &c.] We may read,

She ne'er *was yet* ſo *fooliſh that was faire,*
But *even her folly help'd her to an heir.*

Yet I believe the common reading to be right: the law makes the power of cohabitation a proof that a man is not a *natural*; therefore, ſince the fooliſh woman, if *pretty*, may have a child, no *pretty* woman is ever fooliſh. JOHNSON.

[9] — *But what praiſe could'ſt thou beſtow on a deſerving woman indeed?*] The hint for this queſtion, and the metrical reply of Iago is taken from a ſtrange pamphlet, called *Choice, Chance, and Change, or Conceits in their Colours*, 1606; when after Tidero has deſcribed many ridiculous characters in verſe, *Arnofilo* aſks him, "but I pray thee, didſt thou write none in commendation of ſome worthy creature?" *Tidero* then proceeds, like Iago, to repeat more verſes. STEEVENS.

[1] — *one, that, in the authority of her merit, did juſtly* put on *the vouch of very malice itſelf?*] The ſenſe is this: One that was

Iago. She that was ever fair, and never proud;
Had tongue at will, and yet was never loud;
Never lack'd gold, and yet went never gay;
Fled from her wiſh, and yet ſaid,—*now I may*;
She that, being anger'd, her revenge being nigh,
Bade her wrong ſtay, and her diſpleaſure fly;
She that in wiſdom never was ſo frail,
To change the cod's head for the ſalmon's tail [2];
She that could think, and ne'er diſcloſe her mind,
See ſuitors following, and not look behind [3];
She was a wight,—if ever ſuch wight were,—

Def. To do what?

Iago. To ſuckle fools, and chronicle ſmall beer [4].

Def. O moſt lame and impotent concluſion!—Do not learn of him, Emilia, though he be thy huſband.—How

was ſo conſcious of her own merit, and of the authority her character had with every one, that ſhe durſt venture to call upon malice itſelf to vouch for her. This was ſome commendation. And the character only of cleareſt virtue; which could force malice, even againſt its nature, to do juſtice. WARBURTON.

To *put on* is to *provoke*, to *incite*. So, in *Macbeth*:

"— the powers above
"*Put on* their inſtruments." STEEVENS.

[2] *To change the* cod's head *for the* ſalmon's tail;] *i. e.* to exchange a delicacy for coarſer fare. STEEVENS.

Surely the poet had a further alluſion, which it is not neceſſary to explain. The word *frail* in the preceding line ſhews that *viands* were not alone in his thoughts. MALONE.

[3] *See ſuitors following, and not look behind*;] The firſt quarto omits this line. STEEVENS.

[4] *To ſuckle fools, and chronicle ſmall beer.*] After enumerating the perfections of a woman, Iago adds, that if ever there was ſuch a one as he had been deſcribing, ſhe was, at the beſt, of no other uſe, than *to ſuckle children, and keep the account of a houſehold.* The expreſſions *to ſuckle fools, and chronicle ſmall beer*, are only inſtances of the want of natural affection, and the predominance of a critical cenſoriouſneſs in Iago, which he allows himſelf to be poſſeſſed of, where he ſays *O! I am nothing, if not critical.* STEEVENS.

How ſay you, Caſſio? is he not a moſt profane [5] and liberal counſellor [6]?

Caſ. He ſpeaks home, madam; you may reliſh him more in the ſoldier, than in the ſcholar.

Iago. [*Aſide.*] He takes her by the palm. Ay, well ſaid, whiſper: with as little a web as this, will I enſnare as great a fly as Caſſio. Ay, ſmile upon her, do; I will gyve thee [7] in thine own courtſhip. You ſay true; 'tis ſo, indeed: if ſuch tricks as theſe ſtrip you out of your lieutenantry, it had been better you had not kiſs'd your three fingers ſo oft, which now again you are moſt apt to play the ſir in. Very good; well kiſs'd! an excellent courteſy [8]! 'tis ſo, indeed. Yet again your fingers to your lips? would, they were clyſter-pipes for your ſake!—[*Trumpet.*] The Moor,—I know his trumpet.

[5] —*profane*—] Groſs of language, of expreſſion broad and brutal. So Brabantio, in the firſt act, calls Iago *profane* wretch. JOHNSON.

Ben Jonſon, in deſcribing the characters in *Every Man out of his Humour*, ſtyles Carlo Buffone, a publick, ſcurrilous, and *profane* jeſter. STEEVENS.

[6] —liberal *counſellor?*] *Liberal*, for *licentious*. WARBURTON.

So, in the *Fair Maid of Briſtow*, 1605, bl. l.

" But Vallenger, moſt like a *liberal* villain,
" Did give her ſcandalous, ignoble terms." STEEV.

Counſellor ſeems to mean, not ſo much a man that *gives counſel*, as one that diſcourſes fearleſsly and volubly. A talker. JOHNSON.

[7] —*I will* gyve *thee*—] *i. e.* catch, ſhackle. POPE.

The firſt quarto reads—" I will *catch* you in your own *courteſies*;" the ſecond quarto—" I will *catch* you in your own courtſhip." The folio as it is in the text. STEEVENS.

[8] —*well kiſs'd! an excellent courteſy!*—] Spoken when Caſſio kiſſes his hand, and Deſdemona courtſies. JOHNSON.

This reading was recovered from the quarto, 1622, by Dr. Johnſon. The folio has—*and* excellent courteſy.

I do not believe that any part of theſe words relates to Deſdemona. In the original copy, we have juſt ſeen, the poet wrote—" ay, ſmile upon her, do; I will catch you in your own *courteſies*." Here therefore he probably meant only to ſpeak of Caſſio, while kiſſing his hand. " Well kiſs'd! an excellent courteſy!" i. e. an excellent ſalute. *Courteſy*, in the ſenſe of an obeiſance or ſalute, was in Shakſpeare's time applied to men as well as women. MALONE.

Caſ. 'Tis truly ſo.

Deſ. Let's meet him, and receive him.

Caſ. Lo, where he comes!

Enter OTHELLO, *and Attendants.*

Oth. O my fair warrior!

Deſ. My dear Othello!

Oth. It gives me wonder great as my content,
To ſee you here before me. O my ſoul's joy!
If after every tempeſt come ſuch calmneſs [9],
May the winds blow 'till they have wakened death!
And let the labouring bark climb hills of ſeas,
Olympus high; and duck again as low
As hell's from heaven! If it were now to die,
'Twere now to be moſt happy[1]; for I fear,
My ſoul hath her content ſo abſolute,
That not another comfort like to this
Succeeds in unknown fate.

Deſ. The heavens forbid,
But that our loves and comforts ſhould increaſe,
Even as our days do grow!

Oth. Amen to that, ſweet powers!
I cannot ſpeak enough of this content,
It ſtops me here; it is too much of joy:
And this, and this, the greateſt diſcords be, [*kiſſing her,*[2]]
That e'er our hearts ſhall make!

Iago.

[9] — *come ſuch* calmneſs,] Thus the original quarto, 1622. The folio has *calmes.* MALONE.

[1] —— *If it were now to die,*
'Twere now to be moſt happy;] So Cherea, in *The Eunuch* of *Terence*, Act III. ſc. v.:

" ——— Proh Jupiter!
" Nunc tempus profecto eſt, cum perpeti me poſſum interfici,
" Ne vita aliquâ hoc gaudium contaminet ægritudine.'

MALONE.

[2] *And this, and this,* &c.—*kiſſing her.*] So, in Marlowe's *Luſt's Dominion:*

" I pr'ythee, chide, if I have done amiſs,
" But let my puniſhment be *this and this.*" [" *kiſſing the Moor.*" MALONE.

Marlowe's play was written before that of Shakſpeare, who might poſſibly have acted in it. STEEVENS.

Iago, O, you are well tun'd now!
But I'll ſet down [3] the pegs that make this muſick,
As honeſt as I am. [*Aſide.*

Oth. Come, let's to the caſtle.—
News, friends [4]; our wars are done, the Turks are drown'd.
How do our old acquaintance of this iſle?—
Honey, you ſhall be well deſired in Cyprus,
I have found great love amongſt them. O my ſweet,
I prattle out of faſhion [5], and I dote
In mine own comforts.—I pr'ythee, good Iago,
Go to the bay, and diſembark my coffers;
Bring thou the maſter [6] to the citadel;
He is a good one, and his worthineſs
Does challenge much reſpect.—Come, Deſdemona,
Once more well met at Cyprus.

[*Exeunt* OTHELLO, DESDEMONA, *and Attendants.*

Iago. Do thou meet me preſently at the harbour. Come hither. If thou be'ſt valiant, as (they ſay) baſe men, being in love have then a nobility in their natures more

[3] *I'll* ſet *down*—] Thus the old copies, for which the modern editors, following Mr. Pope, have ſubſtituted—*let* down. But who can prove that to *ſet down* was not the language of Shakſpeare's time, when a viol was ſpoken of?—To *ſet* formerly ſignified to *tune*, though it is no longer uſed in that ſenſe. "It was then," ſays Anthony Wood in his *Diary*, "that I *ſet* and tuned in ſtrings and fourths," &c. So in *Skialetheia*, a Collection of Satires, &c. 1598:

" ——— to a nimbler key
" *Set* thy wind inſtrument." MALONE.

[4] *News, friends*;—] The modern editors read (after Mr. Rowe) *Now*, friends. I would obſerve once for all, that (in numberleſs inſtances in this play, as well as in others) where my predeceſſors had ſilently and without reaſon made alteration, I have as ſilently reſtored the old readings. STEEVENS.

[5] *I prattle out of faſhion*,—] Out of method, without any ſettled order of diſcourſe. JOHNSON.

[6] — *the maſter*—] Dr. Johnſon ſuppoſed, that by the *maſter* was meant the *pilot* of the ſhip, and indeed had high authority for this ſuppoſition; for our poet himſelf ſeems to have confounded them. See Act. III. ſc. ii. l. i. But the maſter is a diſtinct perſon, and has the principal command, and care of the navigation of the ſhip, under the captain, where there is a captain; and in chief, where there is none. The pilot is employed only in navigating the ſhip into or out of port. MALONE.

more than is native to them*,—lift me. The lieutenant to-night watches on the court of guard[7]:—Firſt, I muſt tell thee this—Deſdemona is directly in love with him.

Rod. With him! why, 'tis not poſſible.

Iago. Lay thy finger—thus[8], and let thy ſoul be inſtructed. Mark me with what violence ſhe firſt loved the Moor, but for bragging, and telling her fantaſtical lies: And will ſhe love him ſtill for prating[9]? let not thy diſcreet heart think it. Her eye muſt be fed; and what delight ſhall ſhe have to look on the devil? When the blood is made dull with the act of ſport, there ſhould be,—again to inflame it[1],and to give ſatiety a freſh appetite,—lovelineſs in favour; ſympathy in years, manners and beauties; all which the Moor is defective in: Now, for want of theſe required conveniences, her delicate tenderneſs will find itſelf abuſed, begin to heave the gorge, diſreliſh and abhor the Moor; very nature will inſtruct her in it, and compel her to ſome ſecond choice. Now, ſir, this granted, (as it is a moſt pregnant and unforced poſition,) who ſtands ſo eminently in the degree of this fortune, as Caſſio does? a knave very voluble; no farther conſcionable, than in putting on the mere form of civil and humane ſeeming[2], for the better compaſſing of his ſalt and moſt hidden looſe affection? why, none; why, none: A ſlippery and ſubtle knave; a finder out of occaſions; that has an eye can ſtamp

* — *baſe men, being in love, have then a nobility in their natures*—] So, in *Hamlet*:

"Nature is fine in love." MALONE.

[7] — *the court of guard*:] i. e. the place where the guard muſters. So, in *The Family of Love*, 1608:

"Thus have I paſs'd the round and *court of guard*."

Again, in the *Beggar's Buſh*, by Beaumont and Fletcher;

"Viſit your *courts of guard*, view your munition."

STEEVENS.

[8] *Lay thy finger—thus*,—] On thy mouth, to ſtop it while thou art liſtening to a wiſer man. JOHNSON.

[9] *And will ſhe love him ſtill for prating?*] The folio reads—To love *him ſtill for prating!* STEEVENS.

[1] — again *to inflame it*,] Thus the quarto, 1622. The folio reads—*a game*. STEEVENS.

[2] — *and humane ſeeming*,] Thus the folio. The quarto, 1622, reads—and *hand*-ſeeming. MALONE.

ſtamp and counterfeit advantages, though true advantage never preſent itſelf: A deviliſh knave! beſides, the knave is handſome, young; and hath all thoſe requiſites in him, that folly and green minds [3] look after: A peſtilent complete knave; and the woman hath found him already.

Rod. I cannot believe that in her; ſhe is full of moſt bleſs'd condition [4].

Iago. Bleſs'd fig's end! the wine ſhe drinks is made of grapes: if ſhe had been bleſs'd, ſhe would never have loved the Moor: Bleſs'd pudding! Didſt thou not ſee her paddle with the palm of his hand? didſt not mark that?

Rod. Yes, that I did; but that was but courteſy.

Iago. Lechery, by this hand; an index, and obſcure prologue [5] to the hiſtory of foul luſt and thoughts. They met ſo near with their lips, that their breaths embraced together. Villanous thoughts, Roderigo! when theſe mutualities ſo marſhal the way, hard at hand comes the maſter and main exerciſe, the incorporate concluſion: Piſh!—But ſir, be you ruled by me: I have brought you from Venice. Watch you to-night; for the command, I'll lay't upon you: Caſſio knows you not;—I'll not be far from you: Do you find ſome occaſion to anger Caſſio, either by ſpeaking too loud, or tainting [6] his diſcipline; or from what other courſe [7] you pleaſe, which the time ſhall more favourably miniſter.

Rod. Well.

Iago. Sir, he is raſh, and very ſudden in choler[8]; and, haply, with his truncheon—may ſtrike at you: Provoke him, that he may: for even out of that, will I cauſe theſe of Cyprus to mutiny; whoſe qualification ſhall come

[3] —*green minds*—] Minds unripe, minds not fully formed. JOHNSON.

[4] —*condition.*] Qualities, diſpoſition of mind. JOHNSON.

[5] —*an* index *and obſcure prologue*, &c.] That indexes were formerly *prefixed* to books, appears from a paſſage in *Troilus and Creſſida*. MALONE.

[6] —*tainting*—] Throwing a ſlur upon his diſcipline. JOHNSON.

[7] —*other* courſe—] The firſt quarto reads, *cauſe*. STEEV.

[8] —*ſudden in choler*;] *Sudden*, is precipitately violent. JOHNSON.

come into no true taſte [1] again, but by the diſplanting of Caſſio. So ſhall you have a ſhorter journey to your deſires, by the means I ſhall then have to prefer them*; and the impediment moſt profitably removed, without the which there were no expectation of our proſperity.

Rod. I will do this, if I can bring it to any opportunity[2].

Iago. I warrant thee. Meet me by and by at the citadel: I muſt fetch his neceſſaries aſhore. Farewel.

Rod. Adieu. [*Exit.*

Iago. That Caſſio loves her, I do well believe it,
That ſhe loves him, 'tis apt and of great credit;
The Moor—howbeit that I endure him not,—
Is of a conſtant, loving, noble nature;
And, I dare think, he'll prove to Deſdemona
A moſt dear huſband. Now I do love her too;
Not out of abſolute luſt, (though, peradventure,
I ſtand accountant for as great a ſin,)
But partly led to diet my revenge,
For that I do ſuſpect the luſtful Moor
Hath leap'd into my ſeat: the thought whereof
Doth, like a poiſonous mineral[3], gnaw my inwards;
And nothing can or ſhall content my ſoul,
Till I am even with him[4], wife for wife;

Or

[1] — *whoſe* qualification *ſhall come*, &c.] Whoſe reſentment ſhall not be ſo *qualified* or *tempered*, as to be *well taſted*, as not to retain *ſome bitterneſs*. The phraſe is harſh, at leaſt to our ears. JOHNSON.

Perhaps *qualification* means *fitneſs to preſerve good order*, or *the regularity of military diſcipline*. STEEVENS.

[1] — *no true taſte*—] So the folio. The quarto, 1622, reads —no true *truſt*. MALONE.

* — *to* prefer *them*;] i. e. to *advance* them. So, in *A Midſummer-Night's Dream*: "The ſhort and the long is, our play is *preferr'd*." MALONE.

[2] — *if I can bring it to any opportunity.*] Thus the quarto, 1622. The folio reads—if *you* can bring it, &c. MALONE.

[3] — *like a poiſonous mineral,*] This is philoſophical. Mineral poiſons kill by corroſion. JOHNSON.

[4] *Till I am* even *with him,*] Thus the quarto, 1622; the firſt folio reads:

Till I am *even'd* with him—

i. e. Till I am on a level with him by retaliation.

So

Or, failing ſo, yet that I put the Moor
At leaſt into a jealouſy ſo ſtrong
That judgment cannot cure. Which thing to do,—
If this poor traſh of Venice, whom I cruſh
For his quick hunting, ſtand the putting on [5],

So, in *Tancred and Giſmund*, 1592:

" For now the walls are *even'd* with the plain."

STEEVENS.

5 *If this poor traſh of Venice, whom I* cruſh
For his quick hunting, ſtand the putting on,—] Thus the quarto, 1622. The folio reads—whom I *trace*. To *cruſh* is again uſed in *Troilus* and *Creſſida*, when it ſignifies, to *diminiſh*, or *abaſe*:

" Why then we did our main opinion *cruſh*,
" In taint of our beſt man."

Again, in one of Shakſpeare's Sonnets:

" Beated and *cruſh'd* with tann'd antiquity."

Here therefore it may certainly mean to *keep down* and reſtrain.

Mr. Maſon is of opinion, that there is no proof that Roderigo was ſo eager in the chaſe, that Iago had occaſion to correct and reſtrain him, and therefore thinks the reading of the folio right; and that the meaning is, " If this traſh of Venice, whom I *follow* ſolely *in order to quicken him in his hunting*, does but purſue the trail on which I have put him, I ſhall have our Michael Caſſio on the hip." But the doubt which Iago expreſſes concerning Roderigo's *ſtanding the putting on*, proves, in my apprehenſion, that he *did* think him too impetuous in the chaſe.—Iago, I think, fears that Roderigo's impatience will haſten too faſt to the concluſion he had in view, the poſſeſſion of Deſdemona; and that by his impetuous folly their plan may be diſcovered before it is yet ripe for execution.

Our poet in *K. Henry V.* has made that king ſay, in his addreſs to his ſoldiers before Harfleur:

" I ſee you ſtand like *greyhounds* in the ſlips,
" Straining upon the ſtart.—The game's afoot."

This, I think, was the particular ſpecies of hound here in Shakſpeare's thoughts. Iago finding Roderigo too eager after his *game*, " *ſtraining upon the ſtart*," feared he would not *ſtand the putting on*.

It has been ſuggeſted by Mr. Pegge, that to *trace* ſignifies to put a trace or pair of couples on a dog; and that therefore *whom I trace*, &c. may mean here, " whom I *lead in my hand* on account of his too great eagerneſs in the purſuit."

MALONE.

If

I'll have our Michael Caſſio on the hip [6];
Abuſe him to the Moor in the rank garb [7],—

For

If this poor traſh *of Venice, whom I* trace,
For his quick hunting, ſtand the putting on,] Dr. Warburton with his uſual happy ſagacity, turned the old reading, *traſh* into *brach*. But it ſeems to me, that *traſh* belongs to another part of the line, and that we ſhould read *traſh* for *trace*. The old quartos (in the ſame part of the line) read *cruſh*, ſignifying indeed the ſame as *traſh*, but plainly corrupted from it. To *traſh* a *hound* is a term of hunting ſtill uſed in the north, and perhaps not uncommon in other parts of England. It is, to *correct*, to *rate*. *Cruſh* was never the *technical* expreſſion on this occaſion; and only found a place here as a more familiar word with the printers. The ſenſe is, "If this hound Roderigo, whom I *rate* for *quick* hunting, for over-running the ſcent, will but *ſtand* the *putting on*, will but have patience to be fairly and properly put upon the ſcent, &c. The very hunting-term, to *traſh*, is metaphorically applied by our author in the *Tempeſt*, Act I. ſc. ii.

Proſp. "Being once perfected how to grant ſuits,
"How to deny them, whom to advance, and whom
"To *traſh* for *overtopping*,—"

To traſh for overtopping; i. e. "what ſuitors to check for their too great forwardneſs." Here another phraſe of the field is joined with *to traſh*. To *overtop*, is when a hound gives his tongue above the reſt, too loudly or too readily: for which he ought to be *traſh'd* or rated. *Topper*, in the good ſenſe of the word, is a common name for a hound. Shakſpeare is fond of alluſions to hunting, and appears to be well acquainted with its language. WARTON.

To *traſh* likewiſe ſignifies to *follow*. So, in *The Puritan*, 1607: "A guarded lackey to run before it, and py'd liveries to come *traſhing* after it." The repetition of the word *traſh* is much in Shakſpeare's manner, though in his worſt. In a ſubſequent ſcene, Iago calls Bianca—*traſh*. MALONE.

[6] *I'll have our Michael Caſſio on the hip*:] A phraſe from the art of wreſtling. JOHNSON.

[7] — *in the rank garb*,] The quarto reads in the *rank* garb, which I think is right. *Rank garb*, I believe, means, *groſsly*, i. e. *without mincing the matter*. So, in Marſton's *Dutch Courtezan*, 1605:

"Whither, in the *rank* name of madneſs, whither?"
STEEVENS.

The folio reads—in the *right* garb. *Rank* perhaps means not only *groſs*, but *laſcivious*. So, in *The Merchant of Venice*:

"—— the ewes, being *rank*,
"In end of autumn," &c. MALONE.

For I fear Caſſio with my night-cap too;
Make the Moor thank me, love me, and reward me,
For making him egregiouſly an aſs,
And practiſing upon his peace and quiet
Even to madneſs. 'Tis here, but yet confus'd;
Knavery's plain face is never ſeen [8], till us'd. [*Exit.*

SCENE II.

A Street.

Enter a Herald *with a proclamation: people following.*

Her. It is Othello's pleaſure, our noble and valiant general, that, upon certain tidings now arrived, importing the mere perdition [9] of the Turkiſh fleet, every man put himſelf into triumph; ſome to dance, ſome to make bonfires, each man to what ſport and revels his addiction [1] leads him; for, beſides theſe beneficial news, it is the celebration of his nuptials: So much was his pleaſure ſhould be proclaimed. All offices are open; and there is full liberty of feaſting [*], from this preſent hour of five, till the bell hath told eleven. Heaven bleſs the iſle of Cyprus, and our noble general Othello!

SCENE III.

A Hall in the Caſtle.

Enter OTHELLO, DESDEMONA, CASSIO, *and Attendants.*

Oth. Good Michael, look you to the guard to-night:
Let's teach ourſelves that honourable ſtop,
Not to out-ſport diſcretion.

Caſ.

[8] *Knavery's plain face is never ſeen,*—] An honeſt man acts upon a plan, and forecaſts his deſigns; but a knave depends upon temporary and local opportunities, and never knows his own purpoſe, but at the time of execution. JOHNSON.

[9] —mere *perdition*—] *Mere* in this place ſignifies *entire*. So, in *Hamlet*;

" ——— poſſeſs it *merely*. STEEVENS.

[1] —*his* addiction,] The firſt quarto reads, his *mind*. STEEVENS.

[*] —*of feaſting*—] Theſe words are not in the original quarto, 1622. MALONE.

Caſ. Iago hath direction what to do;
But, notwithſtanding, with my perſonal eye
Will I look to't.

Oth. Iago is moſt honeſt.
Michael, good night: To-morrow, with our earlieſt,
Let me have ſpeech with you.—Come, my dear love;
The purchaſe made, the fruits are to enſue! [*to* Deſ.
That profit's yet to come 'twixt me and you.—
Good night. *Exeunt* OTH. DES. *and Attendants.*

Enter IAGO.

Caſ. Welcome, Iago: We muſt to the watch.

Iago. Not this hour, lieutenant; 'tis not yet ten o'clock: Our general caſt us[2] thus early, for the love of his Deſdemona: whom let us not therefore blame; he hath not yet made wanton the night with her; and ſhe is ſport for Jove.

Caſ. She's a moſt exquiſite lady.

Iago. And, I'll warrant her, full of game.

Caſ. Indeed, ſhe is a moſt freſh and delicate creature.

Iago. What an eye ſhe has! methinks, it ſounds a parley of provocation[3].

Caſ. An inviting eye; and yet, methinks, right modeſt.

Iago. And, when ſhe ſpeaks, is it not an alarm[4] to love[5]?

Caſ.

[2] *Our general* caſt *us*—] That is, *appointed us to our ſtations.* To *caſt the play*, is, in the ſtile of the theatres, to aſſign to every actor his proper part. JOHNSON.

Perhaps *caſt* us only means, diſmiſſed us, or *got rid of our company*. So, in one of the following ſcenes, "You are but now *caſt* in his mood;" i. e. *turn'd out of office in his anger*; and in the firſt ſcene it means to *diſmiſs*.

So, in *The witch*, a MS. Tragi-comedy, by Middleton:

" ——————————She *caſt off*
" My company betimes to night, by tricks," &c.
STEEVENS.

[3] — *a parley* of *provocation.*] So the quarto, 1622. Folio: —*to* provocation. MALONE.

[4] — *an alarm*—] The *voice* may *ſound* an *alarm* more properly than the *eye* can *ſound* a *parley*. JOHNSON.

[5] — is it not *an alarm to love?*] The quartos read,—*'tis* an alarm to love. STEEVENS.

Caſ. She is, indeed, perfection.

Iago Well, happineſs to their ſheets! Come, lieutenant, I have a ſtoop of wine; and here without are a brace of Cyprus gallants, that would fain have a meaſure to the health of the black Othello.

Caſ. Not to-night, good Iago; I have very poor and unhappy brains for drinking: I could well wiſh courteſy would invent ſome other cuſtom of entertainment.

Iago. O, they are our friends; but one cup: I'll drink for you.

Caſ. I have drunk but one cup to-night, and that was craftily qualified [6] too, and, behold, what innovation it makes here: I am unfortunate in the infirmity, and dare not taſk my weakneſs with any more.

Iago. What, man! 'tis a night of revels; the gallants deſire it.

Caſ. Where are they?

Iago. Here at the door: I pray you, call them in.

Caſ. I'll do't; but it diſlikes me. [*Exit* Caſſio.

Iago. If I can faſten but one cup upon him,
With that which he hath drunk to-night already,
He'll be as full of quarrel and offence
As my young miſtreſs' dog. Now, my ſick fool, Roderigo,
Whom love has turn'd almoſt the wrong ſide outward,
To Deſdemona hath to-night carous'd
Potations pottle deep; and he's to watch:
Three lads of Cyprus [7],—noble ſwelling ſpirits,
That hold their honours in a wary diſtance,
The very elements [8] of this warlike iſle,—
Have I to-night fluſter'd with flowing cups,
And they watch too. Now, 'mongſt this flock of drunkards,
Am I to put our Caſſio in ſome action
That may offend the iſle;—But here they come:

If

[6] *craftily qualified*—] Slily mixt with water. JOHNSON.

[7] *Three* lads *of Cyprus*,] The folio reads—Three *elſe* of Cyprus. STEEVENS.

[8] *The very elements*—] As quarrelſome as the *diſcordia ſemina rerum*; as quick in oppoſition as fire and water. JOHNSON.

If conſequence do but approve my dream [9],
My boat ſails freely, both with wind and ſtream.

Re-enter CASSIO; *with him* MONTANO, *and* Gentlemen.

Caſ. 'Fore heaven, they have given me a rouſe already [1].

Mon. Good faith, a little one; not paſt a pint,
As I am a ſoldier.

Iago. Some wine, ho!

And let me the canakin clink, clink; [ſings.
And let me the canakin clink:
A ſoldier's a man;
A life's but a ſpan [2];
Why then, let a ſoldier drink.

Some wine, boys! [*Wine brought in.*

Caſ. 'Fore heaven, an excellent ſong.

Iago. I learn'd it in England, where (indeed) they are moſt potent in potting: Your Dane, your German [3], and your ſwag-bellied Hollander,—Drink, ho!—are nothing to your Engliſh.

Caſ. Is your Engliſhman ſo expert in his drinking [4]?

Iago.

[9] *If conſequence do but approve my* dream,] Every ſcheme ſubſiſting only in the imagination may be termed a *dream*. JOHNSON.

[1] —*given me a* rouſe, &c.] A *rouſe* appears to be a quantity of liquor rather too large. So, in *Hamlet*: and in *The Chriſtian turn'd Turk*, 1612:

" —— our friends may tell,
" We drank a *rouſe* to them." STEEVENS.

[2] *A life's but a ſpan*;] Thus the quarto. The folio reads: *Oh, man's* life's but a ſpan. STEEVENS.

[3] — *moſt potent in* potting: *your Dane, your* German, *&c.*] " Enquire at ordinaries; there muſt be ſallets for the Italian, toothpicks for the Spaniard, *pots* for the *German!*" Prologue to Lily's *Midas*, 1592: MALONE

[4] — *ſo* expert *in his drinking?*] Thus the quarto, 1622. Folio—ſo *exquiſite*. MALONE.

This accompliſhment in the Engliſh is likewiſe mentioned by Beaumont and Fletcher in *The Captain*:

Lod. " Are the Engliſhmen ſuch ſtubborn drinkers?

Piſo. " Not a leak at ſea
" Can ſuck more liquor; you ſhall have their children
" Chriſten'd

Iago. Why, he drinks you, with facility, your Dane dead drunk; he ſweats not to overthrow your Almain; he gives your Hollander a vomit, ere the next pottle can be fill'd.

Caſ. To the health of our general.

Mon. I am for it, lieutenant; and I'll do you juſtice.

Iago. O ſweet England!

King Stephen [5] *was a worthy peer* [6],
His breeches coſt him but a crown;
He held them ſix-pence all too dear,
With that he call'd the tailor—lown [7].

He was a wight of high renown,
And thou art but of low degree:
'Tis pride that pulls the country down,
Then take thine auld cloak about thee.

Some wine, ho!

Caſ. Why, this is a more exquiſite ſong than the other.

Iago. Will you hear it again?

Caſ. No; for I hold him to be unworthy of his place, that does thoſe things.—Well,—Heaven's above all; and there be ſouls that muſt be ſaved, and there be ſouls muſt not be ſaved.

Iago. It's true, good lieutenant.

Caſ. For mine own part,—no offence to the general, nor any man of quality,—I hope to be ſaved.

Iago. And ſo do I too, lieutenant.

Caſ.

" Chriſten'd in mull'd ſack, and at five years old
" Able to knock a Dane down.." STEEVENS.

[5] *King Stephen*, &c.] Theſe ſtanzas are taken from an old ſong, which the reader will find recovered and preſerved in a curious work lately printed, intitled *Relicks of ancient Poetry*, conſiſting of old heroick ballads, ſongs, &c. 3 vols 12°. JOHNSON.

So, in Greene's *Quip for an Upſtart courtier*: " *King Stephen* wore a pair of cloth breeches of a noble a pair, and thought them paſſing coſtly." STEEVENS.

[6] — *a worthy* peer,] *i. e.* a worthy fellow. In this ſenſe *peer*, *fere*, and *pheere*, are often uſed by the writers of our earlieſt romances. STEEVENS.

[7] — *lown.*] Sorry fellow, paltry wretch. JOHNSON.

Caſ. Ay, but, by your leave, not before me; the lieutenant is to be ſaved before the ancient. Let's have no more of this; let's to our affairs,—Forgive us our ſins!—Gentlemen, let's look to our buſineſs. Do not think, gentlemen, I am drunk; this is my ancient;—this is my right hand, and this is my left hand:—I am not drunk now; I can ſtand well enough, and ſpeak well enough.

All. Excellent well.

Caſ. Why, very well then: you muſt not think then that I am drunk. [*Exit.*

Mon. To the platform, maſters; come let's ſet the watch.

Iago. You ſee this fellow, that is gone before;—
He is a ſoldier, fit to ſtand by Cæſar
And give direction: and do but ſee his vice:
'Tis to his virtue a juſt equinox,
The one as long as the other: 'tis pity of him.
I fear, the truſt Othello puts him in,
On ſome old time of his infirmity,
Will ſhake this iſland.

Mon. But is he often thus?

Iago. 'Tis evermore the prologue to his ſleep:
He'll watch the horologe a double ſet [8],
If drink rock not his cradle.

Mon. It were well,
The general were put in mind of it.
Perhaps, he ſees it not; or his good nature
Prizes the virtue that appears in Caſſio,
And looks not on his evils; is not this true?

Enter

[8] *He'll watch the* horologe *a double ſet,*] If he have no drink, he'll keep awake while the clock ſtrikes two rounds, or four-and-twenty hours.

Chaucer uſes the word *horologe* in more places than one:

"Well ſikerer was his crowing in his loge
"Than is a clock or abbey *horologe*."

So, in *The Devil's Charter*, 1607.

"——my gracious lord,
"By Siſto's *horologe* 'tis ſtruck eleven." STEEVENS.

Enter RODERIGO.

Iago. How now, Roderigo? [*Aſide.*
I pray you, after the lieutenant; go. [*Exit* Rod.
Mon. And 'tis great pity, that the noble Moor
Should hazard ſuch a place, as his own ſecond,
With one of an ingraft infirmity [9]:
It were an honeſt action, to ſay
So to the Moor,
Iago. Not I, for this fair iſland:
I do love Caſſio well; and would do much
To cure him of this evil. But, hark! what noiſe?
Cry within,—Help! help!

Re-enter CASSIO, *driving in* RODERIGO.

Caſ. You rogue! you raſcal!
Mon. What's the matter, lieutenant?
Caſ. A knave!—teach me my duty!
I'll beat the knave into a twiggen bottle [1]:
Rod. Beat me!
Caſ. Doſt thou prate, rogue? [*ſtriking* Rod.
Mon. Nay, good lieutenant? [*ſtaying him.*
I pray you, ſir, hold your hand.
Caſ. Let me go, ſir,
Or I'll knock you o'er the mazzard.
Mon. Come, come, you're drunk.
Caſ. Drunk? [*They fight.*
Iago. Away, I ſay! go out, and cry—a mutiny
[*Aſide to* Rod. *who goes out.*
Nay, good lieutenant,—alas, gentlemen,—
Help, ho!—Lieutenant,—ſir,—Montano,—ſir;—
Help maſters!—Here's a goodly watch; indeed!
[*Bell rings.*
Who's

[9] — ingraft *infirmity:*] An infirmity *rooted, ſettled* in his conſtitution. JOHNSON.

Dr. Johnſon's explanation is certainly juſt, though it has been controverted. So, in *King Lear:*—" then muſt we look to receive from his age not alone the *imperfection* of long *ingrafted* condition, but therewithal," &c. MALONE.

[1] — *into a* twiggen *bottle.*] A twiggen bottle is a *wicker'd bottle*; and ſo the quarto reads. STEEVENS.

Who's that that rings the bell?—Diablo [2], ho!
The town will riſe: God's will, lieutenant! hold;
You will be ſham'd for ever.

Enter OTHELLO, *and Attendants.*

Oth. What is the matter here?
Mon. 'Zounds, I bleed ſtill, I am hurt to the death [3].
Oth. Hold, for your lives.
Iago. Hold, hold, lieutenant [4],—ſir, Montano,—gentlemen,—
Have you forgot all ſenſe of place and duty [5]?
Hold, hold! the general ſpeaks to you; hold, for ſhame!
Oth. Why, how now, ho! from whence ariſeth this?
Are we turn'd Turks; and to ourſelves do that,
Which heaven hath forbid the Ottomites?
For Chriſtian ſhame, put by this barbarous brawl:
He that ſtirs next to carve forth his own rage,
Holds his ſoul light; he dies upon his motion.—
Silence that dreadful bell [6], it frights the iſle

From

[2] — *Diablo,*] I meet with this exclamation in Marlowe's *King Edward II.* "*Diablo!* what paſſions call you theſe?" STEEVENS.

[3] *'Zound, I bleed ſtill, I am hurt to the death.*] Thus the quarto 1622. The editor of the folio, thinking it neceſſary to omit the firſt word in the line, abſurdly ſupplied its place by adding at the end of the line, *He dies.*

I had formerly inadvertently ſaid that the marginal direction, *He faints*, was found in the quarto, 1622: but this was a miſtake. It was inſerted in a quarto of no value or authority, printed in 1630. MALONE.

— *I am hurt to death*—he dies.] *Montano* thinks he is mortally wounded; yet by theſe words he ſeems to be determined to continue the duel, and to kill his antagoniſt *Caſſio.* So when *Roderigo* runs at *Caſſio*, in the fifth act, he ſays,—"Villain, thou dy'ſt." TOLLET.

He dies, i. e. he ſhall die. He may be ſuppoſed to ſay this as he renews the fight. STEEVENS.

[4] *Hold, hold,* lieutenant,] Thus the original quarto. The folio reads—Hold, *ho,* lieutenant. MALONE.

[5] — *all ſenſe of place and duty?*] So Hanmer. The reſt, —— *all place of ſenſe and duty?* JOHNSON.

[6] *Silence that dreadful bell,*] It was a common practice formerly,

From her propriety [7].—What is the matter, maſters?—
Honeſt Iago, that look'ſt dead with grieving,
Speak, who began this? on thy love, I charge thee.

Iago. I do not know;—friends all but now, even now,
In quarter [8], and in terms like bride and groom
Deveſting them for bed: and then, but now,
(As if ſome planet had unwitted men,)
Swords out, and tilting one at other's breaſt,
In oppoſition bloody. I cannot ſpeak
Any beginning to this peeviſh odds;
And 'would in action glorious I had loſt
Theſe legs, that brought me to a part of it!

Oth. How comes it, Michael, you are thus forgot [9]?

Caſ. I pray you, pardon me, I cannot ſpeak.

Oth. Worthy Montano, you were wont be civil:
The gravity and ſtillneſs of your youth
The world hath noted, and your name is great
In mouths of wiſeſt cenſure; what's the matter,

That

formerly, when any great affray happened in a town, to ring the alarm bell. When David Rizzio was murdered at Edinburgh, the Provoſt ordered the *common bell* to be rung, and five hundred perſons were immediately aſſembled. See Saunderſon's Hiſt. of Queen Mary, p. 41. MALONE.

[7] *From her* propriety.—] From her regular and *proper ſtate.* JOHNSON.

[8] *In* quarter,] i. e. on our ſtation. So, in *Timon of Athens*:

" ——————to atone your fears
" With my more noble meaning, not a man
" Shall paſs his *quarter.*"

Their *ſtation* or *quarter* in the preſent inſtance, was the guard-room in Othello's caſtle. In *Cymbeline* we have—" their *quarter'd* fires," i. e. their fires *regularly diſpoſed.*

In quarter Dr. Johnſon ſuppoſed to mean, *at their lodgings*; but that cannot be the meaning, for Montano and the gentlemen who accompanied him, had continued, from the time of their entrance, in the apartment in Othello's caſtle, in which the carouſal had been; and Caſſio had only gone forth for a ſhort time to the platform, to ſet the watch. On his return from the platform into the apartment, in which he left Montano and Iago, he meets Roderigo; and the ſcuffle, firſt between Caſſio and Roderigo, and then between Montano and Caſſio, enſues. MALONE.

[9] —*you are thus forgot?*] i. e. you have forgot yourſelf. STEEVENS.

That you unlace [1] your reputation thus,
And ſpend your rich opinion [2], for the name
Of a night-brawler? give me anſwer to it.
Mon. Worthy Othello, I am hurt to danger;
Your officer, Iago, can inform you—
While I ſpare ſpeech; which ſomething now offends me,—
Of all that I do know: nor know I aught,
By me that's ſaid or done amiſs this night;
Unleſs ſelf-charity [3] be ſometime a vice;
And to defend ourſelves it be a ſin,
When violence aſſails us.
Oth. Now, by heaven,
My blood begins my ſafer guides to rule:
And paſſion, having my beſt judgment collied [4],
Aſſays to lead the way: If I once ſtir,
Or do but lift this arm, the beſt of you
Shall ſink in my rebuke. Give me to know
How this foul rout begun, who ſet it on;
And he that is approv'd in this offence [5],
Though he had twinn'd with me, both at a birth,
Shall

[1] *That you unlace*—] Slacken, or *looſen*. Put in danger of dropping; or perhaps ſtrip of its ornaments. JOHNSON.

[2] —*ſpend your rich opinion*,] Throw away and ſquander a reputation ſo valuable as yours. JOHNSON.

[3] —*ſelf-charity*—] Care of one's ſelf. JOHNSON.

[4] *And paſſion, having my beſt judgment* collied,] Thus the folio reads, and I believe rightly. Othello means, that paſſion has diſcoloured his judgment. The word is uſed in *The Midſummer-Night's Dream*:

" —— like lightning in the *collied* night."

To *colly* anciently ſignified to *beſmut, to blacken as with coal*. So, in a comedy called *The Family of Love*, 1608:—" carry thy link a t'other ſide the way, thou *collow'ſt* me and my ruffe." The word (as I am aſſured) is ſtill uſed in the midland counties. STEEVENS.

Coles in his Dictionary, 1679, renders " *collow'd* by *deni-* " *gratus*:—*to colly*," *denigro*.

The quarto, 1622, reads—having my beſt judgment *cool'd*. A modern editor ſuppoſed that *quell'd* was the word intended. MALONE.

[5] *And he that is* approv'd *in this offence*,] He that is convicted by proof, of having been engaged in this offence. JOHNSON.

Shall loſe me.—What! in a town of war,
Yet wild, the people's hearts brimfull of fear,
To manage private and domeſtick quarrel,
In night, and on the court of guard and ſafety[6]!

'Tis

[6] *In night, and on* the court of guard *and ſafety!*] The old copies have — on the court *and guard of* ſafety; the words having undoubtedly been tranſpoſed by negligence at the preſs. For this emendation, of which I am confident every reader will approve, I am anſwerable. The *court of guard* was the common phraſe of the time for the *guard-room*. It has already been uſed by Iago in a former ſcene; and what ſtill more ſtrongly confirms the emendation, Iago is there ſpeaking of *Caſſio*, and deſcribing him as about to be placed in the very ſtation where he now appears: "The *lieutenant* to-night watches on *the court of guard*."

Again, in *Antony and Cleopatra*:

"If we be not reliev'd within this hour,
"We muſt return to *the court of guard*."

The ſame phraſe occurs in *Sir John Oldcaſtle*, 1600, and in many old plays. A ſimilar miſtake has happened in the preſent ſcene, where in the original copy we find,

"Have you forgot *all place of ſenſe* and duty?"

inſtead of *ſenſe of place* and duty.

I may venture to aſſert with confidence, that nō editor of Shakſpeare has more ſedulouſly adhered to the ancient copies than I have done, or more ſteadily oppoſed any change grounded merely on obſolete or unuſual phraſeology. But the error in the preſent caſe is ſo apparent, and the phraſe, *the court of guard*, ſo eſtabliſhed by the uniform uſage of the poets of Shakſpeare's time, that not to have corrected the miſtake of the compoſitor in the preſent inſtance, would in my apprehenſion have been unwarrantable. If the phraſeology of the old copies had merely been unuſual, I ſhould not have ventured to make the ſlighteſt change: but the frequent occurrence of the phraſe, *the court of guard*, in all our old plays, and that being *the word of art*, leave us not room to entertain a doubt of its being the true reading.

Mr. Steevens ſays, a phraſeology as unuſual occurs in *A Midſummer-Night's Dream*; but he forgets that it is ſupported by the uſage of contemporary writers. When any ſuch is produced in ſupport of that before us, it ought certainly to be attended to.

I may add, that *the court of ſafety* may in a metaphorical ſenſe be underſtood; but who ever talked of *the guard* [i. e. the *ſafety*] *of ſafety*? MALONE.

'Tis monſtrous *.—Iago, who began it?

Mon. If partially affin'd [7], or leagu'd in office [8],
Thou doſt deliver more or leſs than truth,
Thou art no ſoldier.

Iago. Touch me not ſo near:
I had rather have this tongue cut from my mouth [9],
Than it ſhould do offence to Michael Caſſio;
Yet, I perſuade myſelf, to ſpeak the truth
Shall nothing wrong him.—Thus it is, general.
Montano and myſelf being in ſpeech,
There comes a fellow, crying out for help;
And Caſſio following him [1] with determin'd ſword,
To execute upon him: Sir, this gentleman
Steps in to Caſſio and entreats his pauſe;
Myſelf the crying fellow did purſue,
Leſt by his clamour (as it ſo fell out)
The town might fall in fright: he, ſwift of foot,
Out-ran my purpoſe; and I return'd the rather
For that I heard the clink and fall of ſwords,
And Caſſio high in oath; which, till to-night,
I ne'er might ſay before: When I came back,
(For this was brief,) I found them cloſe together,
At blow, and thruſt; even as again they were,
When you yourſelf did part them.
More of this matter can I not report:—
But men are men; the beſt ſometimes forget:—
Though Caſſio did ſome little wrong to him,—
As men in rage ſtrike thoſe that wiſh them beſt,—
Yet, ſurely, Caſſio, I believe, receiv'd,

From

* *'Tis* monſtrous.] This word was uſed as a triſyllable, as if it were written *monſterous*. MALONE.

[7] *If partially* affin'd,] *Affin'd* is bound by proximity of relationſhip; but here it means related by nearneſs of office. In the firſt ſcene it is uſed in the former of theſe ſenſes:

"If I, in any juſt term, am *affin'd*
"To love the Moor." MALONE.

[8] —leagu'd *in office*,] Old copies—*league*. Corrected by Mr. Pope. MALONE.

[9] —cut *from my mouth*,] Thus the folio. The quarto, 1622, reads—this tongue *out* from my mouth. MALONE.

[1] —*And Caſſio following* him—] The word *him* in this line ſeems to have crept into it from the compoſitor's eye glancing on that below. MALONE.

From him that fled, ſome ſtrange indignity,
Which patience could not paſs.
Oth. I know, Iago,
Thy honeſty and love doth mince this matter,
Making it light to Caſſio:—Caſſio, I love thee;
But never more be officer of mine.—

Enter Deſdemona, *attended.*

Look, if my gentle love be not rais'd up;—
I'll make thee an example.
Def. What is the matter, dear?
Oth. All's well now, ſweeting; Come away to bed.
Sir, for your hurts, myſelf will be your ſurgeon: [*to* Mon.
Lead him off[2]. [Montano *is led off.*
Iago, look with care about the town;
And ſilence thoſe whom this vile brawl diſtracted.—
Come, Deſdemona; 'tis the ſoldiers' life,
To have their balmy ſlumbers wak'd with ſtrife.
[*Exeunt all but* Iago *and* Caſſio.
Iago. What, are you hurt, lieutenant?
Caſ. Ay, paſt all ſurgery,
Iago. Marry, heaven forbid!
Caſ. Reputation, reputation, reputation! O, I have loſt my reputation! I have loſt the immortal part, ſir, of myſelf, and what remains is beſtial.—My reputation, Iago, my reputation.
Iago. As I am an honeſt man, I thought you had received ſome bodily wound; there is more offence[3] in that, than in reputation. Reputation is an idle and moſt falſe impoſition; oft got without merit, and loſt without deſerving: You have loſt no reputation at all, unleſs you repute yourſelf ſuch a loſer. What, man! there are ways to recover the general again: You are but now caſt in his mood[4], a puniſhment more in the policy than in malice; even ſo as one would beat his offenceleſs

[2] *Lead him off.*] I am perſuaded, theſe words were originally a marginal direction. In our old plays all the ſtage-directions were couched in imperative terms: *Play muſick;*—*Ring the bell;*—Lead him off. MALONE.
[3] — *there is more* offence, &c.] Thus the quartos. The folio reads,—there is more *ſenſe*, &c. STEEVENS.
[4] *caſt in his mood,*] Ejected in his anger. JOHNSON.

offenceleſs dog, to affright an imperious lion: ſue to him again, and he's yours.

Caſ. I will rather ſue to be deſpiſed, than to deceive ſo good a commander, with ſo ſlight [5], ſo drunken, and ſo indiſcreet an officer. Drunk? and ſpeak parrot [6]? and ſquabble? ſwagger? ſwear? and diſcourſe fuſtian with one's own ſhadow?—O thou inviſible ſpirit of wine, if thou haſt no name to be known by, let us call thee—devil?

Iago. What was he that you follow'd with your ſword? What had he done to you?

Caſ. I know not.

Iago. Is it poſſible?

Caſ. I remember a maſs of things, but nothing diſtinctly; a quarrel, but nothing wherefore:—O, that men ſhould put an enemy in their mouths, to ſteal away their brains! that we ſhould, with joy, revel, pleaſure, and applauſe, transform ourſelves into beaſts!

Iago. Why, but you are now well enough; How came you thus recover'd?

Caſ. It hath pleaſed the devil, drunkenneſs, to give place to the devil, wrath: one unperfectneſs ſhews me another, to make me frankly deſpiſe myſelf.

Iago. Come, you are too ſevere a moraler: As the time, the place, and the condition of this country ſtands, I could heartily wiſh this had not befallen; but, ſince it is as it is, mend it for your own good.

Caſ. I will aſk him for my place again; he ſhall tell me, I am a drunkard! Had I as many mouths as Hydra, ſuch

[5] —*ſo* ſlight,] Thus the folio. The quarto, 1622, reads—ſo *light*. MALONE.

[6] —*and ſpeak parrot?*] A phraſe ſignifying to act fooliſhly and childiſhly. So Skelton:

" Theſe maidens full mekely with many a divers flour
" Freſhly they dreſs and make ſweete my boure,
" With *ſpake parrot* I pray you full courteouſly thei
" ſaye." WARBURTON.

So, in Lylly's *Woman in the Moon*, 1597:

" Thou pretty *parrot*, *ſpeak*, awhile." STEEVENS.

From *Drunk*, &c. to *ſhadow*, incluſively, is wanting in the quarto, 1622. By " *ſpeak parrot*," ſurely the poet meant, " *talk* idly," and not, as Dr. Warburton ſuppoſes, " *act* " fooliſhly." MALONE.

ſuch an anſwer would ſtop them all. To be now a ſenſible man, by and by a fool, and preſently a beaſt! O ſtrange!—Every inordinate cup is unbleſs'd, and the ingredient is a devil.

Iago. Come, come, good wine is a good familiar creature, if it be well uſed; exclaim no more againſt it. And, good lieutenant, I think, you think, I love you.

Caſ. I have well approved it, ſir.—I drunk!

Iago. You, or any man living, may be drunk at ſome time, man. I'll tell you what you ſhall do. Our general's wife is now the general;—I may ſay ſo in this reſpect, for that he hath devoted and given up himſelf to the contemplation, mark, and denotement [7] of her parts and graces:—confeſs yourſelf freely to her; importune her; ſhe'll help to put you in your place again: ſhe is of ſo free, ſo kind, ſo apt, ſo bleſſed a diſpoſition, that ſhe holds it a vice in her goodneſs, not to do more than ſhe is requeſted: This broken joint [8], between you and her huſband, entreat her to ſplinter; and, my fortunes againſt any lay worth naming, this crack of your love ſhall grow ſtronger than it was before.

Caſ. You adviſe me well.

Iago. I proteſt, in the ſincerity of love, and honeſt kindneſs.

Caſ. I think it freely; and, betimes in the morning, will I beſeech the virtuous Deſdemona to undertake for me: I am deſperate of my fortunes, if they check me here.

Iago. You are in the right. Good night, lieutenant; I muſt to the watch.

Caſ. Good night, honeſt Iago. [*Exit* Caſſio.

Iago. And what's he then, that ſays—I play the villain?

When this advice is free [9], I give, and honeſt,

[7] — *mark, and* denotement—] The old copies, by an accidental inverſion of the letter *u*, have—*devotement*. The ſame miſtake has happened in *Hamlet*, and in ſeveral other places Mr. Theobald made the correction. MALONE.

[8] *This* broken joint,] Thus the folio. The original copy reads—This *brawl*. MALONE.

[9] — *this advice is free*,] This counſel has an appearance of honeſt openneſs, of frank good-will. JOHNSON.

Probal to thinking [1]. and (indeed) the courſe
To win the Moor again? For 'tis moſt eaſy
The inclining Deſdemona to ſubdue [2]
In any honeſt ſuit; ſhe's fram'd as fruitful
As the free elements [3]. And then for her
To win the Moor,—were't to renounce his baptiſm,
All ſeals and ſymbols of redeemed ſin,—
His ſoul is ſo enfetter'd to her love,
That ſhe may make, unmake, do what ſhe liſt,
Even as her appetite ſhall play the god
With his weak function. How am I then a villain,
To counſel Caſſio to this parallel courſe [4],
Directly to his good? Divinity of hell!
When devils will their blackeſt ſins put on,
They do ſuggeſt [5] at firſt with heavenly ſhews,
As I do now: For, while this honeſt fool
Plies Deſdemona to repair his fortunes,

And

[1] Probal *to thinking*,] Mr. Steevens obſerves, that "the old editions concur in reading *probal*. There may be ſuch a contraction of the word, [*probable*] but I have not met with it in any other book. Yet, abbreviations as violent occur in our ancient writers." He, however, reads—*probable*. MALONE.

[3] *The* inclining *Deſdemona*—] *Inclining* here ſignifies *compliant*. MALONE.

[3] —*as fruitful as the free elements.*] Liberal, bountiful, as the elements, out of which all things are produced. JOHNSON.

[4] —*to this* parallel *courſe*,] Parallel, for even, becauſe parallel lines run even and equidiſtant. WARBURTON.

So, in our authour's 70th Sonnet:

"Time doth tranſfix the flouriſh ſet on youth,
"And delves the *parallels* in beauty's brow."

MALONE.

Parallel courſe; i. e. a courſe level, and even with his deſign. JOHNSON.

[5] *When devils will their blackeſt ſins* put on,
They do ſuggeſt—] When devils mean to *inſtigate* men to commit the moſt atrocious crimes. So, in *Hamlet*:

"Of deaths *put on* by cunning and forc'd cauſe."

To *put on*, has already occurred twice in the preſent play, in this ſenſe. To *ſuggeſt* in old language is to *tempt*. MALONE.

And ſhe for him pleads ſtrongly to the Moor,
I'll pour this peſtilence [6] into his ear,—
That ſhe repeals him [7] for her body's luſt;
And, by how much ſhe ſtrives to do him good,
She ſhall undo her credit with the Moor.
So will I turn her virtue into pitch;
And out of her own goodneſs make the net,
That ſhall enmeſh them all [8].—How now, Roderigo?

Enter RODERIGO.

Rod. I do follow here in the chace, not like a hound that hunts, but one that fills up the cry. My money is almoſt ſpent; I have been to-night exceedingly well cudgell'd; and, I think, the iſſue will be—I ſhall have ſo much experience for my pains: and ſo, with no money at all, and a little more wit [9], return to Venice.

Iag. How poor are they, that have not patience!—
What wound did ever heal, but by degrees?
Thou know'ſt, we work by wit, and not by witchcraft
And wit depends on dilatory time.
Does't not go well? Caſſio hath beaten thee,
And thou, by that ſmall hurt, haſt caſhier'd Caſſio:
Though other things grow fair againſt the ſun,
Yet fruits, that bloſſom firſt, will firſt be ripe [1]:

[6] *I'll pour this peſtilence*—] Peſtilence, for poiſon. WARBURTON.

[7] *That ſhe* repeals *him*—] That is, recalls him. JOHNSON.

[8] *That ſhall enmeſh them all.*—] A metaphor from taking birds in meſhes. POPE.

Why not from taking fiſh, for which purpoſe nets are more frequently uſed. MASON.

[9] — *a little more wit,*] Thus the folio. The firſt quarto reads—And *with that wit.* STEEVENS.

[1] *Though other things grow fair againſt the ſun,*
Yet fruits, that bloſſom firſt, will firſt be ripe:] Of many different things, all planned with the ſame art, and promoted with the ſame diligence, ſome muſt ſucceed ſooner than others, by the order of nature. Every thing cannot be done at once; we muſt proceed by the neceſſary gradation. We are not to *deſpair* of ſlow events any *more* than of tardy fruits, while the cauſes are in regular progreſs, and the fruits *grow fair*

Content thyſelf awhile.—By the maſs, 'tis morning [2];
Pleaſure, and action, make the hours ſeem ſhort.—
Retire thee; go where thou art billeted:
Away, I ſay; thou ſhalt know more hereafter:
Nay, get thee gone. [*Exit* Rod.] Two things are to be done,—
My wife muſt move for Caſſio to her miſtreſs;
I'll ſet her on;
Myſelf, the while, to draw [3] the Moor apart,
And bring him jump when he may Caſſio find
Soliciting his wife:—Ay, that's the way;
Dull not device by coldneſs and delay. [*Exit.*

ACT

fair againſt the ſun. Hanmer has not, I think, rightly conceived the ſentiment; for he reads,

Thoſe fruits which bloſſom firſt are not firſt *ripe.*

I have therefore drawn it out at length, for there are few to whom that will be eaſy which was difficult to Hanmer.

JOHNSON.

The *bloſſoming*, or fair appearance of things, to which Iago alludes, is the removal of Caſſio. As their plan had already *bloſſomed*, ſo there was good ground for expecting that it would *ſoon be ripe*. Iago does not, I think, mean to compare *their* ſchemes to *tardy* fruits, as Dr. Johnſon ſeems to have ſuppoſed. MALONE.

[2] By the maſs, *'tis morning*;] Here we have one of the numerous arbitrary alterations made by the Maſter of the Revels in the Playhouſe copies, from which a great part of the folio was printed. It reads—*In troth*, 'tis morning. See *The Hiſtorical Account of the Engliſh Stage*, Vol. I. Part II.

MALONE.

[3] *Myſelf*, the *while*, *to draw*—] The old copies have *awhile*. Mr. Theobald made the correction.

The modern editors read—Myſelf, the while, *will* draw. But the old copies are undoubtedly right. An imperfect ſentence was intended. Iago is ruminating on his plan.

MALONE.

ACT III. SCENE I.

Before the Caſtle.

Enter CASSIO, *and ſome Muſicians.*

Caſ. Maſters, play here, I will content your pains,
Something that's brief; and bid—good-morrow, general. [*Muſick.*

Enter Clown.

Clown. Why, maſters, have your inſtruments been at Naples, that they ſpeak i' the noſe thus [4]?

1 *Muſ.* How, ſir, how!

Clown. Are theſe, I pray you, call'd wind inſtruments?

1 *Muſ.* Ay, marry, are they, ſir.

Clown. O, thereby hangs a tail.

1 *Muſ.* Whereby hangs a tail, ſir?

Clown. Marry, ſir, by many a wind inſtrument that I know. But, maſters, here's money for you: and the general ſo likes your muſick, that he deſires you, of all loves [5], to make no more noiſe with it.

1 *Muſ.* Well, ſir, we will not.

Clown. If you have any muſick that may not be heard, to't again: but, as they ſay, to hear muſick, the general does not greatly care.

1 *Muſ.* We have none ſuch, ſir.

Clown. Then put up your pipes in your bag, for I'll away [6]: Go; vaniſh into air [7]; away. [*Exeunt* Muſ.

Caſ.

[4] *Why, maſters, have your inſtruments been at Naples, that they ſpeak i' the noſe thus?*] The venereal diſeaſe firſt appeared at the ſiege of Naples. JOHNSON.

[5] — *of all loves,*] The folio reads—*for love's ſake.* STEEVENS.

[6] — *for I'll away:*] Hanmer reads, *and hie away.* JOHNSON.

[7] — *vaniſh into air;*] So the folio and one of the quartos. The eldeſt quarto reads—Vaniſh *away.* STEEVENS.

Caſ. Doſt thou hear, my honeſt friend?

Clown. No, I hear not your honeſt friend; I hear you.

Caſ. Pr'ythee, keep up thy quillets[8]. There's a poor piece of gold for thee: if the gentlewoman that attends the general's wife, be ſtirring, tell her, there's one Caſſio entreats her a little favour of ſpeech: Wilt thou do this?

Clown. She is ſtirring, ſir; if ſhe will ſtir hither, I ſhall ſeem to notify unto her. [*Exit.*

Enter IAGO.

Caſ. Do, good my friend.—In happy time, Iago.

Iago. You have not been a-bed then?

Caſ. Why, no; the day had broke
Before we parted. I have made bold, Iago,
To ſend in to your wife: My ſuit to her
Is, that ſhe will to virtuous Deſdemona
Procure me ſome acceſs.

Iago. I'll ſend her to you preſently;
And I'll deviſe a mean to draw the Moor
Out of the way, that your converſe and buſineſs
May be more free. [*Exit.*

Caſ. I humbly thank you for't. I never knew
A Florentine more kind and honeſt[9].

Enter

[8] — *thy quillets.*] MALONE.

[9] ——— *I never knew*
A Florentine more kind and honeſt.] In conſequence of this line, a doubt has been entertained concerning the country of Iago. Caſſio was undoubtedly a Florentine, as appears by the firſt ſcene of the play, where he is expreſsly called one. That Iago was a *Venetian*, is proved by a ſpeech in the third ſcene of this act, and by what he ſays in the fifth act, after having ſtabbed Roderigo:

Iago. Alas, my dear friend and countryman, Roderigo!
Gra. What, of *Venice?*
Iago. Yes.

All that Caſſio means to ſay in the paſſage before us is, I never experienced more honeſty and kindneſs even in one of my own countrymen, than in this man.

Mr. Steevens has made the ſame obſervation in another place. MALONE.

Enter EMILIA.

Emil. Good morrow, good lieutenant: I am ſorry
For your diſpleaſure; but all will ſoon be well.
The general, and his wife, are talking of it;
And ſhe ſpeaks for you ſtoutly: The Moor replies,
That he, you hurt, is of great fame in Cyprus,
And great affinity; and that, in wholeſome wiſdom,
He might not but refuſe you: but, he proteſts, he loves you;
And needs no other ſuitor, but his likings,
To take the ſafeſt occaſion by the front [1],
To bring you in again.
Caſ. Yet, I beſeech you,—
If you think fit, or that it may be done,—
Give me advantage of ſome brief diſcourſe
With Deſdemona alone.
Emil. Pray you, come in;
I will beſtow you where you ſhall have time
To ſpeak your boſom freely.
Caſ. I am much bound to you [2]. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.

A Room in the Caſtle.

Enter OTHELLO, IAGO, *and Gentlemen.*

Oth. Theſe letters give, Iago, to the pilot;
And, by him, do my duties to the ſtate [3]:
That done, I will be walking on the works,
Repair there to me.
Iago. Well, my good lord, I'll do't.

Oth.

[1] *To take the ſafeſt occaſion by the front,*] This line is wanting in the folio." STEEVENS.

[2] *I am much bound to you.*] This ſpeech is omitted in the firſt quarto. STEEVENS.

[3] — *to the* ſtate:] Thus the quarto, 1622. Folio: to the *ſenate.* MALONE.

Oth. This fortification, gentlemen,—ſhall we ſee't?
Gent. We'll wait upon your lordſhip. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE III.

Before the Caſtle.

Enter DESDEMONA, CASSIO, *and* EMILIA.

Deſ. Be thou aſſur'd, good Caſſio, I will do
All my abilities in thy behalf.
Emil. Good madam, do; I know it grieves my huſband,
As if the caſe were his [4].
Deſ. O, that's an honeſt fellow.—Do not doubt, Caſſio,
But I will have my lord and you again
As friendly as you were.
Caſ. Bounteous madam,
Whatever ſhall become of Michael Caſſio,
He's never any thing but your true ſervant.
Deſ. O, ſir, I thank you [5]: You do love my lord:
You have known him long; and be you well aſſur'd,
He ſhall in ſtrangeneſs ſtand no farther off
Than in a politick diſtance.
Caſ. Ay, but, lady,
That policy may either laſt ſo long [6],
Or feed upon ſuch nice and wateriſh diet,
Or breed itſelf ſo out of circumſtance,
That, I being abſent, and my place ſupply'd,
My general will forget my love and ſervice.
Deſ. Do not doubt that; before Emilia here,
I give thee warrant of thy place: aſſure thee,
If I do vow a friendſhip, I'll perform it
To the laſt article: my lord ſhall never reſt;

I'll

[4] *As if the* caſe *were his.*] The folio reads—as if the *cauſe* were his. STEEVENS.

[5] O, ſir, *I thank you:*] Thus the quarto, 1622. The folio reads—*I know't*, I thank you. MALONE.

[6] *That policy may either laſt ſo long,*] He may either of himſelf think it politick to keep me out of office ſo long, or he may be ſatisfied with ſuch ſlight reaſons, or ſo many accidents may make him think my re-admiſſion at that time improper, that I may be quite forgotten. JOHNSON.

I'll watch him tame [7], and talk him out of patience:
His bed ſhall ſeem a ſchool, his board a ſhrift;
I'll intermingle every thing he does
With Caſſio's ſuit: Therefore be merry, Caſſio;
For thy ſolicitor ſhall rather die,
Than give thy cauſe away.

Enter OTHELLO *and* IAGO, *at a diſtance.*

Emil. Madam, here comes my lord.
Caſ. Madam, I'll take my leave.
Deſ. Why, ſtay, and hear me ſpeak.
Caſ. Madam, not now; I am very ill at eaſe,
Unfit for mine own purpoſes.
Deſ. Well, do your diſcretion. [*Exit* Caſſio.
Iago. Ha! I like not that.
Oth. What doſt thou ſay?
Iago. Nothing, my lord: or if—I know not what.
Oth. Was not that Caſſio, parted from my wife?
Iago. Caſſio, my lord? No, ſure, I cannot think it.
That he would ſteal away ſo guilty-like,
Seeing you coming.
Oth. I do believe, 'twas he.
Deſ. How now, my lord?
I have been talking with a ſuitor here,
A man that languiſhes in your diſpleaſure.

[7] *I'll watch him tame,*—] It is ſaid, that the ferocity of beaſts, inſuperable and irreclaimable by any other means, is ſubdued by keeping them from ſleep. JOHNSON.

Hawks and other birds are tamed by keeping them from ſleep, and it is to the management of thoſe Shakſpeare alludes. So in Cartwright's *Lady Errant*:

" ———we'll keep you,
" As they do hawks, *watching*, untill you leave
" Your wildneſs."

Again, in Sir W. D'Avenant's *Juſt Italian*, 1630:

" They've *watch'd* my hardy violence ſo *tame*."

Again in the *Booke of Haukyng, Huntyng*, &c. bl. I. no date: " *Wake* her all nyght, and on the morrowe all daye, and then ſhe will be previ enough to be reclaymed."

STEEVENS.

Oth. Who is't, you mean?

Des. Why, your lieutenant Caſſio. Good my lord,
If I have any grace, or power to move you,
His preſent reconciliation take [8];
For, if he be not one that truly loves you,
That errs in ignorance and not in cunning [9],
I have no judgment in an honeſt face:
I pr'ythee, call him back.

Oth. Went he hence now?

Des. Ay, ſooth; ſo humbled,
That he hath left part of his grief with me;
I ſuffer with him [1]. Good love, call him back.

Oth. Not now, ſweet Deſdemona; ſome other time.

Des. But ſhall't be ſhortly?

Oth. The ſooner, ſweet, for you.

Des. Shall't be to-night at ſupper?

Oth. No, not to-night.

Des. To-morrow dinner then?

Oth. I ſhall not dine at home;
I meet the captains at the citadel.

Des. Why then, to-morrow night; or Tueſday morn;
Or Tueſday noon, or night: or Wedneſday morn;—
I pray thee, name the time; but let it not
Exceed three days: in faith he's penitent;
And yet his treſpaſs, in our common reaſon,
(Save that, they ſay, the wars muſt make examples
Out of their beſt [2]) is not almoſt a fault

To

[8] *His preſent reconciliation take*;] To *take his reconciliation*, may be, to accept the ſubmiſſion which he makes in order to be reconciled. JOHNSON.

[9] — *and not in* cunning,] *Cunning*, for deſign, or purpoſe, ſimply. WARBURTON.

Perhaps rather for *knowledge*, the ancient ſenſe of the word. So, in *Meaſure for Meaſure*: "in the boldneſs of my *cunning* I will lay myſelf in hazard." The oppoſition which ſeems to have been intended between cunning and ignorance, favours this interpretation. MALONE.

[1] I *ſuffer with him.*] Thus the quarto, 1622. The folio reads—*To* ſuffer with him. MALONE.

[2] —— *the wars muſt make examples*
Out of their beſt,] The ſeverity of military diſcipline muſt not ſpare the *beſt men* of the army, when their puniſhment may afford a wholeſome *example*. JOHNSON.

The

To incur a private check: When ſhall he come?
Tell me, Othello. I wonder in my ſoul,
What you could aſk me, that I ſhould deny,
Or ſtand ſo mammering on[3]. What! Michael Caſſio,
That came a wooing with you[4]; and ſo many a time,
When I have ſpoke of you diſpraiſingly,
Hath ta'en your part; to have ſo much to do
To bring him in! Truſt me, I could do much.—

Oth. Pr'ythee, no more: let him come when he will:
I will deny thee nothing.

Deſ. Why, this is not a boon;
'Tis as I ſhould entreat you wear your gloves,
Or feed on nouriſhing diſhes, or keep you warm;
Or ſue to you to do a peculiar profit
To your own perſon: Nay, when I have a ſuit,
Wherein I mean to touch your love indeed,
It ſhall be full of poize[5] and difficulty,
And fearful to be granted.

Oth. I will deny thee nothing:

Whereon,

The old copies read—*her* beſt. Mr. Rowe made this neceſſary emendation. MALONE.

[3] —*ſo* mammering *on.*] To heſitate, to ſtand in ſuſpenſe. The word often occurs in old Engliſh writings, and probably takes its original from the French *M'Amour*, which men were apt often to repeat when they were not prepared to give a direct anſwer. HANMER.

I find the ſame word in *Acolaſtus*, a comedy, 1540: "I ſtand in doubt, or in a *mamorynge* between hope and fear." STEEVENS.

Again in Lily's *Euphues*, 1580:—"neither *ſtand in a mamering* whether it be beſt to depart or not." The quarto, 1622, reads *muttering*. *Mammering* is the reading of the folio. MALONE.

[4] ——*What!* Michael Caſſio,
That came a wooing with you;] And yet in the firſt act Caſſio appears perfectly ignorant of the amour, and is indebted to Iago for the information of Othello's marriage, and of the perſon to whom he is married. STEEVENS.

See the notes on the paſſage alluded to, p. 222, n. 8. MALONE.

[5] ——*full of* poize—] *i. e.* of weight. So, in *The Dumb Knight*, 1633:

"But we are all preſt down with other *poize*." STEEVENS.

Whereon, I do beſeech thee, grant me this,
To leave me but a little to myſelf.

Def. Shall I deny you? no: Farewel, my lord.

Oth. Farewel, my Deſdemona: I will come to thee ſtraight.

Def. Emilia, come:—Be it as your fancies teach you;
Whate'er you be, I am obedient. [*Exit, with* Emil.

Oth. Excellent wretch! Perdition catch my ſoul,
But I do love thee[6]! and when I love thee not,
Chaos is come again[7].

Iago.

[6] *Excellent* wretch!—*Perdition catch my ſoul,*
But I do love thee! &c.] The meaning of the word wretch is not generally underſtood. It is now, in ſome parts of England, a term of the ſofteſt and fondeſt tenderneſs. It expreſſes the utmoſt degree of amiableneſs, joined with an idea, which perhaps all tenderneſs includes, of feebleneſs, ſoftneſs, and want of protection. Othello, conſidering Deſdemona as excelling in beauty and virtue, ſoft and timorous by her ſex, and by her ſituation abſolutely in his power, calls her—*Excellent wretch!* It may be expreſſed:

Dear, harmleſs, helpleſs, excellence. JOHNSON.

Sir *W. D'Avenant* uſes the ſame expreſſion in his *Cruel Brother*, 1630, and with the ſame meaning. It occurs twice: "—*Excellent wretch!* with a timorous modeſty ſhe ſtifleth up her utterance." STEEVENS.

[7] ——*when I love thee not,*
Chaos is come again.] When my love is for a moment ſuſpended by ſuſpicion, I have nothing in my mind but diſcord, tumult, perturbation, and confuſion. JOHNSON.

——*when I love thee not,*
Chaos is come again.] There is another meaning poſſible. *When I ceaſe to love thee, the world is at an end*; i. e. there remains nothing valuable or important. The firſt explanation may be elegant, the ſecond is perhaps more eaſy. Shakſpeare has the ſame thought in his *Venus and Adonis*:

"For he being dead, with him is beauty ſlain,
"And, beauty dead, black *Chaos comes again.*"

STEEVENS.

This paſſage does not ſtrike me in the ſame light in which it appeared to Dr. Johnſon; as Othello had not yet any experience of that perturbation and diſcord, by which he afterwards is ſo fatally agitated. He means, I think, to ſay,—*and ere I ceaſe to love thee, the world itſelf ſhall be reduced to its primitive chaos.* Shakſpeare probably preferred—"chaos *is* come again," to "chaos *ſhall* come again," as more bold and

Iago. My noble lord,—
Oth. What doſt thou ſay, Iago?
Iago. Did Michael Caſſio, when you woo'd my lady,
Know of your love?
Oth. He did from firſt to laſt: Why doſt thou aſk?
Iago. But for a ſatisfaction of my thought;
No further harm.
Oth. Why of thy thought, Iago?
Iago. I did not think he had been acquainted with her.
Oth. O, yes; and went between us very oft.
Iago. Indeed?
Oth. Indeed! ay, indeed;—Diſcern'ſt thou aught in that?
Is he not honeſt?
Iago. Honeſt, my lord?
Oth. Honeſt! ay, honeſt.
Iago. My lord, for aught I know.
Oth. What doſt thou think?
Iago. Think, my lord?
Oth. Think, my lord!—By heaven, he echoes me,
As if there were ſome monſter in his thought [8],
Too hideous to be ſhewn.—Thou doſt mean ſomething:
I heard thee ſay but now,—Thou lik'dſt not that,
When

and expreſſive. *Muretus*, a poet of the 16th century, has exactly the ſame thought:

" Tune meo elabi poſſis de pectore, Lacci,
" Aut ego, dum vivam, non meminiſſe tui?
" Ante, vel iſtius mundi compage ſoluta,
" *Tetras in antiquum ſit reditura Chaos.*"

The meaning of Shakſpeare appears very clearly from the following paſſage in *The Winter's Tale*, where the ſame thought is more fully expreſſed:

" It cannot fail, but by
" The violation of my faith,—and then
" Let nature cruſh the ſides of the earth together,
" And mar the ſeeds within!" MALONE.

[8] — By heaven, *he echoes me*,
As if there were ſome monſter in his thought, &c.] Thus the eldeſt quarto. The ſecond quarto reads:

——— *Why doſt thou echo* me,
As if there were ſome monſter in thy thought, &c.

The folio reads:

——— *Alas, thou echo'ſt* me. STEEVENS.

This is one of the numerous alterations made in the folio copy by the Licenſer. MALONE.

When Caſſio left my wife; What didſt not like?
And, when I told thee—he was of my counſel
In my whole courſe of wooing, thou cry'dſt, *Indeed?*
And did'ſt contract and purſe thy brow together,
As if thou then had'ſt ſhut up in thy brain
Some horrible conceit: If thou doſt love me,
Shew me thy thought.

Iago. My lord, you know I love you.

Oth. I think, thou doſt;
And,—for I know thou art full of love and honeſty,
And weigh'ſt thy words before thou giv'ſt them breath,—
Therefore theſe ſtops of thine fright me the more:
For ſuch things in a falſe diſloyal knave
Are tricks of cuſtom; but, in a man that's juſt,
They are cloſe denotements [9], working from the heart,
That paſſion cannot rule,

Iago. For Michael Caſſio,—
I dare be ſworn, I think that he is honeſt.

Oth. I think ſo too.

Iago.

[9] *They are cloſe* denotements, &c.] i. e. indications, or diſcoveries, not openly revealed, but involuntarily working from the heart, which cannot rule and ſuppreſs its feelings.

Thus the original copy, 1622. The folio reads—They are cloſe *dilations*; but nothing is got by the change, for *dilations* was undoubtedly uſed in the ſenſe of *dilatements*, or *large and full expoſitions*. See Minſheu's Dict. 1617: "To *dilate* or make large."

Dilatement is uſed in the ſenſe of *dilation* by Lodge, our poet's contemporary: "After all this foul weather follows a calm *dilatement* of others too forward harmfulneſs" *Roſalynde, or Euphues Golden Legacie*, 4to. 1592.

Dr. Johnſon very elegantly reads—They are cloſe *delations*; "i. e. *occult* and *ſecret accuſations*, working involuntarily from the heart, which, though reſolved to conceal the fault, cannot rule its paſſion of reſentment."

But the objection to this conjectural reading is, that there is ſtrong ground for believing that the word was not uſed in Shakſpeare's age. It is not found in any Dictionary of the time, that I have ſeen, nor has any paſſage been quoted in ſupport of it. On the contrary, we find in Minſheu the verb, "To *delate*," not ſignifying, to *accuſe*, but thus interpreted: "to *ſpeak at large* of any thing. vid. to *dilate*:" ſo that if even *delations* were the word of the old copy, it would mean no more than *dilations*. To the reading of the quarto no reaſonable objection can be made. MALONE.

Iago. Men ſhould be what they ſeem;
Or, thoſe that be not, 'would they might ſeem none[1]!
Oth. Certain, men ſhould be what they ſeem.
Iago. Why then, I think Caſſio's an honeſt man.
Oth. Nay, yet there's more in this:
I pray thee, ſpeak to me as to thy thinkings,
As thou doſt ruminate; and give thy worſt of thoughts
The worſt of words.
Iago. Good my lord, pardon me;
Though I am bound to every act of duty,
I am not bound to that all ſlaves are free to[2].
Utter my thoughts? Why, ſay, they are vile and falſe,—
As where's that palace, whereinto foul things
Sometimes intrude not[3]? who has a breaſt ſo pure,
But ſome uncleanly apprehenſions
Keep leets, and law-days[4], and in ſeſſion ſit
With meditations lawful?

Oth.

[1] *Or, thoſe that be not, 'would they might ſeem* none!] I believe the meaning is, *would they might no longer ſeem*, or bear the ſhape of *men*. JOHNSON.

May not the meaning be, 'would they might not ſeem *honeſt!* MALONE.

[2] — *to that all ſlaves are* free to.] I am not bound to do that, *which* even ſlaves are *not bound* to do. MALONE.

[3] — *where's that palace, whereinto foul things*
Sometimes intrude not?] So, in *The Rape of Lucrece*:
" ——— no perfection is ſo abſolute,
" That ſome impurity doth not pollute." MALONE.

[4] ———*who has a breaſt ſo pure,*
But ſome uncleanly apprehenſions
Keep leets, and law-days, and in ſeſſion ſit
With meditations lawful?] Who has ſo virtuous a breaſt, that ſome uncharitable ſurmizes and impure conceptions will not ſometimes enter into it; hold a ſeſſion there as in a regular court, and " bench by the ſide" of authoriſed and lawful thoughts?—In our poet's 30th Sonnet we find the ſame imagery:
" When to the *ſeſſions* of ſweet ſilent *thought*
" I ſummon up remembrance of things paſt."
A *leet* and *law-day* were ſynonymous terms. A leet," ſays Bullokar, in his *Engliſh Expoſitor*, 1616, " is a court or law-day, holden commonly every half year." To *keep* a leet was the *verbum juris*; the title of one of the chapters in Kitchen's book on Courts, being, " The manner of *keeping* a court-

Oth. Thou doſt conſpire againſt thy friend, Iago,
If thou but think'ſt him wrong'd, and mak'ſt his ear
A ſtranger to thy thoughts.

Iago. I do beſeech you,—
Though I, perchance, am vicious in my gueſs [5],
As,

a court-leet." The leet, according to Lambard, was a court or juriſdiction above the wapentake or hundred, comprehending three or four hundreds. The juriſdiction of this court is now in moſt places merged in that of the County Court.
MALONE.

[5] *Though I, perchance, am vicious in my gueſs,*] That abruptneſs in the ſpeech which Dr. Warburton complains of, and would alter, may be eaſily accounted for. Iago ſeems deſirous, by his ambiguous hint, *Though I*—to inflame the jealouſy of Othello, which he knew would be more effectually done in this manner, than by any expreſſion that bore a determinate meaning. The jealous Othello would fill up the pauſe in the ſpeech, which Iago turns off at laſt to another purpoſe, and find a more certain cauſe of diſcontent, and a greater degree of torture ariſing from the doubtful conſideration how it might have concluded, than he could have experienced, had the whole of what he enquired after been reported to him with every circumſtance of aggravation.

We may ſuppoſe him imagining to himſelf, that Iago mentally continued the thought thus, *Though I—know more than I chooſe to ſpeak of.*

Vicious in my gueſs does not mean that he is an *ill gueſſer*, but that he is apt to put the worſt conſtruction on every thing he attempts to account for. STEEVENS.

The reader ſhould be informed, that the mark of abruption which I have placed after the word *you*, was placed by Mr. Steevens after the word *perchance*: and his note, to which I do not ſubſcribe, is founded on that regulation. I think the poet intended that Iago ſhould break off at the end of the firſt hemiſtich, as well as in the middle of the fifth line. What he would have added, it is not neceſſary very nicely to examine. The adverſative particle, *though*, in the ſecond line, does not indeed appear very proper; but in an abrupt and ſtudiouſly clouded ſentence like the preſent, where more is meant to be conveyed than meets the ear, ſtrict propriety may be well diſpenſed with. The word *perchance*, if ſtrongly marked in ſpeaking, would ſufficiently ſhew that the ſpeaker did not ſuppoſe himſelf *vicious in his gueſs*.

By the latter words, Iago, I apprehend, means only, "though I perhaps am miſtaken, led into an errour by my natural diſpoſition, which is apt to ſhape faults that have no exiſtence." MALONE.

As, I confeſs, it is my nature's plague
To ſpy into abuſes; and, oft, my jealouſy
Shapes faults that are not,—I entreat you then [6],
From one that ſo imperfectly conjects,
You'd take no notice; nor build yourſelf a trouble
Out of his ſcattering and unſure obſervance:—
It were not for your quiet, nor your good,
Nor for my manhood, honeſty, or wiſdom,
To let you know my thoughts.

Oth. What doſt thou mean?

Iago. Good name, in man, and woman, dear my lord,
Is the immediate jewel of their ſouls:
Who ſteals my purſe, ſteals traſh [7]; 'tis ſomething, nothing;
'Twas mine, 'tis his, and has been ſlave to thouſands;
But he, that filches from me my good name,
Robs me of that, which not enriches him,
And makes me poor indeed.

Oth. By heaven, I'll know thy thought.

Iago. You cannot, if my heart were in your hand;
Nor ſhall not, whilſt 'tis in my cuſtody.

Oth. Ha!

Iago. O, beware, my lord, of jealouſy;

It

[6] —*I entreat you then, &c.*] Thus the quarto, 1622. The folio reads:

——*and* of, *my jealouſy*
Shapes faults that are not) that your wiſdom
From one that ſo imperfectly conceits,
Would *take no notice.* MALONE.

To *conject*, i. e. to *conjecture*, is a verb uſed by other writers. So, in *Acolaſtus*, a comedy, 1540:

"Now reaſon I, or *conject* with myſelf."

Again:

"I cannot forget thy ſaying, or thy *conjecting* words."
STEEVENS.

[7] Good name, *in man, and woman, dear my lord,*
Is the immediate jewel of their ſouls:
Who ſteals my purſe, *ſteals traſh*; &c.] The ſacred writings were here perhaps in our poet's thoughts: "A *good name* is rather to be choſen than great *riches*, and loving favour than *ſilver and gold.*" PROVERBS, chap. xxii. verſe 1.
MALONE.

It is the green-ey'd monſter, which doth make
The meat it feeds on [8]: That cuckold lives in bliſs,
Who,

[8] *It is the green-ey'd monſter, which doth* make
The meat it feeds on:] The old copies have *mock*. The correction was made by Sir Thomas Hanmer. MALONE.

—*which doth* mock
The meat it feeds on:] i. e. loaths that which nouriſhes and ſuſtains it. This being a miſerable ſtate, Iago bids him beware of it. The Oxford editor reads:

——*which doth* make
The meat it feeds on.

Implying that its ſuſpicions are unreal and groundleſs, which is the very contrary to what he would here make his General think, as appears from what follows:

That cuckold lives in bliſs, &c.

In a word, the villain is for fixing him jealous: and therefore bids him beware of jealouſy, not that it was an *unreaſonable*, but a *miſerable* ſtate; and this plunges him into it, as we ſee by his reply, which is only, *O miſery!*
WARBURTON.

I have received Hanmer's emendation; becauſe *to mock* does not ſignify *to loath*; and becauſe, when Iago bids Othello *beware of jealouſy, the green-ey'd monſter*, it is natural to tell why he ſhould beware; and for caution he gives him two reaſons, that jealouſy *often* creates its own cauſe, and that, when the cauſes are real, jealouſy is miſery. JOHNSON.

In this place and ſome others, to *mock* ſeems the ſame with to *manmock*. FARMER.

If Shakſpeare had written——*a* green-ey'd monſter, we might have ſuppoſed him to refer to ſome creature exiſting only in his particular imagination; but *the* green-ey'd monſter ſeems to have reference to an object as familiar to his readers as to himſelf.

It is known that the *tyger* kind have *green eyes*, and always play with the victim to their hunger, before they devour it. So, in our authour's *Tarquin and Lucrece*:

" Like foul night-waking *cat*, he doth but *dally*,
" While in his hold-faſt foot the weak mouſe panteth;—."

Thus a jealous huſband, who diſcovers no certain cauſe why he may be divorced, continues to ſport with the woman whom he ſuſpects, and, on more certain evidence, determines to puniſh. There is no beaſt that can be literally ſaid to *make* its own food, and therefore I am unwilling to receive the emendation of Hanmer, eſpecially as I flatter myſelf that
a glimpſe

Who, certain of his fate, loves not his wronger:
But, O, what damned minutes tells he o'er,
Who

a glimpſe of meaning may be produced from the ancient reading.

In *Antony and Cleopatra* the conteſted word occurs again:

" ——— —— tell him
" He *mocks* the pauſes that he makes."

i. e. he plays wantonly with thoſe intervals of time which he ſhould improve to his own preſervation.

Should ſuch an explanation be admiſſible, the advice given by Iago will amount to this:—*Beware, my lord, of yielding to a paſſion which as yet has no proofs to juſtify its exceſs. Think how the interval between ſuſpicion and certainty muſt be filled. Though you doubt her fidelity, you cannot yet refuſe her your bed, or drive her from your heart: but like the capricious ſavage, muſt continue to ſport with one whom you wait for an opportunity to deſtroy.*

A ſimilar idea occurs in *All's well that ends well*:

" ——— ſo luſt doth *play*
" With what it loaths."

Such is the only ſenſe that I am able to draw from the original text. What I have ſaid, may be liable to ſome objections, but I have nothing better to propoſe. That jealouſy is a *monſter* which often *creates* the ſuſpicions on which it feeds, may be well admitted according to Hanmer's propoſition; but is it *the* monſter? (*i. e.* a well known and conſpicuous animal) or whence has it *green-eyes? Yellow* is the colour which Shakſpeare appropriates to jealouſy. It muſt be acknowledged that he afterwards characterizes it as

" ——— a monſter,
" Begot upon itſelf, born on itſelf."

but yet —— " What damned minutes counts he o'er, &c." is the beſt illuſtration of my attempt to explain the paſſage. To produce Hanmer's meaning, a change in the text is neceſſary. I am counſel for the old reading. STEEVENS.

I have not the ſmalleſt doubt that Shakſpeare wrote *make*, and have therefore inſerted it in the text. The words *make* and *mocke* (for ſuch was the old ſpelling) are often confounded in theſe plays, and I have aſſigned the reaſon in a note on *Meaſure for Meaſure*.

Mr. Steevens in his paraphraſe on this paſſage interprets the word *mock* by *ſport*; but in what poet or proſe-writer, from Chaucer and Mandeville to this day, does the verb *to mock* ſignify to *ſport with?* In the paſſage from *Antony and Cleopatra*, I have proved, I think inconteſtably, from the metre, and from our poet's uſage of this verb in other places, (in

which

Who dotes, yet doubts; ſuſpects, yet ſtrongly loves[9]!

Oth. O miſery!

Iago.

which it is followed by a perſonal pronoun,) that Shakſpeare muſt have writen—

" Being ſo fruſtrate, tell him, he mocks *us by*
" The pauſes that he makes."

Beſides; is it true as a general poſition, that jealouſy (*as* jealouſy,) *ſports* or *plays with* the object of love (allowing this not very delicate interpretation of the words, *the meat it feeds on*, to be the true one)? The poſition certainly is not true. It is *Love* not *Jealouſy*, that ſports with the object of its paſſion; nor can thoſe circumſtances which create ſuſpicion, and which are *the meat it feeds on*, with any propriety be called the *food* of LOVE, when the poet has clearly pointed them out as the food or cauſe of JEALOUSY; giving it not only being, but nutriment.

" There is no beaſt," it is urged, " that can *literally* be ſaid to make its own food." It is indeed acknowledged, that jealouſy is *a* monſter which often *creates* the ſuſpicions on which it feeds, but is it, we are aſked, " *the* monſter? (i. e. *a well known and conſpicuous animal*;) and whence has it *green-eyes? Yellow* is the colour which Shakſpeare appropriates to jealouſy."

To this I anſwer, that *yellow* is not the only colour which Shakſpeare *appropriates* to jealouſy, for we have in *The Merchant of Venice*:

" —ſhuddering fear, and *green-ey'd jealouſy*."

and I ſuppoſe, it will not be contended that he was *there* thinking of any of the tyger-kind.

If our poet had written only—" it is *the* green-ey'd monſter; beware of it;" the other objection would hold good, and ſome particular monſter, κατ' εξοχην, muſt have been meant; but the words, " It is *the* green-ey'd monſter, *which* doth, &c. in my apprehenſion have preciſely the ſame meaning, as if the poet had written, " it is *that* green-ey'd monſter, which, &c." or, " it is *a* green-ey'd monſter." He is *the* man in the world *whom* I would leaſt wiſh to meet,—is the common phraſeology of the preſent day.

When Othello ſays to Iago in a former paſſage, " By heaven, he echoes me, as if there were ſome *monſter* in his thought," does any one imagine that any *animal* whatever was meant?

The

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[9] — ſtrongly *loves!*] Thus the quarto; the folio,—*foundly* loves. STEEVENS.

Iago. Poor, and content, is rich, and rich enough [1];
But riches, fineleſs [2], is as poor as winter [3],

To

The paſſage in a ſubſequent ſcene, to which Mr. Steevens has alluded, ſtrongly ſupports the emendation which has been made:

" —*jealouſy* will not be anſwer'd ſo;
" They are not ever jealous for the cauſe,
" But jealous, for they are jealous; 'tis a *monſter*,
" *Begot upon itſelf, born on itſelf.*"

It is, *ſtrictly* ſpeaking, as falſe that any monſter can be *begot*, or *born*, on itſelf, as it is, that any monſter (whatever may be the colour of its eyes, whether green or yellow) can *make* its own food; but, poetically, both are equally true of that monſter, JEALOUSY. Mr. Steevens ſeems to have been aware of this, and therefore has added the word *literally*: " No monſter can be *literally* ſaid to make its own food.

It ſhould always be remembered, that Shakſpeare's alluſions ſcarcely ever anſwer preciſely on both ſides; nor had he any care upon this ſubject. Though he has introduced the word *monſter*,—when he talk'd of its *making its own food*, and being *begot by itſelf*, he was ſtill thinking of jealouſy *only*, careleſs whether there was any animal in the world that would correſpond with his deſcription.

That by the words, *the meat it feeds on*, is meant, not *Deſdemona* herſelf, as has been maintained, but *pabulum zelotypiæ*, may be likewiſe inferred from a preceding paſſage in which a kindred imagery is found:

" That *policy* may either laſt ſo long,
" Or *feed* upon ſuch nice and wateriſh *diet*," &c.

And this obvious interpretation is ſtill more ſtrongly confirmed by Daniel's *Roſamond*, 1592, a poem which Shakſpeare had diligently read, and has more than once imitated in *Romeo and Juliet*:

" O *Jealouſy*,———
" *Feeding* upon *ſuſpect* that doth *renew* thee,
" Happy were lovers, if they never knew thee."

In

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[1] Poor, *and* content, *is* rich, *and rich enough*;] So in *Doraſtus and Fawnia*, (the novel on which *The Winter's Tale* is formed,) 1592: " we are rich, and in that we are poor with content." MALONE.

[2] *But riches, fineleſs*,] Unbounded, endleſs, unnumbered treaſures. JOHNSON.

[3] — *as poor as* winter,] Finely expreſſed: *winter* producing no fruits. WARBURTON.

To him that ever fears he ſhall be poor :—
Good heaven, the ſouls of all my tribe defend
From jealouſy!

Oth. Why? why is this?
Think'ſt thou, I'd make a life of jealouſy,
To follow ſtill the changes of the moon
With freſh ſuſpicions? No: to be once in doubt,
Is—once to be reſolved: Exchange me for a goat,
When I ſhall turn the buſineſs of my ſoul
To ſuch exſufflicate and blown ſurmiſes [4],
Matching thy inference. 'Tis not to make me jealous,
To ſay—my wife is fair, feeds well, loves company,

Is

In this and the few other places in which I have ventured to depart from the ancient copies, I have thought it my duty to ſtate in the fulleſt and cleareſt manner the grounds on which the emendation ſtands: which in ſome caſes I have found not eaſily accompliſhed, without running into greater prolixity than would otherwiſe be juſtifiable. MALONE.

The ſame idea occurs in Maſſinger's *Picture*, where Mathias, ſpeaking of the groundleſs jealouſy which he entertained of Sophia's poſſible inconſtancy, ſays,

" I am ſtrangely troubled; yet why ſhould I *nouriſh*
" A *fury* here, and with *imagin'd food*,—
" Holding no real ground on which to raiſe
" A building of ſuſpicion ſhe was ever
" Or can be falſe hereafter?"

Imagin'd food is food created by imagination, the food that jealouſy *makes*, and feeds on. MASON.

[4] *To ſuch* exſufflicate *and blown ſurmiſes*,] Whether our poet had any authority for the word *exſufflicate*, which I think is uſed in the ſenſe of *ſwollen*, and appears to have been formed from *ſufflatus*, I am unable to aſcertain: but I have not thought it ſafe to ſubſtitute for it another word equally unauthoriſed. *Suffolare* in Italian ſignifies to *whiſtle*. How then can Dr. Johnſon's interpretation of *exſuffolate* be ſupported? The introducer of this word explains it, by " whiſpered, buzz'd in the ears." MALONE.

To ſuch exſuffolate *and blown ſurmiſes*.] This old and farfetched word was made yet more uncouth in all the editions before Hanmer's by being printed, *exſufficate*. The alluſion is to a bubble. Do not think, ſays the Moor, that I ſhall change the noble deſigns that now employ my thoughts, to ſuſpicions which, like bubbles *blown* into a wide extent, have only an empty ſhew without ſolidity; or that, in conſequence of ſuch empty fears, I will cloſe with thy inference againſt the virtue of my wife. JOHNSON.

Is free of ſpeech, ſings, plays, and dances well;
Where virtue is, theſe are more virtuous[5]:
Nor from mine own weak merits will I draw
The ſmalleſt fear, or doubt of her revolt;
For ſhe had eyes, and choſe me: No, Iago;
I'll ſee, before I doubt, when I doubt, prove;
And, on the proof, there is no more but this,—
Away at once with love, or jealouſy.

Iago. I am glad of this; for now I ſhall have reaſon
To ſhew the love and duty that I bear you
With franker ſpirit: therefore, as I am bound,
Receive it from me:—I ſpeak not yet of proof.
Look to your wife; obſerve her well with Caſſio;
Wear your eye—thus, not jealous, nor ſecure:
I would not have your free and noble nature,
Out of ſelf-bounty, be abus'd[6]; look to't:
I know our country diſpoſition well;
In Venice[7] they do let heaven ſee the pranks
They dare not ſhew their huſbands; their beſt conſcience
Is—not to leave undone, but keep unknown[8].

Oth.

[5] *Where virtue is, theſe* are more *virtuous:*] An action in itſelf indifferent, grows *virtuous* by its end and application. JOHNSON.

I know not why the modern editors, in oppoſition to the firſt quarto and folio, read *moſt* inſtead of *more*.

A paſſage in *All's well that ends well*, is perhaps the beſt comment on the ſentiment of Othello: "I have thoſe good hopes of her, education promiſes: his diſpoſition ſhe inherits; which *makes fair gifts fairer.*" *Gratior e pulchro veniens et corpore virtus.* STEEVENS.

Moſt was arbitrarily introduced by the ignorant editor of the ſecond folio. MALONE.

[6] *Out of* ſelf-bounty, *be abus'd*;] *Self-bounty* for inherent generoſity. WARBURTON.

[7] —— *our country diſpoſition—*
In Venice——] Here Iago ſeems to be a Venetian. JOHNSON.

Various other paſſages, as well as the preſent, prove him to have been a Venetian, nor is there any ground for doubting the poet's intention on this head. See p. 294, n. 9. MALONE.

[8] *Is—not to* leave *undone, but* keep *unknown.*] The folio perhaps more clearly reads:

Is

Oth. Doſt thou ſay ſo?

Iago. She did deceive her father, marrying you;
And when ſhe ſeem'd to ſhake and fear your looks [9],
She lov'd them moſt.

Oth. And ſo ſhe did.

Iago. Why, go to, then;
She that, ſo young, could give out ſuch a ſeeming,
To ſeel her father's eyes up, cloſe as oak [1],—
He thought 'twas witchcraft:—But I am much to blame;
I humbly do beſeech you of your pardon,
For too much loving you.

Oth. I am bound to thee for ever.

Iago. I ſee, this hath a little daſh'd your ſpirits.

Oth. Not a jot, not a jot.

Iago. Truſt me, I fear it has.
I hope, you will conſider, what is ſpoke
Comes

Is not to leav'*t* undone, but keep'*t* unknown.
STEEVENS.

The folio, by an evident errour of the preſs, reads—*kept* unknown. MALONE.

[9] *And, when ſhe ſeem'd*, &c.] This and the following argument of Iago ought to be deeply impreſſed on every reader. Deceit and falſehood, whatever conveniencies they may for a time promiſe or produce, are, in the ſum of life, obſtacles to happineſs. Thoſe who profit by the cheat, diſtruſt the deceiver, and the act, by which kindneſs was ſought, puts an end to confidence.

The ſame objection may be made with a lower degree of ſtrength againſt the imprudent generoſity of diſproportionate marriages. When the firſt heat of paſſion is over, it is eaſily ſucceeded by ſuſpicion, that the ſame violence of inclination, which cauſed one irregularity, may ſtimulate to another; and thoſe who have ſhewn, that their paſſions are too powerful for their prudence, will with very ſlight appearances againſt them, be cenſured, as not very likely to reſtrain them by their virtue. JOHNSON.

[1] *To ſeel her father's eyes up, cloſe as* oak,—] The *oak* is, I believe, the moſt *cloſe-grained* wood of general uſe in England. *Cloſe as oak*, means, *cloſe as the grain of the oak.* To ſeel is an expreſſion from falconry. STEEVENS.

To *ſeel* a hawk is to ſew up his eye-lids.

In *the Winter's Tale*, Paulina ſays,

"The root of his opinion, which is rotten,
"As ever *oak*, or ſtone, was *ſound*." MALONE.

Comes from my love;—But, I do ſee you are mov'd:—
I am to pray you, not to ſtrain my ſpeech
To groſſer iſſues[2], nor to larger reach,
Than to ſuſpicion.

Oth. I will not.

Iago. Should you do ſo, my lord,
My ſpeech ſhould fall into ſuch vile ſucceſs[3]
As my thoughts aim not at. Caſſio's my worthy friend:—
My lord, I ſee you are mov'd.

Oth. No, not much mov'd:—
I do not think, but Deſdemona's honeſt.

Iago. Long live ſhe ſo! and long live you to think ſo!

Oth. And yet, how nature erring from itſelf,—

Iago. Ay, there's the point: As,—to be bold with you,—
Not to affect many propoſed matches,
Of her own clime, complexion and degree;
Whereto, we ſee, in all things nature tends:
Foh! one may ſmell, in ſuch, a will moſt rank[4],
Foul diſproportion, thoughts unnatural.—

[2] *To groſſer* iſſues,] *Iſſues*, for concluſions. WARBURTON.

[3] *My ſpeech ſhould fall into ſuch vile* ſucceſs,] If *ſucceſs* be the right word, it ſeems to mean *conſequence* or *event*, as *ſucceſſo* is uſed in Italian. JOHNSON.

I think *ſucceſs* may, in this inſtance, bear its common interpretation. What Iago means, ſeems to be this: "Should you do ſo, my lord, my words would be attended by ſuch an infamous degree of ſucceſs, as my thoughts do not aim at." Iago, who counterfeits the feelings of virtue, might have ſaid *fall into ſucceſs*, and *vile ſucceſs*, becauſe he would appear to Othello, to wiſh that the enquiry into Deſdemona's guilt might prove fruitleſs and unſucceſsful. STEEVENS.

The following paſſages will perhaps be conſidered as proofs of Dr. Johnſon's explanation:

"Then the poore deſolate women, fearing leſt their caſe would ſorte to ſome pitifull *ſucceſs*,—." *Palace of Pleaſure*, bl. let.

"God forbid all his hope ſhould turne to ſuch *ſucceſſe*." *Promos and Caſſandra*, 1578. HENDERSON

[4] — a will *moſt rank*,] *Will*, is for wilfulneſs. It is ſo uſed by Aſcham. A *rank will*, is *ſelf-will*, overgrown and exuberant. JOHNSON.

But pardon me; I do not, in poſition,
Diſtinctly ſpeak of her: though I may fear,
Her will, recoiling to her better judgment,
May fall to match you with her country forms,
And (hapily) repent.

Oth. Farewel, Farewel:
If more thou doſt perceive, let me know more;
Set on thy wife to obſerve: Leave me, Iago.

Iago. My lord, I take my leave. [*going.*

Oth. Why did I marry?—This honeſt creature, doubtleſs,
Sees and knows more, much more, than he unfolds.

Iago. My lord, I would, I might entreat your honour
To ſcan this thing no further; leave it to time:
And though it be fit that Caſſio have his place,
(For, ſure, he fills it up with great ability,)
Yet, if you pleaſe to hold him off a while,
You ſhall by that perceive him and his means [5]:
Note, if your lady ſtrain his entertainment [6]
With any ſtrong or vehement importunity;
Much will be ſeen in that. In the mean time,
Let me be thought too buſy in my fears,
(As worthy cauſe I have, to fear—I am,)
And hold her free, I do beſeech your honour.

Oth. Fear not my government [7].

Iago. I once more take my leave. [*Exit.*

Oth. This fellow's of exceeding honeſty,
And knows all qualities, with a learned ſpirit [8],
Of human dealings: If I do prove her haggard [9],
Though

[5] *You ſhall by that perceive him, and his means:*] You ſhall diſcover whether he thinks his beſt *means*, his moſt powerful *intereſt*, is by the ſolicitation of your lady. JOHNSON.

[6] *—ſtrain his* entertainment—] Preſs hard his re-admiſſion to his pay and office. *Entertainment* was the military term for admiſſion of ſoldiers. JOHNSON.

[7] *Fear not my government.*] Do not diſtruſt my ability to contain my paſſion. JOHNSON.

[8] *—with a* learned *ſpirit,*] *Learned*, for experienced. WARBURTON.

The conſtruction is, He knows with a learned ſpirit all qualities of human dealings. JOHNSON.

[9] *—If I do prove her* haggard,] A *haggard* hawk is a *wild* hawk, a *hawk unreclaimed*, or *irreclaimable*. JOHNSON.

A *haggard*

Though that her jeſſes were my dear heart-ſtrings [1],
I'd whiſtle her off, and let her down the wind,
To prey at fortune [2]. Haply, for I am black;

A *haggard* is a particular ſpecies of hawk. It is *difficult to be reclaimed*, but not *irreclaimable*.

From a paſſage in *Vittoria Corombona*, it appears that *haggard* was a term of reproach ſometimes applied to a wanton: "Is this your perch, you *haggard?* fly to the ſtews."

Turbervile ſays, that "the *haggart* falcons are the moſt excellent birds of all other falcons." *Latham* gives to the *haggart* only the ſecond place in the *valued file*. In *Holland's Leaguer*, a comedy, by Shakerly Marmyon, 1633, is the following illuſtrative paſſage:

"Before theſe courtiers lick their lips at her,
"I'll truſt a wanton *haggard* in the wind."

Haggard, however, had a popular ſenſe, and was uſed for *wild* by thoſe who thought not on the language of falconers.

STEEVENS.

[1] *Though that her* jeſſes *were my dear heart-ſtrings,*] *Jeſſes* are ſhort ſtraps of leather tied about the foot of a hawk, by which ſhe is held on the fiſt. HANMER.

In Haywood's comedy, cal'ed *A Woman killed with Kindneſs*, 1617, a number of theſe terms relative to hawking occur together:

"Now ſhe hath ſeiz'd the fowl, and 'gins to plume her;
"Rebeck her not; rather ſtand ſtill and check her.
"So: ſeize her gets, her *jeſſes*, and her bells."

STEEVENS.

[2] *I'd whiſtle her off, and let her down the wind,*
To prey at fortune.] The falconers always let fly the hawk againſt the wind; if ſhe flies with the wind behind her, ſhe ſeldom returns. If therefore a hawk was for any reaſon to be diſmiſſed, ſhe was *let down the wind*, and from that time ſhifted for herſelf, and *preyed at fortune*. This was told me by the late Mr. Clark. JOHNSON.

I'd whiſtle her off, &c.] This paſſage may poſſibly receive illuſtration from a ſimilar one in Burton's Anatomy of Melancholy, p. 2. ſect. 1. mem. 3. "As a long-winged hawke, when he is firſt *whiſtled off the fiſt*, mounts aloft, and for his pleaſure fetcheth many a circuit in the ayre, ſtill ſoaring higher and higher, till he come to his full pitch, and in the end, when the game is ſprung, comes down amaine, and *ſtoupes* upon a ſudden." PERCY.

Again, in Beaumont and Fletcher's *Bonduca*:

"——— he that baſely
"*Whiſtled* his honour *off to the wind*," &c.

STEEVENS.

And have not thoſe ſoft parts of converſation
That chamberers [3] have: Or, for I am declin'd
Into the vale of years;—yet that's not much;—
She's gone; I am abus'd; and my relief
Muſt be—to loath her. O curſe of marriage,
That we can call theſe delicate creatures ours,
And not their appetites! I had rather be a toad,
And live upon the vapour of a dungeon,
Than keep a corner in the thing I love,
For others' uſes. Yet, 'tis the plague of great ones;
Prerogativ'd are they leſs than the baſe [4]:
'Tis deſtiny unſhunnable, like death [5];
Even then this [6] forked plague is fated to us,

When

[3] —*chamberers*—] i. e. men of intrigue. So, in the Counteſs of Pembroke's *Antonius*, 1590:

"Fal'n from a ſouldier to a *chamberer*." STEEVENS.

Chambering and *wantonneſs* are mentioned together in the ſacred writings. MALONE.

[4] *Prerogativ'd are they leſs than the baſe:*] In aſſerting that the baſe have more prerogative in this reſpect than the great, that is, that the baſe or poor are leſs likely to endure this forked plague, our poet has maintained a doctrine contrary to that laid down in *As you like it*:—"Horns? even ſo.—*Poor men* alone? No, no; the *nobleſt* deer has them as huge as the *raſcal*." Here we find all mankind are placed on a level in this reſpect, and that it is "deſtiny unſhunnable, like death."

Shakſpeare would have been more conſiſtent, if he had written,

"Prerogativ'd are they *more* than the baſe?"

Othello would then have anſwered his own queſtion: [*No*;] 'Tis deſtiny, &c. MALONE.

[5] *'Tis deſtiny unſhunnable, like death;*] To be conſiſtent, Othello muſt mean, that it is deſtiny unſhunnable by *great ones*, not by all mankind. MALONE.

[6] —*forked plague*—] In alluſion to a *barbed* or *forked* arrow, which, once infixed, cannot be extracted. JOHNSON.

Or rather, the *forked plague* is the cuckold's horns. PERCY.

Dr. Johnſon may be right. I meet with the ſame thought in Middleton's comedy of, *A Mad World, my Maſters*, 1608:

"While the broad arrow, with the *forked head*,
"Miſſes his brows but narrowly."

Again, in *King Lear*:

"—though the *fork* invade
"The region of my heart,—." STEEVENS.

I have

When we do quicken. Deſdemona comes[7]:

Enter DESDEMONA, *and* EMILIA.

If ſhe be falſe, O, then heaven mocks itſelf[8]!
I'll not believe it.

Def. How now, my dear Othello?
Your dinner, and the generous iſlanders[9]
By you invited, do attend your preſence.

Oth. I am to blame.

Def. Why is your ſpeech ſo faint? are you not well?

Oth. I have a pain upon my forehead here.

Def.

I have no doubt that Dr. Percy's interpretation is the true one. Let our poet ſpeak for himſelf. "Quoth ſhe," ſays Pandarus, in *Troilus and Creſſida*, "which of theſe hairs is Paris, my huſband? The *forked* one, quoth he; pluck it out, and give it him." Again, in *The Winter's Tale*:

"——o'er head and ears a *fork'd* one."

So, in Tarleton's *News out of Purgatorie*:—"but the old ſquire, knight of *the forked order*,—."

One of Sir John Harrington's epigrams, in which our poet's very expreſſion is found, puts the matter beyond a doubt:

"Actæon guiltleſs unawares eſpying
"Naked Diana bathing in her bowre,
"Was plagu'd with *hornes*; his dogs did him devoure;
"Wherefore take heed, ye that are curious, prying,
"With ſome ſuch *forked plague* you be not ſmitten,
"And in your foreheads ſee your faults be written."

MALONE.

[7] *Deſdemona comes*:] Thus the quartos. The folio reads: *Look where ſhe comes.* STEEVENS.

[8] *If ſhe be falſe, O, then heaven mocks itſelf!*—] i. e. renders its own labours fruitleſs, by forming ſo beautiful a creature as Deſdemona, and ſuffering the elegance of her perſon to be diſgraced and ſullied by the impurity of her mind.—Such, I think is the meaning.—The conſtruction, however, may be different. If ſhe be falſe, O, then even *heaven itſelf* cheats us with "unreal mockeries," with falſe and ſpecious appearances, intended only to deceive. MALONE.

[9] —*the* generous *iſlanders*—] are the iſlanders of *rank, diſtinction*. So, in *Meaſure for Meaſure*:

"The *generous* and graveſt citizens
"Have hent the gates."

Generous has here the power of *generoſus*, Lat. This explanation, however, may be too particular. STEEVENS.

Des. Faith that's with watching; 'twill away again:
Let me but bind it hard, within this hour
It will be well.

Oth Your napkin [1] is too little;

[*He puts the handkerchief from him, and it drops.*

Let it alone. Come, I'll go in with you.

Des. I am very ſorry that you are not well.

[*Exeunt* DES. *and* OTH.

Emil. I am glad I have found this napkin;
This was her firſt remembrance from the Moor;
My wayward huſband hath a hundred times
Woo'd me to ſteal it: but ſhe ſo loves the token,
(For he conjur'd her, ſhe ſhould ever keep it,)
That ſhe reſerves it evermore about her,
To kiſs, and talk to. I'll have the work ta'en out [2],
And give it Iago:
What he'll do with it, heaven knows, not I;
I nothing, but to pleaſe his fantaſy [3].

Enter

[1] *Your* napkin—] In the North of England, and in Scotland, this term for a handkerchief is ſtill uſed. The word has already often occurred. MALONE.

[2] —*I'll have the work* ta'en out,] That is, copied. Her firſt thoughts are, to have a copy made of it for her huſband, and reſtore the original to Deſdemona. But the ſudden coming in of Iago, in a furly humour, makes her alter her reſolution, to pleaſe him. The ſame phraſe afterwards occurs between Caſſio and Bianca, in ſc. iv. BLACKSTONE.

This ſcheme of getting the work of this valued handkerchief copied, and reſtoring the original to Deſdemona, was, I ſuppoſe, introduced by the poet, to render Emilia leſs unamiable.

It is remarkable, that when ſhe perceives Othello's fury on the loſs of this token, though ſhe is repreſented as affectionate to her miſtreſs, ſhe never attempts to relieve her from her diſtreſs: which ſhe might eaſily have done by demanding the handkerchief from her huſband, or divulging the ſtory, if he refuſed to reſtore it.—But this would not have ſerved the plot.

Shakſpeare fell into this incongruity by departing from Cinthio's novel; for there, while the artleſs Deſdemona is careſſing the child of Othello's ancient, (the Iago of our play,) the villain ſteals the handkerchief which hung at her girdle, without the knowledge of his wife. MALONE.

[3] *I nothing, but to pleaſe his fantaſy.*] Thus the folio. The quarto, 1622, reads:

I nothing *know but for* his fantaſy. STEEVENS.

Enter IAGO.

Iago. How now! what do you here alone?
Emil. Do not you chide; I have a thing for you.
Iago. A thing for me?—it is a common thing.
Emil. Ha!
Iago. To have a foolish wife.
Emil. O, is that all? What will you give me now
For that same handkerchief?
Iago. What handkerchief?
Emil. What handkerchief?
Why, that the Moor first gave to Desdemona;
That which so often you did bid me steal.
Iago. Hast stolen it from her?
Emil. No, faith; she let it drop by negligence;
And, to the advantage[4], I, being here, took it up.
Look, here it is.
Iago. A good wench; give it me.
Emil. What will you do with it, that you have been so earnest
To have me filch it?
Iago. Why, what's that to you? [*snatching it.*
Emil. If it be not for some purpose of import,
Give it me again: Poor lady! she'll run mad,
When she shall lack it.
Iago. Be not you known of't[5]; I have use for it.

Go

[4] —*to the advantage*, &c.] I being *opportunely* here, took it up. JOHNSON.

[5] *Be not you* known of't;] Thus the quarto, except that it has *on't*, the vulgar corruption in speaking and writing, of *of't* or *of it*; as is proved by various passages in these plays as exhibited in the folio and quarto, where in one copy we find the corrupt and in the other the genuine words: and both having the same meaning. The folio reads, as Mr. Steevens has observed—Be not *acknown* on't, i. e. do not acknowledge any thing of this matter. The reading of the quarto affords the same meaning.

The participial adjective, found in the folio, is used by Thomas Kyd, in his *Cornelia*, a tragedy, 1594:

"Our friends' misfortune doth increase our own,
"*Cic.* But ours of others will not be *acknown*."

MALONE.

Go, leave me. [*Exit* Emil.
I will in Caſſio's lodging loſe this napkin,
And let him find it: Trifles, light as air,
Are, to the jealous, confirmations ſtrong
As proofs of holy writ. This may do ſomething.
The Moor already changes with my poiſon [6]:—
Dangerous conceits are, in their natures, poiſons,
Which, at the firſt, are ſcarce found to diſtaſte;
But, with a little act upon the blood,
Burn like the mines of ſulphur.—I did ſay ſo [7]:

Enter OTHELLO.

Look, where he comes! Not poppy, nor mandragora [8],
Nor all the drowſy ſyrups of the world,
Shall ever med'cine thee to that ſweet ſleep
Which thou ow'dſt yeſterday [9].

Oth.

Again, in *The Life of Arioſto*, ſubjoined to Sir John Harrington's tranſlation of *Orlando*. p. 418. edit. 1607: "Some ſay, he married to her privilie, but durſt not be *acknowne of it.*" PORSON.

[6] *The Moor already*, &c.] Thus the folio. The line is not in the original copy, 1622. MALONE.

[7] —*I did ſay ſo:*] As this paſſage is ſuppoſed to be obſcure, I ſhall attempt an explanation of it.

Iago firſt ruminates on the qualities of the paſſion which he is labouring to excite; and then proceeds to comment on its effects. *Jealouſy* (ſays he) *with the ſmalleſt operation on the blood, flames out with all the violence of ſulphur*, &c.

——I did ſay ſo;
Look where he comes!—

i. e. I knew that the leaſt touch of ſuch a paſſion would not permit the Moor to enjoy a moment of repoſe:—I have juſt ſaid that jealouſy is a reſtleſs commotion of the mind; and look where Othello approaches, to confirm the propriety and juſtice of my obſervation. STEEVENS.

[8] —*nor mandragora*,] The *mandragoras* or *mandrake* has a ſoporifick quality, and the ancients uſed it when they wanted an opiate of the moſt powerful kind. So *Antony and Cleopatra*, Act I. ſc. vi.

" ——— give me to drink *mandragora*,
" That I may ſleep out this gap of time
" My Antony is away." MALONE.

[9] *Shall ever med'cine thee to that ſweet ſleep,*
Which thou ow'dſt *yeſterday.*] To *owe*, as Dr. Johnſon has obſerved, ſignified formerly to *poſſeſs*. MALONE.

Oth. Ha! ha! falſe to me? to me?

Iago. Why, how now, general? no more of that.

Oth. Avaunt! be gone! thou haſt ſet me on the rack:—
I ſwear, 'tis better to be much abus'd,
Than but to know't a little.

Iago. How now, my lord?

Oth. What ſenſe had I of her ſtolen hours of luſt[9]?
I ſaw it not, thought it not, it harm'd not me:

[9] *What ſenſe had I,* &c.] A ſimilar paſſage to this and what follows it, is found in an *unpubliſhed* tragi-comedy by Thomas Middleton, called *The Witch*:

" I feele no cauſe; the burthen's not yet off,
" So long as the abuſe ſticks in my knowledge.
" Oh, 'tis a paine of hell to know one's ſhame!
" Had it byn hid and done, it had ben don happy,
" For he that's ignorant lives long and merry."

Again:

" Had'ſt thou byn ſecret, then had I byn happy,
" And had a hope (like man) of joies to come.
" Now here I ſtand a ſtayne to my creation;
" And, which is heavier than all torments to me,
" The underſtanding of this baſe adultery," &c.

This is uttered by a jealous huſband, who ſuppoſes himſelf to have juſt deſtroy'd his wife.

Again, *Iago* ſays:

Dangerous conceits, &c.
——with a little act upon the blood
Burn like the mines of ſulphur.

Thus *Sebaſtian*, in Middleton's play:

" When a ſuſpect doth catch once, it burns maynely."

A ſcene between *Franceſca* and her brother *Antonio*, when ſhe firſt excites his jealouſy, has likewiſe ſeveral circumſtances in common with the dialogue which paſſes between *Iago* and *Othello* on the ſame ſubject.

This piece contains alſo a paſſage very ſtrongly reſembling another in *Hamlet*, who ſays:—" I am but mad north-north weſt: when the wind is ſoutherly, I know a hawk from a handſaw."—Thus, *Almachildes*:—" There is ſome difference betwixt my jovial condition and the lunary ſtate of madneſs. I am not quite out of my wits: I know a bawd from an aqua-vitæ ſhop, a ſtrumpet from wild fire, and a beadle from brimſtone."

For a further account of this MS. play, ſee a note on Mr. Malone's *Attempt to aſcertain the order in which the pieces of Shakſpeare were written*:—Article, *Macbeth*. STEEVENS.

I ſlept the next night well [1], was free and merry;
I found not Caſſio's kiſſes on her lips:
He that is robb'd, not wanting what is ſtolen,
Let him not know it, and he's not robb'd at all.

Iago. I am ſorry to hear this.

Oth. I had been happy, if the general camp,
Pioneers and all [2], had taſted her ſweet body,
So I had nothing known: O now, for ever,
Farewel the tranquil mind! farewel content!
Farewel the plumed troop, and the big wars,
That make ambition virtue! O, farewel!
Farewel the neighing ſteed [3], and the ſhrill trump,

The

[1] *I ſlept the next night well, was free and merry;*] Thus the quartos. The folio reads:

I ſlept the next night well, *fed well*; was free and merry.

STEEVENS.

[2] —— *if the general camp,*

Pioneers *and all,*] That is, the moſt abject and vileſt of the camp. Pioneers were generally degraded ſoldiers, appointed to the office of pioneer, as a puniſhment for miſbehaviour.

"A ſoldier ought ever to retain and keep his arms in ſaftie and forth comming, for he is more to be deteſted than a coward, that will loſe or play away any part thereof, or refuſe it for his eaſe, or to avoid paines; wherefore ſuch a one is to be diſmiſſed with puniſhment, or to be made ſome *abject pioner.*" *The Art of War and Englands Traynings*, &c. by Edward Davies, Gent. 1619.

So, in *The Laws and Ordinances of War* eſtabliſhed by the earl of Eſſex, printed in 1640: "If a trooper ſhall looſe his horſe or hackney, or a footman any part of his arms, by negligence or lewdneſſe, by dice or cardes; he or they ſhall remain in qualitie of *pioners*, or ſcavengers, till they be furniſhed with as good as were loſt, at their own charge." GROSE.

[3] *Farewel the plumed troop and the big wars,*——

Farewel the neighing ſteed, &c.] In a very ancient drama entitled *Common Conditions*, printed about 1576, Sedmond, who has loſt his ſiſter in a wood, thus expreſſes his grief:

"But farewell now, my courſers brave, attraped to the ground!
"Farewell! adieu all pleaſures eke, with comely hauke and hounde!
"Farewell, ye nobles all, farewell eche marſial knight,
"Farewell, ye famous ladies all, in whom I did delight!

"Adue

The ſpirit-ſtirring drum, the ear-piercing fife [4],
The royal banner; and all quality,

Pride

" Adue, my native ſoile, adue, Arbaccus kyng,
" Adue, eche wight, and marſial knight, adue, eche living thyng!"

One is almoſt tempted to think that Shakſpeare had read this old play. MALONE.

[4] *The ſpirit-ſtirring drum, the ear-piercing fife,*] In mentioning the *fife* joined with the *drum*, Shakſpeare, as uſual, paints from the life; thoſe inſtruments accompanying each other being uſed in his age by Engliſh ſoldiery. The *fife*, however, as a martial inſtrument, was afterwards entirely diſcontinued among our troops for many years, but at length revived in the war before the laſt. It is commonly ſuppoſed that our ſoldiers borrowed it from the Highlanders in the laſt rebellion: but I do not know that the *fife* is peculiar to the Scotch, or even uſed at all by them. It was firſt uſed within the memory of man among our troops by the Britiſh guards, by order of the duke of Cumberland, when they were encamped at Maeſtricht, in the year 1747, and thence ſoon adopted into other Engliſh regiments of infantry. They took it from the Allies with whom they ſerved. This inſtrument accompanying the drum is of conſiderable antiquity in the European armies, particularly the German. In a curious picture in the Aſhmolean Muſeum at Oxford, painted 1525, repreſenting the ſiege of Pavia by the French king, where the emperor was taken priſoner, we ſee *fifes* and *drums*. In an old Engliſh treatiſe written by William Gerrard before 1587, and publiſhed by one captain Hichcock in 1591, intitled *The Art of Warre*, there are ſeveral wood cuts of military evolutions, in which theſe inſtruments are both introduced. In *Rymer's Fœdera*, in a diary of king Henry's ſiege of Bulloigne 1544, mention is made of the *drummes* and *viffleurs* marching at the head of the king's army. Tom. xv. p. 53.

The *drum* and *fife* were alſo much uſed at ancient feſtivals, ſhews, and proceſſions. Gerard Leigh in his *Accidence of Armorie*, printed in 1576, deſcribing a Chriſtmas magnificently celebrated at the Inner Temple, ſays, "We entered the prince his hall, where anon we heard the noiſe of *drum* and *fife*." p. 119. At a ſtately maſque on Shrove-Sunday 1510, in which Henry VIII. was an actor, Holinſhed mentions the entry "of a *drum* and *fife* apparelled in white damaſke and grene bonettes. Chron. iii. 805. col. 2. There are many more inſtances in Holinſhed, and Stowe's *Survey of London*.

From the old French word *viffleur*, above-cited, came the Engliſh *whiffler*, which anciently was uſed in its proper *literal* ſenſe. Strype, ſpeaking of a grand tilting before the court

in

Pride, pomp, and circumſtance of glorious war[5]!
And O you mortal engines, whoſe rude throats[6]
The immortal Jove's dread clamours counterfeit,
Farewel! Othello's occupation's gone!

Iago. Is it poſſible?—My lord,—

Oth.

in queen Mary's reign 1554, ſays, from an old journal, that king Philip and the challengers entered the liſts, preceded by "their *whifflers*, their footmen, and their armourers," Eccleſ. Memor. iii. p. 211. This explains the uſe of the word in Shakſpeare, where it is alſo literally applied. *Hen.* V. Act IV. ſc. ult.

"———behold, the Britiſh beach
"Pales in the flood with men, with wives and boys,
"Whoſe ſhouts and claps out-voice the deep-mouth'd ſea,
"Which, like a *mighty whiffler* 'fore the king,
"Seems to prepare his way."

By degrees, the word *whiffler* hence acquired the metaphorical meaning, which it at preſent obtains in common ſpeech, and became an application of contempt: *Whiffler*, a light trivial character, *a fellow hired to pipe at proceſſions*.

T. WARTON.

In the old dramatic piece, intitled *Wine, Beer, Ale and Tobacco*, 2d edit. 1630, *Tobacco* ſays to *Beer*:

"——it will become your duty to obey me."

To which *Wine* replies:

"You our ſovereign! a mere *whiffler!*"

Again, in *Ram-alley*, or *Merry Tricks*, 1611:

"———he was known
"But only for a ſwaggering *whiffler*. STEEVENS.

[5] *Pride, pomp and circumſtance of glorious war!*] Sir *William D'Avenant* does not appear to have been ſcrupulous of adopting almoſt Shakſpeare's own words. So, in *Albovine*, 1629:

"Then *glorious war*, and all *proud circumſtance*
"That gives a ſoldier noiſe, *for evermore farewell!*"

STEEVENS.

Fletcher has parodied this paſſage of *Othello*, in his *Propheteſs*, which was firſt repreſented in May, 1622:

"——— and to keep
"My faith untainted, *farewell pride, and pomp,*
"*And circumſtance of glorious* majeſty,
"Farewel, for ever! MALONE.

[6] *—whoſe rude throats—*] So Milton, *P. L.* B. VI.

"From thoſe *d ep-throated* engines," &c.

The quarto, 1622, reads—whoſe *wide* throats. STEEVENS.

Oth. Villain, be ſure thou prove my love a whore;
Be ſure of it; give me the ocular proof;
[*taking him by the throat.*
Or, by the worth of mine eternal ſoul [7],
Thou hadſt been better have been born a dog,
Than anſwer my wak'd wrath.

Iago. Is it come to this?

Oth. Make me to ſee it; or (at the leaſt) ſo prove it,
That the probation bear no hinge, nor loop,
To hang a doubt on: or, woe upon thy life!

Iago. My noble lord,—

Oth. If thou doſt ſlander her, and torture me,
Never pray more: abandon all remorſe [8];
On horrour's head horrours accumulate:
Do deeds to make heaven weep [9], all earth amaz'd,
For nothing canſt thou to damnation add,
Greater than that.

Iago. O grace! O heaven defend me!
Are you a man? have you a ſoul, or ſenſe?—
God be wi' you; take mine office.—O wretched fool,
That liv'ſt [1] to make thine honeſty a vice!—
O monſtrous world! Take note, take note, O world,
To be direct and honeſt, is not ſafe.—
I thank you for this profit; and, from hence,
I'll love no friend, ſince love [2] breeds ſuch offence.

Oth. Nay, ſtay:—Thou ſhould'ſt be honeſt.

Iago.

[7] — mine *eternal ſoul,*] Perhaps the quarto, 1622, more forcibly reads:

—*man's* eternal ſoul.

Shakſpeare might have deſigned an oppoſition between *man* and *dog*. STEEVENS.

[8] — *abandon all* remorſe;] All tenderneſs of nature, all pity; in which ſenſe, as Mr. Steevens has juſtly obſerved, the word was frequently uſed in Shakſpeare's time. The next line ſhews it is uſed in this ſenſe here. MALONE.

[9] *Do deeds to make heaven weep,*] So, in *Meaſure for Meaſure*:

"Plays ſuch fantaſtick tricks before high heaven,
"*As make the angels weep.*" STEEVENS

[1] *That* liv'ſt—] Thus the quarto. The folio—that *lov'ſt*—. STEEVENS.

[2] — ſince *love*—] So, the quarto, 1622. Folio: *ſith* love—. MALONE.

Iago. I ſhould be wiſe; for honeſty's a fool,
And loſes that it works for.

Oth. By the world [3],
I think my wife be honeſt, and think ſhe is not;
I think that thou art juſt, and think thou art not;
I'll have ſome proof: My name [4], that was as freſh
As Dian's viſage, is now begrim'd and black
As mine own face.—If there be cords, or knives,
Poiſon, or fire, or ſuffocating ſtreams,
I'll not endure it *,—Would, I were ſatisfied!

Iago. I ſee, ſir, you are eaten up with paſſion:
I do repent me, that I put it to you.
You would be ſatisfied?

Oth. Would? nay, I will.

Iago. And may: But, how? how ſatisfied, my lord?
Would you, the ſupervifor, groſsly gape on?
Behold her tupp'd [5]?

Oth. Death and damnation! O!

Iago. It were a tedious difficulty, I think,
To bring 'em to that proſpect: Damn them then,
If ever mortal eyes do ſee them bolſter,

More

[3] *By the world*, &c.] This ſpeech is not in the firſt edition. POPE.

[4] — My *name*, &c.] Thus the folio, where alone this ſpeech is found. Mr. Pope and all the ſubſequent editors read—*Her* name: but this, like a thouſand other changes introduced by the ſame editor, was made without either authority or neceſſity. Shakſpeare undoubtedly might have written *Her* name; but the word which the old copy furniſhes, affords alſo good ſenſe. Othello's name or reputation, according to the uſual unjuſt determination of the world, would be ſullied by the infidelity of his wife. Beſides, how could either tranſcriber or printer have ſubſtituted *My* for *Her*. MALONE.

* "—— *If there be cords, or knives,*
"*Poiſon, or fire, or ſuffocating ſtreams,*
"*I'll not endure it.*] So, in *Pericles*:
"*If fires be hot, knives ſharp, or waters deep,*
"Untied I ſtill my virgin knot will keep." MALONE.

[5] *Behold her* tupp'd?] A ram in Staffordſhire and ſome other counties is called a *tup*. So, in the firſt act:
"——————an old black ram
"Is *tupping* your white ewe." STEEVENS.
The old copies have—*topp'd*. Mr. Theobald made the correction. MALONE.

More than their own! What then? how then?
What ſhall I ſay? Where's ſatisfaction?
It is impoſſible, you ſhould ſee this,
Were they as prime as goats [6], as hot as monkeys,
As ſalt as wolves in pride, and fools as groſs
As ignorance made drunk. But yet, I ſay,
If imputation, and ſtrong circumſtances,—
Which lead directly to the door of truth,—
Will give you ſatisfaction, you may have it.

Oth. Give me a living reaſon that ſhe's diſloyal [7].

Iago. I do not like the office:
But, ſith I am enter'd in this cauſe ſo far,—
Prick'd to it by fooliſh honeſty and love,—
I will go on. I lay with Caſſio lately;
And, being troubled with a raging tooth,
I could not ſleep.
There are a kind of men ſo looſe of ſoul,
That in their ſleeps will mutter their affairs;
One of this kind is Caſſio:
In ſleep I heard him ſay,—"*Sweet Deſdemona,*
Let us be wary, let us hide our loves!"
And then, ſir, would he gripe, and wring my hand,
Cry,—*O ſweet creature!* and then kiſs me hard,
As if he pluck'd up kiſſes by the roots,
That grew upon my lips: then laid his leg
Over my thigh, and ſigh'd, and kiſs'd; and then
Cry'd,— [8] *Curſed fate! that gave thee to the Moor!*

Oth.

[6] *Were they as* prime *as goats,*] *Prime* is *prompt*, from the Celtic or Britiſh *prim*. HANMER.

So, in the *Vow-breaker, or the Faire Maid of Cliſton*, 1636:

"More *prime* than goats or monkies in their pride."

STEEVENS.

[7] *Give me a* living *reaſon that ſhe's diſloyal.*] Thus the quarto, 1622. The folio omits the word *that*, probably for the ſake of the metre; but our poet often uſes ſuch words as *reaſon*, as a monoſyllable.

A *living* reaſon is a reaſon founded on fact and experience, not on ſurmiſe or conjecture: a reaſon that convinces the underſtanding as perfectly as if the fact were exhibited *to the life*. MALONE.

[8] — *and ſigh'd, and kiſs'd; and then*
Cry'd,—] Thus the quarto, 1622. The folio reads:

—— then

Oth. O monſtrous! monſtrous!

Iago. Nay, this was but his dream.

Oth. But this denoted a foregone concluſion [9];
'Tis a ſhrewd doubt, though it be but a dream [1].

Iago. And this may help to thicken other proofs,
That do demonſtrate thinly.

Oth. I'll tear her all to pieces.

Iago. Nay, but be wiſe: yet we ſee nothing done [2];
She may be honeſt yet. Tell me but this,—
Have you not ſometimes ſeen a handkerchief,
Spotted with ſtrawberries, in your wife's hand?

Oth. I gave her ſuch a one; 'twas my firſt gift.

Iago. I know not that: but ſuch a handkerchief,
(I am ſure, it was your wife's,) did I to-day
See Caſſio wipe his beard with.

Oth. If it be that,—

Iago. If it be that, or any that was her's [3],
It ſpeaks againſt her, with the other proofs.

Oth. O, that the ſlave had forty thouſand lives;
One is too poor, too weak for my revenge!

Now

——————— then lay'd his leg o'er my thigh,
And *ſigh*, and *kiſs*, and then *cry*, curſed fate, &c.

The omiſſion of the perſonal pronoun before *lay'd* is much in our authour's manner. MALONE.

[9] — *a foregone* concluſion;] A *concluſion* in Shakſpeare's time meant an experiment or trial. MALONE.

[1] Othel. *'Tis a ſhrewd doubt*, &c.] The old quarto gives this line, with the two following, to Iago; and rightly. WARBURTON.

In the folio this line is given to Othello. MALONE.

I think it more naturally ſpoken by Othello, who, by dwelling ſo long upon the proof, encouraged Iago to enforce it. JOHNSON.

[2] —— *yet we* ſee *nothing done*;] This is an oblique and ſecret mock at Othello's ſaying, *Give me the ocular proof.* WARBURTON.

[3] — that *was her's*,] The only authentick copies, the quarto, 1622, and the folio, read—or any, *it* was hers. For the emendation I am anſwerable. The miſtake probably aroſe from *yt* only being written in the manuſcript. The modern editors, following an amendment made by the editor of the ſecond folio, read—*if 'twas* her's. MALONE.

Now do I ſee 'tis true [4].—Look here, Iago;
All my fond love thus do I blow to heaven [5]:
'Tis gone.—
Ariſe, black vengeance, from thy hollow cell [6]!
Yield up, O love, thy crown, and hearted throne [7],
To tyrannous hate! ſwell, boſom, with thy fraught [8],
For 'tis of aſpicks' tongues!

Iago.

[4] *Now do I ſee 'tis* true.—] The old quarto reads,

Now do I ſee 'tis time.

And this is Shakſpeare's, and has in it much more force, and ſolemnity, and preparation for what follows: as alluding to what he had ſaid before:

——— *No, Iago!*
I'll ſee *before I doubt, when I doubt, prove;*
And, on the proof, there is no more but this,
Away at once with love *or jealouſy.*

This *time* was now come. WARBURTON.

[5] *All my fond love thus do* I blow to heaven:] So, in Marlowe's *Luſt's Dominion*, 1657:

"Are theſe your fears? thus *blow them into air.*"

MALONE.

[6] —*from thy* hollow cell!] Thus the quarto, 1622. The folio reads—from the *hollow hell. Hollow*, Dr. Warburton conſiders as "a poor unmeaning epithet." MALONE.

I do not perceive that the epithet *hollow* is at all unmeaning, when applied to hell, as it gives the idea of what Milton calls

"——— the void profound
"Of uneſſential night." STEEVENS.

And in *Paradiſe Loſt*, B. I. ver. 314, the ſame epithet and ſubject occur:

"He call'd ſo loud, that all the *hollow* deep
"Of *hell* reſounded." H. T. W.

Milton was a great reader and copier of Shakſpeare, and he undoubtedly read his plays in the folio, without thinking of examining the more antient quartos. In the firſt book of *Paradiſe Loſt*, we find—

"——— the univerſal hoſt up ſent
"A ſhout that tore *hell's concave.*" MALONE.

[7] —— hearted *throne,*] *Hearted* throne, is the heart on which thou waſt *enthroned.* JOHNSON.

So, in *Twelfth night*:

"It gives a very echo to the *ſeat,*
"Where love is *thron'd.*"

[8] —*ſwell, boſom,* &c.] i. e. *ſwell,* becauſe the fraught is of poiſon. WARBURTON.

Iago. Pray, be content.

Oth. O, blood, Iago, blood!

Iago. Patience, I ſay; your mind, perhaps, may change.

Oth. Never, Iago [9]. Like to the Pontick ſea [1],
Whoſe icy current and compulſive courſe
Ne'er feels retiring ebb [2], but keeps due on
To the Propontick, and the Helleſpont;
Even ſo my bloody thoughts, with violent pace,
Shall ne'er look back, ne'er ebb to humble love,
Till that a capable and wide revenge [3]

Swallow

[9] *Never, Iago.*] From the word *Like* to *marble heaven*, incluſively, is not found in the quarto, 1622. MALONE

[1] — *Like to the Pontick ſea*, &c.] This ſimile is omitted in the firſt edition: I think it ſhould be ſo, as an unnatural excurſion in this place. POPE.

Every reader will, I durſt ſay, abide by Mr. Pope's cenſure on this paſſage. When Shakſpeare grew acquainted with ſuch particulars of knowledge, he made a diſplay of them as ſoon as opportunity offered. He found this in the ſecond book and 97th Chapter of Pliny's *Nat. Hiſt.* as tranſlated by Philemon Holland, 1601: "And the ſea Pontus evermore floweth and runneth out into Propontis, but the ſea never retireth backe again within Pontus."

Mr. Edwards, in his MSS. notes, conceives this ſimile to allude to Sir Philip Sidney's device, whoſe impreſs, Camden, in his *Remains*, ſays, was the Caſpian ſea, with this motto, SINE REFLUXU. STEEVENS.

[2] *Ne'er* feels *retiring ebb*,] The folio, where alone this paſſage is found, reads—Ne'er *keeps* retiring ebb, &c. Many ſimilar miſtakes have happened in that copy, by the compoſitor's repeating a word twice in the ſame line. So, in *Hamlet*:

"My *news* ſhall be the *news* [r. fruit] to that great feaſt."

Again, *ibidem*:

"The ſpirit, upon whoſe *ſpirit* depend and reſt," &c.

inſtead of—upon whoſe *weal*. The correction was made by Mr. Pope. MALONE.

[3] — *a* capable *and wide revenge*—] *Capable* perhaps ſignifies ample, capacious. So, in *As you like it*:

"The cicatrice and *capable* impreſſure."

Again, in *Pierce Pennileſs his Supplication to the Devil*, by Naſhe, 1592: "Then belike, quoth I, you make this word, Dæmon, a *Capable* name, of Gods, of men, and of devils."

It

Swallow them up.—Now by yond' marble heaven [4],
In the due reverence of a ſacred vow [*kneels.*
I here engage my words.
Iago. Do not riſe yet.— [*kneels.*
Witneſs, you ever-burning lights above!
You elements that clip us round about!
Witneſs, that here Iago doth give up
The execution [5] of his wit, hands, heart,
To wrong'd Othello's ſervice! let him command,
And to obey ſhall be in me remorſe,
What bloody work ſoever [6].

Oth.

It may however mean *judicious*. In *Hamlet* the word is often uſed in the ſenſe of *intelligent*. What Othello ſays in another place ſeems to favour this latter interpretation:

"Good; good;—the *juſtice* of it pleaſes me."

MALONE.

[4] —*by yond'* marble *heaven*,] In *Soliman and Perſeda*, 1599, I find the ſame expreſſion:

"Now by the *marble* face of the welkin."

STEEVENS.

So, in Marſton's *Antonio and Mellida*, 1602:

"And pleas'd the *marble* heavens." MALONE.

[5] *The* execution—] The firſt quarto reads *excellency*.

STEEVENS.

By *execution* Shakſpeare meant *employment* or *exerciſe*. So, in *Love's Labour's Loſt*:

"Full of compariſons and wounding flouts,
"Which you on all eſtates will *execute*."

The quarto, 1622, reads—*hand*. MALONE.

[6] —— *let him command,*
And to obey ſhall be in me remorſe,
What bloody work ſoever.] *Let him command whatever bloody buſineſs*, and in me it ſhall be an act, not of cruelty, but *of tenderneſs, to obey him*; not of malice to others, but of *tenderneſs* for him. If this ſenſe be thought too violent, I ſee nothing better than to follow Pope's reading, as it is improved by Theobald. JOHNSON.

The quarto, 1622, has not the words—*in me*. They firſt appeared in the folio. Theobald reads, *Nor* to obey, &c.

Dr. Johnſon's explanation of this paſſage is ſo juſt, that any further comment on it appears to me unneceſſary. We have ſo often had occaſion to point out the ancient uſage of the word *remorſe*, i. e. *pity*, that I ſhall only here refer to ſome of the paſſages in which it may be found. See p. 325, n. 8, of the play before us. About the year 1680 the word began

to

Oth. I greet thy love,
Not with vain thanks, but with acceptance bounteous,
And

to be diſuſed in this ſenſe; for in Anthony Wood's *Diary*, we find the following paſſage, *ad ann.* 1652: "One of theſe, a moſt handſome virgin, arrai'd in coſtly and gorgeous apparel, kneel'd down to Thomas Wood, with tears and prayers to ſave her life: And, being ſtrucken with a deep *remorſe*, took her under his arme, went with her out of the church," &c. In his reviſed work, which he appears to have finiſhed about the year 1680, inſtead of the words "a deep *remorſe*," we find "a profound *pitie*." In the prologue to *Town Shifts*, a comedy, printed in 1671, *remorſe* is employed in its ancient ſenſe:

"Why ſhould you be ſuch ſtrangers to *remorſe*,
"To judge before you try?" MALONE.

Again, in *King Edward III.* 1599, that prince ſpeaking to the citizens of Calais:

"But for yourſelves, look you for no *remorſe*."

I could add many more inſtances, but ſhall content myſelf to obſerve that the ſentiment of *Iago* bears no ſmall reſemblance to that of *Arviragus* in *Cymbelyne*:

"I'd let a pariſh of ſuch Clotens blood,
"And praiſe myſelf for charity." STEEVENS.

Before I ſaw Dr. Johnſon's edition of Shakſpeare, my opinion of this paſſage was formed, and written,, and thus I underſtood it: "Let him command any bloody buſineſs, and to obey ſhall be in me an act of pity and compaſſion for wrong'd Othello." *Remorſe* frequently ſignifies pity, mercy, compaſſion, or a tenderneſs of heart, unattended with the ſtings of a guilty conſcience. So, in *The Two Gentlemen of Verona*, Act IV. ſc. iii. the crimeleſs Eglamour is called *remorſefull*. So, in *King Richard III.* Act III. ſc. vii.

"As well we know your tenderneſs of heart,
"And gentle, kind, effeminate *remorſe*."

So, in Holinſhed's *Conqueſt of Ireland*, p. 13. "—to have *remorſe* and compaſſion upon others diſtreſſes;" and in the dedication, "to have regard and *remorſe* to your ſaid land."
TOLLET.

If I am not deceived, this paſſage has been entirely miſtaken. I read:

"—— ——— Let *him* command,
"*An'* to obey ſhall be in *me* remorſe,
"What bloody buſineſs ever——"

And for *if* is ſufficiently common: and *Othello*'s impatience breaks off the ſentence; I think, with additional beauty.
FARMER.

What bloody work ſoever.] So the quartos. The folio:
What bloody *buſineſs ever*. STEEVENS.

And will upon the inſtant put thee to't:
Within theſe three days let me hear thee ſay,
That Caſſio's not alive.

Iago. My friend is dead; 'tis done, at your requeſt *:
But let her live.

Oth. Damn her, lewd minx! O, damn her [7]!
Come, go with me apart; I will withdraw,
To furniſh me with ſome ſwift means of death
For the fair devil. Now art thou my lieutenant.

Iago. I am your own for ever. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE IV.

The ſame.

Enter DESDEMONA, EMILIA, *and* Clown.

Deſ. Do you know, ſirrah, where lieutenant Caſſio lies?

Clown. I dare not ſay, he lies any where.

Deſ. Why, man?

Clown. He is a ſoldier; and for me to ſay a ſoldier lies, is ſtabbing.

Deſ. Go to; Where lodges he?

Clown. To tell you [8] where he lodges, is to tell you where I lie.

Deſ. Can any thing be made of this?

Clown. I know not where he lodges; and for me to deviſe a lodging, and ſay—he lies here, or he lies there, were to lie in my own throat.

Deſ. Can you enquire him out? and be edify'd by report?

Clown.

* — at your *requeſt*:] Thus the folio. The quarto, 1622, reads—*as you* requeſt. MALONE.

[7] *O, damn her!*] Thus the quarto, 1622. Folio: O damn her, damn her. MALONE.

[8] *To tell you*, &c.] This and the following ſpeech are wanting in the firſt quarto. STEEVENS.

Clown. I will catechize the world for him; that is, make queſtions, and by them anſwer [9].

Deſ. Seek him, bid him come hither: tell him I have moved my lord in his behalf, and hope, all will be well.

Clown. To do this, is within the compaſs of man's wit; and therefore I will attempt the doing of it [1].

[*Exit.*

Deſ. Where ſhould I loſe that handkerchief, Emilia?

Emil. I know not, madam.

Deſ. Believe me, I had rather have loſt my purſe
Full of cruzadoes [2]. And, but my noble Moor
Is true of mind, and made of no ſuch baſeneſs
As jealous creatures are, it were enough
To put him to ill thinking.

Emil. Is he not jealous?

Deſ. Who, he? I think, the ſun, where he was born,
Drew all ſuch humours from him.

Emil. Look, where he comes.

Deſ. I will not leave him now, till Caſſio be call'd to him [3].—How is it with you, my lord?

Enter

[9] — and *by* them anſwer.] i. e. and by them, *when anſwer'd*, form my own anſwer to you. The quaintneſs of the expreſſion is in character. Dr. Warburton for *by*, which is found both in the quarto, 1622, and the folio, reads—*bid*, "i. e. bid the world, thoſe whom he queſtions."

The modern editors, following a quarto of no authority, printed in 1630, read—and *make* them anſwer.

MALONE.

[1] *To do this is* within the compaſs of man's wit; *and therefore*, &c.] So, in *K. Lear*:

"I cannot draw a cart, nor eat wild oats;
"*If it be man's work, I'll do it.*" MALONE.

[2] — *cruzadoes*:—] A Portugueze coin, in value three ſhillings ſterling. GREY.

So called from the croſs ſtamped upon it. JOHNSON.

[3] till *Caſſio be call'd to him.*—] Thus the folio. The quarto, 1622, reads—*Let* Caſſio be call'd to him. MALONE.

Enter OTHELLO.

Oth. Well, my good lady:—[*Aſide*] O, hardneſs to diſſemble!—
How do you, Deſdemona?
Deſ. Well, my good lord.
Oth. Give me your hand: This hand is moiſt, my lady.
Deſ. It yet has felt no age, nor known no ſorrow.
Oth. This argues fruitfulneſs, and liberal heart,—
Hot, hot, and moiſt [4]: This hand of yours requires
A ſequeſter from liberty, faſting and prayer,
Much caſtigation, exerciſe devout [5];
For here's a young and ſweating devil here,
That commonly rebels. 'Tis a good hand,
A frank one.
Deſ. You may, indeed, ſay ſo;
For 'twas that hand that gave away my heart.
Oth. A liberal hand. The hearts, of old, gave hands;
But our new heraldry is—hands, not hearts [6].

Deſ.

[4] *Hot, hot, and moiſt:*] Ben Jonſon ſeems to have attempted a ridicule on this paſſage, in *Every Man out of his Humour*, Act V. ſc. ii. where Segliarno ſays to Saviolina: "How does my ſweet lady? *hot and moiſt?* beautiful and luſty? STEEVENS.

Ben Jonſon was ready enough on all occaſions to depretiate and ridicule our authour, but in the preſent inſtance, I believe, he muſt be acquitted; for *Every Man out of his Humour* was printed in 1600, and written probably in the preceding year; at which time, we are almoſt certain that *Othello* had not been exhibited. MALONE.

[5] — exerciſe *devout*;] *Exerciſe* was the religious term. Henry the ſeventh (ſays Bacon) "had the fortune of a true *chriſtian* as well as of a great king, in living *exerciſed*, and dying repentant."

So, Lord Haſtings in *K. Richard III.* ſays to a prieſt:

"I am in debt for your laſt *exerciſe*. MALONE.

[6] — *The hearts, of old, gave hands*;
But our new heraldry *is—hands, not hearts.*] It is evident that the firſt line ſhould be read thus,

The hands of old gave hearts:

Otherwiſe it would be no reply to the preceding words,

For 'twas that hand that gave away my heart:

Not ſo, ſays her huſband: *The hands of old indeed gave hearts*;

but

Deſ. I cannot ſpeak of this. Come now your promiſe.
Oth. What promiſe, chuck?

Deſ.

but the cuſtom now is to give hands without hearts. The expreſſion of *new heraldry* was a ſatirical alluſion to the times. Soon after James the Firſt came to the crown, he created the new dignity of baronets for money. Amongſt their other prerogatives of honour, they had an addition to their paternal *arms*, of a hand *gules* in an eſcutcheon *argent*. And we are not to doubt but that this was the *new heraldry* alluded to by our author: by which he inſinuates, that ſome then created had *hands* indeed, but not *hearts*; that is, *money* to pay for the *creation*, but no *virtue* to purchaſe the *honour*. But the fineſt part of the poet's addreſs in this alluſion, is the compliment he pays to his old miſtreſs Elizabeth. For James's pretence for raiſing money by this creation, was the reduction of Ulſter, and other parts of Ireland; the memory of which he would perpetuate by that addition to their arms, it being the arms of Ulſter. Now the method uſed by Elizabeth in the reduction of that kingdom was ſo different from this, the dignities ſhe conferred being on thoſe who uſe their *ſteel*, and not their *gold* in this ſervice, that nothing could add more to her glory than the being compared to her ſucceſſor in this point of view: nor was it uncommon for the dramatick poets of that time to ſatirize the ignominy of *James*'s reign. So Fletcher in *The Fair Maid of the Inn.* One ſays, *I will ſend thee to Amboyna in the Eaſt Indies for pepper.* The other replies, *To Amboyna? ſo I might be pepper'd.* Again in the ſame play, a ſailor ſays, *Deſpiſe not this pitch'd canvaſs; the time was, we have known them lin'd with Spaniſh ducats.* WARBURTON.

The hiſtorical obſervation is very judicious and acute, but of the emendation there is no need. She ſays, that her hand gave away *her heart*. He goes on with his ſuſpicion, and the hand which he had before called *frank* he now terms *liberal*; then proceeds to remark that *the hand was formerly given by the heart*; but now it neither gives it, nor is given by it. JOHNSON.

—our new heraldry &c.] I believe this to be only a figurative expreſſion, without the leaſt reference to king James's creation of baronets. The abſurdity of making Othello ſo familiar with Britiſh heraldry, the utter want of conſiſtency as well as policy in any ſneer of Shakſpeare at the badge of honours inſtituted by a prince whom on all other occaſions he was ſolicitous to flatter, and at whoſe court this very piece was acted in 1613, very ſtrongly incline me to queſtion the propriety of Dr. Warburton's hiſtorical explanation. STEEVENS.

To

Deſ. I have ſent to bid Caſſio come ſpeak with you.

To almoſt every ſentence of Dr. Warburton's note, an objection may be taken; but I have preſerved it as a ſpecimen of this commentator's manner.

It is not true that king James created the order of baronets *ſoon* after he came to the throne. It was created in the year 1611.—The conceit that by the word *hearts* the poet meant to allude to the gallantry of the reign of Elizabeth, in which men diſtinguiſhed themſelves by their *ſteel*, and that by *hands* thoſe courtiers were pointed at, who ſerved her inglorious ſucceſſor only by their *gold*, is too fanciful to deſerve an anſwer.

Thus Dr. Warburton's note ſtood as it appeared originally in Theobald's edition; but in his own, by way of confirmation of his notion, we are told, that "it was not uncommon for the ſatirical poets of that time to ſatiriſe the ignominy of James's reign;" and for this aſſertion we are referred to Fletcher's *Fair Maid of the Inn.* But, unluckily, it appears from the office-book of Sir Henry Herbert, a Mſ. of which an account is given in Vol. I. Part II. that Fletcher's plays were generally performed at court ſoon after they were firſt exhibited at the theatre, and we may be aſſured that he would not venture to offend his courtly auditors. *The Fair Maid of the Inn*, indeed, never was performed before King James, being the laſt play but one that Fletcher wrote, and not produced till the 22d of Jan. 1625-6, after the death both of its author and king James; but when it was written, he muſt, from the circumſtance already mentioned, have had the court before his eyes.

In various parts of our poet's works he has alluded to the cuſtom of plighting troth by the union of hands. So, in *Hamlet*:

"Since love our *hearts*, and *Hymen* did our *hands*
"Unite co-mutual in moſt ſacred bands."

Again, in *The Tempeſt*, which was probably written at no great diſtance of time from the play before us:

"*Mir.* My huſband then?
"*Fer.* Ay, with a heart as willing
"As bondage e'er of freedom. Here's my *hand.*
"*Mir.* And mine, with my *heart* in't."

The hearts of old, ſays Othello, dictated the union of *hands*, which formerly were joined with *the hearts* of the parties *in them*; but in our modern marriages, *hands* alone are united, without *hearts*. Such evidently is the plain meaning of the words. I do not, however, undertake to maintain that the poet, when he uſed the word *heraldry*, had

Oth. I have a ſalt and ſullen rheum [7] offends me; Lend me thy handkerchief.

Deſ. Here, my lord.

Oth. That which I gave you.

Deſ. I have it not about me.

Oth. Not?

Deſ. No, indeed, my lord.

Oth. That is a fault: That handkerchief Did an Egyptian to my mother give [8];

She

had not the new order of baronets in his thoughts, without intending any ſatirical alluſion. MALONE.

I think, with Dr. Warburton, that the new order of baronets is here again alluded to. See *Merry Wives of Windſor*, and Spelman's Epigram there cited:

" ——— florentis nomen honoris
" Indicat in clypei fronte cruenta manus.
" Non quod ſævi aliquid, aut ſtricto fortiter enſe
" Hoſtibus occiſis geſſerit iſta cohors."

BLACKSTONE.

The reader will not find the epigram alluded to by Sir William Blackſtone, in the page to which he has referred; for I have omitted that part of his note, (an omiſſion of which I have there given notice,) becauſe it appeared to me extremely improbable that any paſſage in that play ſhould allude to an event that did not take place till 1611. The omitted words I add here, (diſtinguiſhing them by Italick characters,) as they may appear to add weight to his opinion and that of Dr. Warburton.

" *I ſuſpect this is an oblique reflection on the prodigality of James the firſt in beſtowing theſe honours, and erecting a new order of knighthood called baronets; which few of the ancient gentry would condeſcend to accept. See Sir Henry Spelman's epigram on them,* GLOSS. *p.* 76, *which ends thus:*

" ——— *dum cauponare recuſant*
" *Ex verâ geniti nobilitate viri,*
" *Interea è caulis hic prorepit, ille tabernis,*
" *Et modo ſit dominus, qui modo ſervus erat.*

See another ſtroke at them in Othello." MALONE.

[7] — *ſalt and* ſullen *rheum*—] Thus the quarto, 1622. The folio, for *ſullen*, has *ſorry*. MALONE.

Sullen, that is, a *rheum obſtinately troubleſome*. I think this better. JOHNSON.

[8] — *That handkerchief*
Did an Egyptian to my mother give:] In the account of this tremendous handkerchief, are ſome particulars, which lead me

She was a charmer, and could almoſt read
The thoughts of people: ſhe told her, while ſhe kept it
'Twould make her amiable, and ſubdue my father
Entirely to her love; but if ſhe loſt it,
Or made a gift of it, my father's eye
Should hold her loathly, and his ſpirits ſhould hunt
After new fancies: She, dying, gave it me;
And bid me, when my fate would have me wive,
To give it her. I did ſo: and take heed of't,
Make it a darling like your precious eye;
To loſe't or give't away, were ſuch perdition,
As nothing elſe could match.

Def. Is it poſſible?

Oth. 'Tis true: there's magick in the web of it:

me to think that here is an alluſion to a fact, heightened by poetical imagery. It is the practice in the eaſtern regions for perſons of both ſexes to carry handkerchiefs very curiouſly wrought. In the Mſ. papers of Sir J. Chardin, that great oriental traveller, is a paſſage which fully deſcribes the cuſtom. "The mode of wrought handkerchiefs (ſays this learned inquirer) is general in Arabia, in Syria, in Paleſtine, and in all the Turkiſh empire. They are wrought with a needle, and it is the amuſement of the fair ſex there, as among us the making tapeſtry and lace. The young women make them for their fathers, their brothers, and by way of preparation before hand for their ſpouſes; beſtowing them as favours on their lovers. They have them almoſt conſtantly in their hands, in thoſe warm countries, to wipe off ſweat." But whether this circumſtance ever came to Shakſpeare's knowledge and gave riſe to the incident, I am not able to determine.

WHALLEY.

Shakſpeare found in Cinthio's novel the incident of Deſdemona's loſing a handkerchief finely wrought in Moriſco work, which had been preſented to her by her huſband, or rather of its being ſtolen from her by the villain who afterwards by his machinations robbed her of her life. The eaſtern cuſtom of brides preſenting ſuch gifts to their huſbands, certainly did not *give riſe* to the incident on which this tragedy turns, though Shakſpeare ſhould ſeem to have been apprized of it. However, I have retained the preceding note as illuſtrative of the paſſage before us.

MALONE.

A ſibyl [9], that had number'd in the world
The ſun to make [1] two hundred compaſſes,
In her prophetick fury ſew'd the work:
The worms were hallow'd, that did breed the ſilk;
And it was dy'd in mummy [2] which the ſkilful
Conſerv'd of maidens' hearts [3].

Def. Indeed! is it true?

Oth. Moſt veritable; therefore look to it well.

Def. Then 'would to heaven, that I had never ſeen it.

Oth. Ha! wherefore?

Def.

[9] *A ſibyl*, &c.] This circumſtance perhaps is imitated by Ben Jonſon in *The Sad Shepherd*:

" A Gypian lady, and a right beldame,
" Wrought it by moon-ſhine for me, and ſtar-light,"
&c. STEEVENS.

[1] *The ſun to* make *two hundred compaſſes*,] Thus the quarto, 1622. The folio reads—to *courſe* two hundred compaſſes. I have preferred the original reading, becauſe we have in *Hamlet*,

" When yon ſame ſtar, that's eaſtward from the pole,
" Had *made* his *courſe*, to illume that part of heaven."
MALONE.

— *number'd* —

The ſun to courſe, &c.] i. e. number'd the ſun's courſes: badly expreſſed. WARBURTON.

The expreſſion is not very infrequent: we ſay, *I counted the clock to ſtrike four*; ſo ſhe *number'd* the ſun to *courſe*, to run *two hundred compaſſes*, two hundred circuits.
JOHNSON.

[2] *And it was dy'd in* mummy,] The balſamick liquor running from *mummies* was formerly celebrated for its anti-epileptick virtues. We are now wiſe enough to know, that the qualities aſcribed to it are all imaginary; and yet I have been informed that this fanciful medicine ſtill holds a place in the ſhops where drugs are ſold. So, in *The Bird in a Cage*, by Shirley, 1633:

" — make *mummy* of my fleſh, and ſell me to the apothecaries."

Again, in *The Honeſt Lawyer*, 1616:

" That I might tear their fleſh in mamocks, raiſe
" My loſſes, from their carcaſes turn'd *mummy*."
STEEVENS.

[3] — *which the ſkilful*
Conſerv'd of maidens' hearts.] Thus the folio. The quarto reads:

Def. Why do you ſpeak ſo ſtartingly and raſh [4]?
Oth. Is't loſt? is't gone? ſpeak, is it out of the way?
Def. Heaven bleſs us!
Oth. Say you?
Def. It is not loſt; But what an if it were?
Oth. Ha!
Def. I ſay, it is not loſt.
Oth. Fetch it, let me ſee it.
Def. Why, ſo I can, ſir, but I will not now;
This is a trick, to put me from my ſuit;
I pray, let Caſſio be receiv'd again.
Oth. Fetch me that handkerchief: my mind miſgives.
Def. Come, come;
You'll never meet a more ſufficient man.
Oth. The handkerchief,—
Def. I pray, talk me of Caſſio [5].
Oth. The handkerchief,—
Def. A man that, all his time,
Hath founded his good fortune on your love;
Shar'd dangers with you;—
Oth. The handkerchief,—
Def. In ſooth you are to blame.
Oth. Away! [*Exit* OTHELLO.
Emil. Is not this man jealous?
Def. I ne'er ſaw this before.
Sure, there's ſome wonder in this handkerchief:
I am moſt unhappy in the loſs of it.
Emil. 'Tis not a year or two ſhews us a man [6]!

—— *with the ſkilful*
Conſerves, &c. STEEVENS.

[4] — *raſh?*] Is *vehement*, *violent*. JOHNSON.

[5] *I pray, talk me of Caſſio.*] This and the following ſhort ſpeech are omitted in all ancient editions but the firſt quarto. STEEVENS.

[6] *'Tis not a year or two ſhews us a man:*] From this line it may be conjectured, that the author intended the action of this play to be conſidered as longer than is marked by any note of time. Since their arrival at Cyprus, to which they were hurried on their wedding-night, the fable ſeems to have been in one continual progreſs, nor can I ſee any vacuity into which a *year or two*, or even a month or two, could be put. On the night of Othello's arrival, a feaſt was proclaimed;

They are all but ſtomachs, and we all but food;
They eat us hungerly, and when they are full,
They belch us. Look you! Caſſio, and my huſband.

Enter IAGO *and* CASSIO.

Iago. There is no other way; 'tis ſhe muſt do't;
And, lo! the happineſs! go, and importune her.

Deſ. How now, good Caſſio? what's the news with you?

Caſ. Madam, my former ſuit: I do beſeech you,
That, by your virtuous means, I may again
Exiſt, and be a member of his love,
Whom I, with all the duty of my heart [7],

Intirely

claimed; at that feaſt Caſſio was degraded, and immediately applies to Deſdemona to get him reſtored. Iago indeed adviſes Othello to hold him off a while, but there is no reaſon to think, that he has been held off long. A little longer interval would increaſe the probability of the ſtory, though it might violate the rules of the drama. See Act V. ſc. ii.

JOHNSON.

This line has no reference to the duration of the action of this play, or to the length of time that Deſdemona had been married. What Emilia ſays, is a ſort of proverbial remark, of general application, where a definite time is put for an indefinite. Beſides; there is no neceſſity for fixing the commencement of Emilia's *year or two*, to the time of the marriage or the opening of the piece. She would with more propriety refer to the beginning of the acquaintance and intimacy between the married couple, which might extend beyond that period. STEEVENS.

[7] — *the* duty *of my heart.*] The elder quarto reads,

—— *the* duty *of my heart.*

The author uſed the more proper word, and then changed it I ſuppoſe, for faſhionable diction; [" the *office* of my heart," the reading of the folio;] but, as faſhion is a very weak protectreſs, the old word is now ready to reſume its place.

JOHNSON.

A careful compariſon of the quartos and folio inclines me to believe that many of the variations which are found in the later copy, did not come from the pen of Shakſpeare. That *duty* was the word intended here, is highly probable from other paſſages in his works. So, in his 26th *Sonnet*:

" Lord of my *love*, to whom in vaſſalage
" Thy merit has my *duty* ſtrongly knit."

Again, in his Dedication of *Lucrece*, to Lord Southampton: Were my worth greater, my *duty* would ſhew greater; mean time, as it is, it is bound to your lordſhip."

MALONE.

Intirely honour; I would not be delay'd:
If my offence be of ſuch mortal kind,
That neither ſervice paſt, nor preſent ſorrows,
Nor purpos'd merit in futurity,
Can ranſom me into his love again,
But to know ſo much be my benefit [8];
So ſhall I clothe me in a forc'd content,
And ſhut myſelf up in ſome other courſe,
To fortune's alms [9].

Deſ. Alas! thrice-gentle Caſſio,
My advocation is not now in tune;
My lord is not my lord; nor ſhould I know him,
Were

[8] *But to know ſo, muſt be my benefit;*]
" Si nequeo placidas affari Cæſaris aures,
" Saltem aliquis veniat, qui mihi, dicat, abi."
JOHNSON.

[9] *And* ſhut *myſelf up in ſome other courſe,*
To fortune's alms.] The quarto, 1622, reads—And *ſhoot* myſelf, &c. I think, with Mr. Steevens, that it was a corruption, and that the reading of the folio is the true one.
Hanmer reads:
And *ſhoot* myſelf *upon* ſome other courſe,
To fortune's alms.
To fortune's alms means, waiting patiently for whatever bounty fortune or chance may beſtow upon me.
We have the ſame uncommon phraſe in *King Lear:*
" ——— Let your ſtudy
" Be to content your lord, who hath receiv'd you
" *At fortune's alms.*" MALONE.
The quarto, 1630, (like the folio) reads,
And ſhut *myſelf up* ——
I cannot help thinking this reading to be the true one. The idea ſeems taken from the confinement of a monaſtick life. The words, *forc'd content*, help to confirm the ſuppoſition. The meaning will therefore be, " I will put on a conſtrained appearance of being contented, and ſhut myſelf up in a different courſe of life, no longer to depend on my own efforts, but to wait for relief, from the accidental hand of charity."
Shakſpeare uſes the ſame expreſſion in *Macbeth.*"
" ——— and *ſhut up*
" In meaſureleſs content."
Again, in *All's well that ends well:*
" Whoſe baſeſt ſtars do *ſhut us up* in wiſhes:
STEEVENS.

Were he in favour [1], as in humour, alter'd.
So help me every ſpirit ſanctified,
As I have ſpoken for you all my beſt:
And ſtood within the blank of his diſpleaſure [2],
For my free ſpeech! You muſt a while be patient:
What I can do, I will; and more I will,
Than for myſelf I dare: let that ſuffice you.

Iago. Is my lord angry?

Emil. He went hence but now,
And, certainly, in ſtrange unquietneſs.

Iago. Can he be angry? I have ſeen the cannon,
When it hath blown his ranks into the air [3];
And, like the devil, from his very arm
Puff'd his own brother;—And can he be angry?
Something of moment, then: I will go meet him;
There's matter in't indeed, if he be angry.

Deſ. I pr'ythee, do ſo.—Something, ſure, of ſtate,—
[*Exit* IAGO.
Either from Venice; or ſome unhatch'd practice [4],
Made demonſtrable here in Cyprus to him,—
Hath puddled his clear ſpirit: and, in ſuch caſes,
Men's natures wrangle with inferior things,
Though great ones are their object. 'Tis ev'n ſo;
For let our finger ach, and it indues
Our other healthful members ev'n to that ſenſe
Of pain [5]: Nay, we muſt think, men are not gods;
Nor of them look for ſuch obſervances
As fit the bridal.—Beſhrew me much, Emilia,
I was

[1] — *in favour*,] In *look*, in *countenance*. JOHNSON.

[2] — *within the blank of his diſpleaſure*,] Within the *ſhot* of his anger. JOHNSON.

[3] — *I have ſeen the cannon,*
When it hath blown, &c.] In Iago's ſpeech ſomething is ſuppreſſed. He means to ſay, I have ſeen his ranks blown into the air, and his own brother puff'd from his ſide,—*and mean while have ſeen him quite cool and unruffled.* And can he now be angry? MALONE.

[4] — *ſome unhatch'd practice*,] Some treaſon that has not taken effect. JOHNSON.

[5] — *for let our finger ache, and it* indues
Our other healthful members, ev'n to that ſenſe
Of pain:] I believe it ſhould be rather, Subdues *our healthful members to a ſenſe of pain*, JOHNSON.

I was (unhandſome warrior as I am [6])
Arraigning his unkindneſs with my ſoul;
But now I find, I had ſuborn'd the witneſs,
And he's indicted falſely.

Emil. Pray heaven, it be ſtate matters as you think;
And no conception, nor no jealous toy,
Concerning you.

Deſ. Alas, the day! I never gave him cauſe.

Emil. But jealous ſouls will not be anſwer'd ſo;
They are not ever jealous for the cauſe,
But jealous for they are jealous: 'tis a monſter,
Begot upon itſelf, born on itſelf.

Deſ. Heaven keep that monſter from Othello's mind!

Emil. Lady, amen.

Deſ. I will go ſeek him.—Caſſio, walk hereabout:
If I do find him fit, I'll move your ſuit,
And ſeek to effect it to my uttermoſt.

Caſ. I humbly thank your ladyſhip.

[*Exeunt* DESDEMONA, *and* EMILIA.

Enter BIANCA.

Bian. Save you, friend Caſſio!

Caſ. What make you from home?
How is it with you, my moſt fair Bianca?
I'faith, ſweet love, I was coming to your houſe.

Bian. And I was going to your lodging, Caſſio.
What! keep a week away? ſeven days and nights?
Eight ſcore eight hours? and lovers' abſent hours,
More tedious than the dial eight ſcore times?
O weary reckoning!

Caſ. Pardon me, Bianca;
I have this while with leaden thoughts been preſs'd;
But I ſhall, in a more continuate time [7],

To *indue* appears to have ſignified in Shakſpeare's time, to *tincture* or *imbrue*, and is ſo uſed here.

The words—'*Tis even ſo*, relate to what Deſdemona has conjectured. "*This is certainly the caſe*; ſome ſtate affair has diſturbed him." MALONE.

[6] — *(unhandſome* warrior *as I am)*] *Unhandſome warrior*, is *unfair aſſailant*. JOHNSON.

[7] — *in a more* continuate *time*,] Thus the folio. The quarto, 1622, has—a more *convenient* time. MALONE.

Strike off this ſcore of abſence. Sweet Bianca,
[*giving her* Deſdemona's *handkerchief.*
Take me this work out [8].

Bian. O, Caſſio, whence came this?
This is ſome token from a newer friend.
To the felt abſence now I feel a cauſe:
Is it come to this? Well, well.

Caſ. Go to, woman!
Throw your vile gueſſes in the devil's teeth,
From whence you have them. You are jealous now,
That this is from ſome miſtreſs, ſome remembrance:
No, in good troth, Bianca.

Bian. Why, whoſe is it?

Caſ. I know not, ſweet: I found it in my chamber.
I like the work well; ere it be demanded,
(As like enough, it will,) I'd have it copy'd:
Take it, and do't; and leave me for this time.

Bian. Leave you! wherefore?

Caſ. I do attend here on the general;
And think it no addition, nor my wiſh,
To have him ſee me woman'd.

Bian

A more continuate time is time *leſs interrupted*, time which I can call more my own. It gives a more diſtinct image than *convenient*. JOHNSON.

The word occurs again in *Timon*, ſc. i.

" ——— breath'd, as it were,
" To an untireable and *continuate* goodneſs."

STEEVENS.

[8] *Take me this work out.*] The meaning is not, " Pick out the work, and leave the ground plain;" but, " Copy this work in another handkerchief.. JOHNSON.

So, in a comedy, by Middleton, called *Women beware women*:

" ——— ſhe intends
" To *take out* other *works* in a new ſampler."

Again, in the Preface to P. Holland's Pliny, 1601: " Nicophanes (a famous painter) gave his mind wholly to antique pictures, partly to exemplifie and *take out* their patterns, after that in long continuance of time they were decaied."

STEEVENS.

So, in Hearne's *Liber Niger Scaccarii*, Vol. II. p. 578, 581, and 585, " to *take out* the arms," means, to copy them. TOLLET.

Bian. Why, I pray you[9]?
Caſ. Not, that I love you not.
Bian. But that you do not love me.
I pray you, bring me on the way a little;
And ſay, If I ſhall ſee you ſoon at night.
Caſ. 'Tis but a little way, that I can bring you,
For I attend here: but I'll ſee you ſoon.
Bian. 'Tis very good; I muſt be circumſtanc'd[1].
[*Exeunt.*

ACT IV. SCENE I.

The ſame.

Enter OTHELLO, *and* IAGO.

Iago. Will you think ſo?
Oth. Think ſo, Iago?
Iago. What,
To kiſs in private?
Oth. An unauthoriz'd kiſs.
Iago. Or to be naked with her friend abed,
An hour, or more, not meaning any harm?
Oth. Naked abed, Iago, and not mean harm?
It is hypocriſy againſt the devil[2]:
They

[9] *Why, I pray you?*] This and the following ſpeech are wanting in the firſt quarto. STEEVENS.

[1] — *I muſt be* circumſtanc'd] i. e. your civility is now grown conditional. WARBURTON.

Particular circumſtances and your own convenience have, I ſee, more weight with you than Bianca has. I muſt be poſtponed to theſe conſiderations. MALONE.

[2] *Naked abed, Iago, and not mean harm?*
It is hypocriſy againſt the devil;] This obſervation ſeems ſtrangely abrupt and unoccaſioned. We muſt ſuppoſe that

'They that mean virtuously, and yet do so,
The devil their virtue tempts, and they tempt heaven[3].

Iago. So they do nothing, 'tis a venial slip:
But if I give my wife a handkerchief,—

Oth. What then?

Iago. Why, then 'tis hers, my lord; and, being hers,
She may, I think, bestow't on any man.

Oth. She is protectress of her honour too;
May she give that?

Iago. Her honour is an essence that's not seen;
They have it very oft, that have it not:
But, for the handkerchief,—

Oth. By heaven, I would most gladly have forgot it:—
Thou said'st,—O, it comes o'er my memory,
As doth the raven o'er the infected house,
Boding to all[4],—he had my handkerchief.

Iago.

that Iago had, before they appear in this scene, been applying cases of false comfort to Othello; as that, though the parties had been even found in bed together, there might be no harm done; it might be only for the trial of their virtue; as was reported of the Romish saint, Robert D'Arbrissel and his nuns: To this we must suppose Othello here replies: and like a good protestant. For so the sentiment does but suit the character of the speaker, Shakspeare little heeds how these sentiments are circumstanced. WARBURTON.

Hypocrisy against the devil, means, hypocrisy to cheat the devil. As common hypocrites cheat men, by seeming good, and yet living wickedly, these men would cheat the devil, by giving him flattering hopes, and at last avoiding the crime which he thinks them ready to commit. JOHNSON.

[3] *The devil their virtue* tempts, *and they tempt heaven.*] As the devil makes a trial of their virtue by often throwing temptation in their way, so they presumptuously make a trial whether the divine goodness will enable them to resist a temptation which they have voluntarily created for themselves, or abandon them to the government of their passions. MALONE.

Shakspeare had probably in view a very popular book of his time, *The Beehive of the Roman Church.* "There was an old wife, called *Julia*, which would take the young men and maides, and lay them together in a bed. And for that they should not one byte another, nor kicke backewards with their heeles, she did lay a crucifix between them." FARMER.

[4] *Boding to all,*—] Thus all the old copies. The moderns, less grammatically, *Boding to* ill. JOHNSON.

Iago. Ay, what of that?

Oth. That's not ſo good now.—

Iago. What, if I had ſaid, I had ſeen him do you wrong?

Or heard him ſay,—As knaves be ſuch abroad,
Who having, by their own importunate ſuit,
Or voluntary dotage of ſome miſtreſs,
Convinced or ſupplied them[3], cannot chooſe
But they muſt blab—

Oth. Hath he ſaid any thing?

Iago. He hath, my lord; but be you well aſſur'd,
No more than he'll unſwear.

Oth. What hath he ſaid?

Iago. Faith, that he did,—I know not what he did.

Oth. What? what?

Iago. Lie—

Oth. With her?

Iago. With her, on her; what you will.

Oth. Lie with her! lie on her!—We ſay, lie on her, when they belie her: Lie with her! that's fulſome. Handkerchief,—confeſſions,—handkerchief.—To confeſs,

The raven was thought to be a conſtant attendant on a houſe in which there was infection. So, in Marlowe's *Jew of Malta*, 1633:

"Thus, like the ſad-preſaging *raven*, that tolls
"The ſick man's paſſport in her hollow beak,
"And in the ſhadow of the ſilent night
"Does ſhake contagion from her ſable wing."

MALONE.

[3] *Who having, by their own importunate ſuit,*
Or voluntary dotage of ſome miſtreſs,
Convinced or ſupplied *them,*—] Mr. Theobald for *ſupplied* would read *ſuppled*; but the emendation evidently hurts, inſtead of improving, the ſenſe; for what is *ſuppled*, but *convinced*, i. e. ſubdued. *Supplied* relates to the words—"voluntary dotage," as *convinced* does to "their own importunate ſuit." *Having by their importunancy* conquered *the reſiſtance of a miſtreſs, or, in compliance with her own requeſt, and in conſequence of her unſolicited fondneſs*, gratified her deſires. MALONE.

Convinced, for conquer'd, ſubdued. WARBURTON.

So, in *Macbeth*:

"—— his two chamberlains
"Will I with wine and waſſel ſo *convince*."

feſs, and be hang'd for his labour [6].—Firſt, to be hang'd, and then to confeſs:—I tremble at it. Nature would not inveſt herſelf in ſuch ſhadowing paſſion [7], without ſome inſtruction [8]. It is not words, that ſhake me thus: Piſh:

Again, in the ſame play:

" —— their malady *convinces*
" The great aſſay of art." STEEVENS.

[6] — *to confeſs and be hang'd*—] This is a proverbial ſaying. It is uſed by Marlowe in his *Jew of Malta*, 1633:

" Blame us not, but the proverb—*Confeſs, and be hang'd.*"

It occurs again, in *The Travels of the 3 Engliſh Brothers*, 1607: And in one of the old collections of ſmall poems there is an epigram on it. All that remains of this ſpeech, including the words *to confeſs*, is wanting in the firſt quarto. STEEVENS.

[7] — *ſhadowing paſſion*,—] The modern editions have left out *paſſion*. JOHNSON.

[8] — *without inſtruction*.] The ſtarts and broken reflections in this ſpeech have ſomething very terrible, and ſhew the mind of the ſpeaker to be in inexpreſſible agonies. But the words we are upon, when ſet right, have a ſublime in them that can never be enough admired. The ridiculous blunder of writing *inſtruction* for *induction* (for ſo it ſhould be read) has indeed ſunk it into arrant nonſenſe. Othello is juſt going to fall into a ſwoon; and, as is common for people in that circumſtance, feels an unuſual miſt and darkneſs, accompanied with horrour, coming upon him. This, with vaſt ſublimity of thought, is compared to the ſeaſon of the ſun's eclipſe, at which time the earth becomes ſhadowed by the *induction* or bringing over of the moon between it and the ſun. This being the alluſion, the reaſoning ſtands thus: " My " nature could never be thus overſhadowed, and falling, as " it were, into diſſolution, for no cauſe. There muſt be an " *induction* of ſomething: there muſt be a real cauſe. My " jealouſy cannot be merely imaginary. Ideas, *words* only, " could not ſhake me thus, and raiſe all this diſorder. My " jealouſy therefore muſt be grounded on matter of fact." Shakſpeare uſes this word in the ſame ſenſe, in *Richard III.*

" A dire *induction* am I witneſs to."

Marſton ſeems to have read it thus in ſome copy, and to allude to it in theſe words of his *Fame*:

" Plots ha' you laid? *inductions* dangerous!"

WARBURTON.

Piſh:—Noſes, ears, and lips[9]:—Is it poſſible?—Con-

This is a noble conjecture, and whether right or wrong does honour to its author. Yet I am in doubt whether there is any neceſſity of emendation. There has always prevailed in the world an opinion, that when any great calamity happens at a diſtance, notice is given of it to the ſufferer by ſome dejection or perturbation of mind, of which he diſcovers no external cauſe. This is aſcribed to that general communication of one part of the univerſe with another, which is called ſympathy and antipathy: or to the ſecret monition, *inſtruction*, and influence of a ſuperiour Being, which ſuperintends the order of nature and of life. Othello ſays, *Nature could not inveſt herſelf in ſuch ſhadowing paſſion without* inſtruction. *It is not words that ſhake me thus*. This paſſion, which ſpreads its clouds over me, is the effect of ſome agency more than the operation of words; it is one of thoſe notices, which men have, of unſeen calamities. JOHNSON.

However ingenious Dr. Warburton's note may be, it is certainly too forced and far-fetched. Othello alludes only to Caſſio's dream, which had been invented and told him by Iago. When many confuſed and very intereſting ideas pour in upon the mind all at once, and with ſuch rapidity that it has not time to ſhape or digeſt them, if it does not relieve itſelf by tears, (which we know it often does, whether for joy or grief,) it produces ſtupefaction and fainting.

Othello, in broken ſentences and ſingle words, all of which have a reference to the cauſe of his jealouſy, ſhews that all the proofs are preſent at once to his mind, which ſo overpowers it, that he falls into a trance, the natural conſequence. Sir J. REYNOLDS.

If Othello by the words *ſhadowing paſſion* alludes to his own feelings, and not to Caſſio's dream, Dr. Warburton's interpretation, if we ſubſtitute *inſtruction* for *induction*, (which was introduced merely to uſher in the image of an eclipſe) is perhaps nearly correct. *Induction*, in Shakſpeare's time, meant introduction, or prelude, (as in the inſtance quoted from *K. Richard III.*) and at no time ſignified *bringing over*, as Dr. Warburton interprets it. MALONE.

[9] *Noſes, ears, and lips:*] Othello is imagining to himſelf the familiarities which he ſuppoſes to have paſſed between Caſſio and his wife. So, in the *Winter's Tale*:

" Cheek to cheek,—meeting *noſes*—
" Kiſſing with inſide *lip*," &c.—

If this be not the meaning, we muſt ſuppoſe he is meditating a cruel puniſhment for Deſdemona and her ſuſpected paramour:

——— ——— raptis
Auribus, et truncas inhoneſto vulnere *nares*.

STEEVENS.

feſs!—Handkerchief!—O devil!— [*falls in a trance.*

Iago. Work on,
My medicine, work! Thus credulous fools are caught;
And many worthy and chaſte dames, even thus,
All guiltleſs meet reproach.—What, ho! my lord!

Enter CASSIO.

My lord, I ſay! Othello!—How now, Caſſio?

Caſ. What's the matter?

Iago. My lord is fallen into an epilepſy;
This is his ſecond fit; he had one yeſterday.

Caſ. Rub him about the temples.

Iago. No, forbear:
The lethargy muſt have his quiet courſe:
If not, he foams at mouth; and, by and by,
Breaks out to ſavage madneſs. Look, he ſtirs:
Do you withdraw yourſelf a little while,
He will recover ſtraight; when he is gone,
I would on great occaſion ſpeak with you.—

[*Exit* CASSIO.

How is it, general? have you not hurt your head?

Oth. Doſt thou mock me?

Iago. I mock you! no, by heaven:
Would, you would bear your fortunes like a man.

Oth. A horned man's a monſter, and a beaſt.

Iago. There's many a beaſt then in a populous city,
And many a civil monſter.

Oth. Did he confeſs it?

Iago. Good ſir, be a man;
Think, every bearded fellow, that's but yok'd,
May draw with you: there's millions now alive,
That nightly lie in thoſe unproper beds[1],
Which they dare ſwear peculiar; your caſe is better.
O, 'tis the ſpite of hell, the fiend's arch-mock,

To

[1] —*in thoſe* unproper *beds*,] *Unproper* for common. WARE.

So, in *The Arcadia*, by Shirley, 1640:
"Every woman ſhall be common.—
"Every woman common! what ſhall we do with all the *proper* women in *Arcadia*?
"They ſhall be common too."
Again, in Gower *De Confeſſione Amantis*, B. 2. fol.
"And is his *proper* by the lawe." STEEVENS.

To lip a wanton in a ſecure couch [2],
And to ſuppoſe her chaſte! No, let me know;
And, knowing what I am, I know what ſhe ſhall be.

Oth. O, thou art wiſe; 'tis certain.

Iago. Stand you a while apart:
Confine yourſelf but in a patient liſt [3].
Whilſt you were here, ere while mad with your grief [4],
(A paſſion moſt unſuiting ſuch a man,)
Caſſio came hither: I ſhifted him away,
And laid good 'ſcuſe upon your ecſtaſy;
Bade him anon return, and here ſpeak with me;
The which he promis'd. Do but encave yourſelf [5],
And mark the fleers, the gibes, and notable ſcorns,
That dwell in every region of his face [6];
For I will make him tell the tale anew,—
Where, how, how oft, how long ago, and when
He hath, and is again to cope your wife;
I ſay, but mark his geſture. Marry, patience;

Or

[2] — *in a* ſecure *couch*,] In a couch in which he is lulled into a falſe ſecurity and confidence in his wife's virtue. A Latin ſenſe. So, in *The Merry wives of Windſor*: "Tho' Page be a *ſecure* fool, and ſtands ſo firmly on his wife's frailty," &c. MALONE.

[3] *Confine yourſelf but in a patient* liſt.] Keep your temper within the *bounds of patience*. So, in *Hamlet*:

"The ocean over-peering of his *liſt*,
"Eats not the flats with more impetuous haſte," &c.
COLLINS.

Again, in *King Henry V.* Act V. ſc. ii. "you and I cannot be confined within the weak *liſt* of a country faſhion."

Again, in *King Henry IV.* P. I.:

"The very *liſt*, the very utmoſt bound,
"Of all our fortunes." STEEVENS.

[4] — *ere while*, mad *with your grief*,] Thus the firſt quarto. The folio reads:

—— *o'erwhelmed* with your grief. STEEVENS.

[5] — *encave yourſelf*,] Hide yourſelf in a private place. JOHNSON.

[6] *That dwell in every* region *of his face*:] The ſame uncommon expreſſion occurs again in *King Henry VIII*:

"——— The reſpite ſhook
"The boſom of my conſcience.——
"——— and made to tremble
"The *region* of my breaſt." MALONE.

Or I ſhall ſay, you are all in all in ſpleen [7],
And nothing of a man.

Oth. Doſt thou hear, Iago?
I will be found moſt cunning in my patience;
But (doſt thou hear?) moſt bloody.

Iago. That's not amiſs;
But yet keep time in all. Will you withdraw?
[Othello *withdraws.*

Now will I queſtion Caſſio of Bianca,
A houſewife, that, by ſelling her deſires,
Buys herſelf bread and cloaths: it is a creature,
That dotes on Caſſio,—as 'tis the ſtrumpet's plague,
To beguile many, and be beguil'd by one;—
He, when he hears of her, cannot refrain,
From the exceſs of laughter:—Here he comes:—

Enter CASSIO.

As he ſhall ſmile, Othello ſhall go mad;
And his unbookiſh jealouſy [8] muſt conſtrue
Poor Caſſio's ſmiles, geſtures, and light behaviour,
Quite in the wrong.—How do you now, lieutenant?

Caſ. The worſer, that you give me the addition,
Whoſe want even kills me.

Iago. Ply Deſdemona well, and you are ſure of't.
Now, if this ſuit lay in Bianca's power, [*ſpeaking lower.*
How quickly ſhould you ſpeed?

Caſ. Alas, poor caitiff!

Oth. Look, how he laughs already! [*Aſide.*

Iago. I never knew a woman love man ſo.

Caſ. Alas, poor rogue! I think, i'faith, ſhe loves me.

Oth. Now he denies it faintly, and laughs it out.
[*Aſide.*

Iago.

[7] *Or I ſhall ſay, you are all in all* in *ſpleen,*] I read:
Or I ſhall ſay, you're all in all a *ſpleen.*
I think our author uſes this expreſſion elſewhere.
JOHNSON.

"A hare-brain'd Hotſpur, govern'd by *a ſpleen.*"—The old reading, however, is not inexplicable. We ſtill ſay, ſuch one is *in* wrath, *in* the dumps, &c. The ſenſe therefore is plain Again, in *A Mid-ſummer Night's Dream:*
"That, in *a ſpleen,* unfolds both heaven and earth",—.
STEEVENS.

[8] *And his* unbookiſh *jealouſy*—] *Unbookiſh,* for ignorant.
WARD.

Iago. Do you hear, Caſſio?

Oth. Now he importunes him
To tell it o'er: Go to; well ſaid, well ſaid. [*Aſide.*

Iago. She gives out, that you ſhall marry her:
Do you intend it?

Caſ. Ha, ha, ha!

Oth. Do you triumph, Roman? do you triumph[9]?
[*Aſide.*

Caſ. I marry her!—what? a cuſtomer[1]! I prythee, bear ſome charity to my wit; do not think it ſo unwholeſome. Ha, ha, ha!

Oth. So, ſo, ſo, ſo: They laugh, that win. [*Aſide.*

Iago. 'Faith, the cry goes, that you ſhall marry her.

Caſ. Pr'ythee, ſay true.

Iago. I am a very villain elſe.

Oth. Have you ſcored me[2]? Well. [*Aſide.*

Caſ. This is the monkey's own giving out: ſhe is perſuaded I will marry her, out of her own love and flattery, not out of my promiſe.

Oth. Iago beckons me; now he begins the ſtory.
[*Aſide.*

Caſ. She was here even now; ſhe haunts me in every place. I was, the other day, talking on the ſea-bank with certain Venetians; and thither comes the bauble; by

[9] *Do you triumph*, Roman? *do you triumph?*] Othello calls him *Roman* ironically. *Triumph*, which was a Roman ceremony, brought Roman into his thoughts. *What*, (ſays he,) *you are now* triumphing *as great as a Roman?*
JOHNSON.

[1] — *a cuſtomer!* A common woman, one that invites cuſtom. JOHNSON.

So, in *All's well that ends well:*

"I think thee now ſome common *cuſtomer.*"
STEEVENS.

[2] *Have you ſcored me?* Have you made my reckoning? have you ſettled the term of my life? The old quarto reads —*ſtored* me. Have you diſpoſed of me? have you laid me up.
JOHNSON.

To *ſcore* originally meant no more than to cut a notch upon a tally, or to mark out a form by indenting it on any ſubſtance. Spenſer, in the firſt Canto of his *Faery Queen*, ſpeaking of the Croſs, ſays:

"Upon his ſhield the like was alſo *ſcor'd.*"

by this hand [3] ſhe falls thus about my neck;—

Oth. Crying, O dear Caſſio! as it were: his geſture imports it. [*Aſide.*

Caſ. So hangs, and lolls, and weeps upon me; ſo hales and pulls me: ha, ha, ha!—

Oth. Now he tells, how ſhe pluck'd him to my chamber: O, I ſee that noſe of yours, but not that dog I ſhall throw it to. [*Aſide.*

Caſ. Well, I muſt leave her company.

Iago. Before me! look, where ſhe comes.

Enter BIANCA.

Caſ. 'Tis ſuch another fitchew [4]! marry, a perfumed one.—What do you mean by this haunting of me?

Bian. Let the devil and his dam haunt you! What did you mean by that ſame handkerchief, you gave me even now? I was a fine fool to take it. I muſt take out the whole work.—A likely piece of work, that you ſhould

---

Again, b. 2. c. 9:

" — why on your ſhield, ſo goodly *ſcor'd*,
" Bear you the picture of that lady's head?"

But it was ſoon figuratively uſed for ſetting a *brand* or *mark* of diſgrace on any one. " Let us *ſcore* their backs," ſays Scarus, in *Antony and Cleopatra*; and it is employed in the ſame ſenſe on the preſent occaſion. STEEVENS.

In *Antony and Cleopatra* we find:

" ———— I know not
" What *counts* harſh fortune *caſts* upon my face,' &c.

But in the paſſage before us our poet might have been thinking of the ignominious puniſhment of ſlaves. So, in his *Rape of Lucrece*:

" Worſe than a *ſlaviſh wipe*, or birth-hour's blot."

MALONE.

[3] — *by this hand*—] This is the reading of the firſt quarto. STEEVENS.

Inſtead of which, the editor of the folio, or rather the licenſer of plays, ſubſtituted—thither comes the bauble, *and* falls *me* thus, &c. MALONE.

[4] —*fitchew*:—] A polecat. POPE.

Shakſpeare has in another place mentioned the luſt of this animal. He tells Iago that ſhe is as lewd as the *polecat*, but of better ſcent, the polecat being a very ſtinking animal. JOHNSON.

A *pole-cat* was anciently one of the cant terms for a ſtrumpet. STEEVENS.

ſhould find it in your chamber, and not know who left it there! This is ſome minx's token, and I muſt take out the work? There,—give it your hobby-horſe: whereſoever you had it, I'll take out no work on't.

Caſ. How now, my ſweet Bianca? How now! how now?

Oth. By heaven, that ſhould be my handkerchief! *Aſide.*

Bian. An you'll come to ſupper to-night, you may: an you will not come when you are next prepared for. [*Exit.*

Iago. After her, after her.

Caſ. 'Faith, I muſt, ſhe'll rail in the ſtreet elſe.

Iago. Will you ſup there?

Caſ. 'Faith, I intend ſo.

Iago. Well, I may chance to ſee you; for I would very fain ſpeak with you.

Caſ. Pr'ythee, come; Will you?

Iago. Go to; ſay no more. [*Exit* CASSIO,

Oth. How ſhall I murder him, Iago?

Iago. Did you perceive how he laugh'd at his vice?

Oth. O, Iago!

Iago. And did you ſee the handkerchief?

Oth. Was that mine?

Iago. Yours, by this hand [5]: and to ſee how he prizes the fooliſh woman, your wife! ſhe gave it him, and he hath given it his whore.

Oth. I would have him nine years a killing:—
A fine woman! a fair woman! a ſweet woman!

Iago. Nay, you muſt forget that.

Oth. Ay, let her rot, and periſh, and be damn'd to-night; for ſhe ſhall not live: No, my heart is turn'd to ſtone; I ſtrike it, and it hurts my hand [6]. O, the world

[5] *Yours, by this hand,* &c.] This ſpeech is not in the original quarto, 1622. MALONE.

[6] — *No, my heart is turn'd to ſtone; I ſtrike it, and it hurts my hand.*] This thought, as often as it occurs to Shakſpeare, is ſure to be received, and as often counteracts his *pathos*. So, in *Antony and Cleopatra*, Act IV. ſc. vii:

" —— throw my heart
" Againſt the flint and hardneſs of my fault,
" Which, being dried with grief, will break to powder,
" And finiſh all foul thoughts." STEEVENS.

world hath not a ſweeter creature: ſhe might lie by an emperor's ſide, and command him taſks.

Iago. Nay, that's not your way.

Oth. Hang her! I do but ſay what ſhe is:—So delicate with her needle!—An admirable muſician! O, ſhe will ſing the ſavageneſs out of a bear *!—Of ſo high and plenteous wit and invention!—

Iago. She's the worſe for all this.

Oth. O, a thouſand, a thouſand times:—And then, of ſo gentle a condition [7]!—

Iago. Ay, too gentle.

Oth. Nay, that's certain: But yet the pity of it, Iago!—O, Iago, the pity of it, Iago!

Iago. If you are ſo fond over her iniquity, give her patent to offend [8]; for, if it touch not you, it comes near nobody.

Oth. I will chop her into meſſes:—Cuckold me!

Iago. O, this foul in her.

Oth. With mine officer!

Iago. That's fouler.

Oth. Get me ſome poiſon, Iago; this night:—I'll not expoſtulate with her, leſt her body and beauty unprovide my mind again:—this night, Iago.

Iago. Do it not with poiſon; ſtrangle her in her bed, even the bed ſhe hath contaminated.

Oth. Good, good: the juſtice of it pleaſes; very good.

Iago. And, for Caſſio,—let me be his undertaker: You ſhall hear more by midnight. [*A trumpet within.*

Oth. Excellent good.—What trumpet is that ſame?

Iago. Something from Venice, ſure. 'Tis Lodovico, Come from the duke: and, ſee, your wife is with him.

Enter

* *O, ſhe would ſing the Savageneſs out of a bear!*] So, in *Venus and Adonis*:

" ——— when he hath *ſung*,
" *The tyger would be tame.*" MALONE.

[7] *And then, of ſo gentle a* condition!] i. e. of ſo ſweet a diſpoſition. So, in *King Henry V*: " Our tongue is rough, coz, and my *condition* is not ſmooth." MALONE.

[8] *If you are ſo fond over her* iniquity, give her patent to offend;] So, in *King Edward III.* a tragedy, 1596:

" Why then *give ſin a paſſport, to offend.*"
MALONE.

Enter LODOVICO, DESDEMONA, *and Attendants.*

Lod. God ſave you, worthy general!
Oth. With all my heart, ſir[9].
Lod. The duke and ſenators of Venice greet you.
[*gives him a packet.*
Oth. I kiſs the inſtrument of their pleaſures.
[*opens the packet, and reads.*
Def. And what's the news, good couſin Lodovico?
Iago. I am very glad to ſee you, ſignior;
Welcome to Cyprus.
Lod. I thank you: How does lieutenant Caſſio?
Iago. Lives, ſir.
Def. Couſin, there's fallen between him and my lord
An unkind breach: but you ſhall make all well.
Oth. Are you ſure of that?
Def. My lord?
Oth. This fail you not to do, as you will— *reads.*
Lod. He did not call; he's buſy in the paper.
Is there diviſion 'twixt thy lord and Caſſio?
Def. A moſt unhappy one; I would do much
To atone them[1], for the love I bear to Caſſio.
Oth. Fire and brimſtone!
Def. My lord?
Oth. Are you wiſe?
Def. What, is he angry?
Lod. May be, the letter mov'd him;
For, as I think, they do command him home,
Deputing Caſſio in his government.
Def. By my troth, I am glad on't.
Oth. Indeed?
Def. My lord?
Oth. I am glad to ſee you mad.
Def. How, ſweet Othello?
Oth. Devil! [*ſtriking her.*
Def. I have not deſerv'd this.

Lod.

[9] *With all my heart, ſir.*] This does not relate to what *Lodovico* has juſt ſaid, but is ſpoken by Othello while he ſalutes him. MALONE.

[1] — atone *them*,—] Make them *one*; reconcile them. JOHNSON.

Lod. My lord, this would not be believ'd in Venice,
Though I ſhould ſwear I ſaw it: 'Tis very much;
Make her amends, ſhe weeps.
Oth. O devil, devil!
If that the earth could teem with women's tears [2],
Each drop ſhe falls [3] would prove a crocodile:—
Out of my ſight!
Def. I will not ſtay to offend you. [*going.*
Lod. Truly, an obedient lady:—
I do beſeech your lordſhip, call her back.
Oth. Miſtreſs,—
Def. My lord?
Oth. What would you with her, ſir?
Lod. Who, I, my lord?
Oth. Ay; you did wiſh, that I would make her turn:
Sir, ſhe can turn, and turn, and yet go on,
And turn again; and ſhe can weep, ſir, weep;
And ſhe's obedient, as you ſay,—obedient,—
Very obedient;—Proceed you in your tears [4]. —

Con-

[2] *If that the earth could teem*, &c.] If women's tears could impregnate the earth. By the doctrine of equivocal generation, new animals were ſuppoſed producible by new combinations of matter. See Bacon. JOHNSON.

Shakſpeare here alludes to the fabulous accounts of crocodiles. Each tear, ſays Othello, which falls from the falſe Deſdemona, would generate a crocodile, the moſt deceitful of all animals, and whoſe own tears are proverbially fallacious. "It is written," ſays Bullokar, "that he will weep over a man's head when he hath devoured the body, and then he will eat up the head too. Wherefore in Latin there is a proverbe, *crocodili lachrymæ*, crocodile's tears, to ſignifie ſuch tears as are fained, and ſpent only with intent to deceive, or doe harme." *Engliſh Expoſitor*, 8vo. 1616. It appears from this writer, that a dead crocodile, "but in perfect forme," of about nine feet long, had been exhibited in London, in our poet's time. MALONE.

[3] *Each drop ſhe* falls—] To *fall* is here a verb active. So, in *The Tempeſt*:

"——— when I rear my hand, do you the like,
"To *fall* it on Gonzalo." STEEVENS.

[4] — *Proceed you in your tears.*] I cannot think that the poet meant to make Othello bid Deſdemona *to continue weeping*, which *proceed you in your tears* (as the paſſage is at preſent pointed) muſt mean. He rather would have ſaid,

Concerning this, ſir,—O well-painted paſſion!
I am commanded home [5]:—Get you away;
I'll ſend for you anon.—Sir, I obey the mandate,
And will return to Venice;—Hence, avaunt!—
[*Exit.* DES:
Caſſio ſhall have my place [6]. And,—ſir, to-night,
I do entreat that we may ſup together.
You are welcome, ſir, to Cyprus.—Goats and monkies [7]!
Exit.

Lod. Is this the noble Moor, whom our full ſenate
Call—all-in-all ſufficient? This the noble nature
Whom paſſion could not ſhake? whoſe ſolid virtue
The ſhot of accident, nor dart of chance,
Could neither graze, nor pierce [8]?

—— *Proceed you in your tears?*
What! will you ſtill continue to be a hypocrite by a diſplay of this *well-painted paſſion?* WARNER.

I think the old punctuation is the true one. MALONE.

[5] *I am commanded* home:] Thus the folio. The quarto, 1622, reads, perhaps better:

I am commanded *here*—Get you away, &c.

The alteration, I ſuſpect, was made, from the editor of the folio not perceiving that an abrupt ſentence was intended. MALONE.

[6] *Caſſio ſhall have my place.*] Perhaps this is addreſſed to *Deſdemona*, who had juſt expreſſed her joy on hearing *Caſſio* was deputed in the room of her huſband. Her innocent ſatisfaction in the hope of returning to her native place, is conſtrued by Othello into the pleaſure ſhe received from the advancement of his rival. STEEVENS.

[7] *Goats and monkies!*] In this exclamation Shakſpeare has ſhewn great art. *Iago*, in the firſt ſcene in which he endeavours to awaken *Othello's* ſuſpicion, being urged to give ſome evident proof of the guilt of *Caſſio* and *Deſdemona*, tells him it were impoſſible to have ocular demonſtration of it, though they ſhould be "as prime as *goats*, as hot as *monkies*." Theſe words, we may ſuppoſe, ſtill ring in the ears of *Othello*, who being now fully convinced of his wife's infidelity, ruſhes out with this emphatick exclamation:—*Iago's* words were but too true; now indeed I am convinced that they are as hot as "*goats* and *monkies*. MALONE.

[8] —— *whoſe ſolid virtue*
The ſhot of accident, *nor dart of* chance,
Could neither graze *nor pierce?*] For *graze*, Dr. Warburton arbitrarily ſubſtituted *raſe*; and Mr. Theobald, becauſe "he

Iago. He is much chang'd,

Lod. Are his wits ſafe? is he not light of brain?

Iago. He is that he is; I may not breathe my cenſure.
What he might be,—if, what he might, he is not,—
I would to heaven, he were.

Lod. What, ſtrike his wife!

Iago. 'Faith, that was not ſo well; Yet 'would I knew,
That ſtroke would prove the worſt.

Lod. Is it his uſe?
Or did the letters work upon his blood,
And new-create this fault?

Iago. Alas, alas!
It is not honeſty in me, to ſpeak
What I have ſeen and known. You ſhall obſerve him;
And his own courſes will denote him ſo,
That I may ſave my ſpeech: Do but go after,
And mark how he continues.

Lod. I am ſorry, that I am deceiv'd in him.

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE

"he could not *for his heart* ſee the difference between ſhot of *accident* and dart of *chance*," inſtead of the latter word reads, *change*. I do not ſee the leaſt ground for ſuppoſing any corruption in this paſſage. As *pierce* relates to *the dart of chance*, ſo *graze* is referred to *the ſhot of accident*. The expreſſion is ſtill uſed; we ſtill ſay—he was *grazed* by a *bullet*.

MALONE.

To *graze* is not merely to touch ſuperficially, [as Dr. Warburton has ſtated,] but to ſtrike not directly, not ſo as to bury the body of the thing ſtriking in the matter ſtruck.

Theobald trifles, as uſual. *Accident* and *chance* may admit a ſubtile diſtinction; *accident* may be conſidered as the act, and chance as the *power* or *agency* of fortune; as, *It was by* chance *that this* accident *befel me*. At leaſt, if we ſuppoſe all corrupt that is inaccurate, there will be no end of emendation. JOHNSON.

SCENE II.

*A Room in the Caſtle.**

Enter OTHELLO, *and* EMILIA.

Oth. You have ſeen nothing then?
Emil. Nor ever heard; nor ever did ſuſpect.
Oth. Yes, you have ſeen Caſſio and ſhe together.
Emil. But then I ſaw no harm; and then I heard
Each ſyllable, that breath made up between them.
Oth. What, did they never whiſper?
Emil. Never, my lord,
Oth. Nor ſend you out o' the way?
Emil. Never.
Oth. To fetch her fan, her gloves, her maſk, nor nothing?
Emil. Never, my lord.
Oth. That's ſtrange.
Emil. I durſt, my lord, to wager ſhe is honeſt,
Lay down my ſoul at ſtake: if you think other,
Remove your thought; it doth abuſe your boſom.
If any wretch hath put this in your head,
Let heaven requite it with the ſerpent's curſe!
For, if ſhe be not honeſt, chaſte, and true,

* *A Room in the Caſtle.*] There are great difficulties in aſcertaining the place of this ſcene. Near the cloſe of it, Iago ſays to Deſdemona, "Go *in*, and weep not," which would lead us to place it in the court before Othello's caſtle. Theſe words may indeed be explained to mean, "Go *into* the ſupper-room" (though I do not think that the meaning): but immediately afterwards Roderigo enters, and converſes with Iago, which deciſively aſcertains the ſcene not to be in Othello's houſe; for Roderigo, who had given the firſt intelligence to Brabantio, of his daughter's flight, and had ſhortly

There's no man happy; the pureſt of their wives[9]
Is foul as ſlander.

Oth. Bid her come hither;—go.— [*Exit* Emilia.
She ſays enough;—yet ſhe's a ſimple bawd,
That cannot ſay as much. This is a ſubtle whore,
A cloſet-lock-and-key of villainous ſecrets:
And yet ſhe'll kneel, and pray; I have ſeen her do't.

Re-enter EMILIA, *with* DESDEMONA.

Def. My lord, what is your will?

Oth. Pray, chuck, come hither.

Def. What is your pleaſure?

Oth. Let me ſee your eyes;
Look in my face.

Def. What horrible fancy's this?

Oth. Some of your function, miſtreſs; [*to* Emil.
Leave procreants alone, and ſhut the door;
Cough, or cry—hem, if any body come:
Your myſtery, your myſtery;—nay, diſpatch.
[*Exit* EMILIA.

Def. Upon my knees, what doth your ſpeech import?
I underſtand a fury in your words,
But not the words[1].

Oth.

ly afterwards drawn his ſword on Othello and his partiſans, certainly would not take the liberty of walking into his houſe at pleaſure.

On the other hand, what Othello ſays early in the ſcene to Emilia,

"Leave procreants alone, and *ſhut the door*;

and his ſubſequent addreſs to her as he goes out, as deciſively point out a room in Othello's caſtle as the place of the ſcene; and compel us to place the ſeveral interlocutors there, however inconſiſtent with Roderigo's entry, and Iago's addreſs to Deſdemona.

The truth is, that our poet and his audience, in this inſtance as in many other, were content, from want of ſcenery, to conſider the very ſame ſpot, at one and the ſame time, as the outſide and inſide of a houſe. See *The Hiſtorical Account of the Engliſh Stage*, &c. Vol. I. Part II. p. 74. MALONE.

[9] —*of their wives*—] Thus the folio. The quarto, 1622, reads—*of her ſex*. MALONE.

[1] *But not the words.*] This line is added out of the firſt edition. POPE.

Oth. Why, what art thou?
Def. Your wife, my lord;
Your true and loyal wife.
Oth. Come, ſwear it, damn thyſelf;
Leſt, being like one of heaven, the devils themſelves
Should fear to ſeize thee: therefore be double-damn'd,
Swear—thou art honeſt.
Def. Heaven doth truly know it.
Oth. Heaven truly knows, that thou art falſe as hell.
Def. To whom, my lord? With whom? How am I falſe?
Oth. O Deſdemona!—away! away! away!
Def. Alas, the heavy day!—Why do you weep?
Am I the occaſion of theſe tears, my lord?
If, haply, you my father do ſuſpect,
An inſtrument of this your calling back,
Lay not your blame on me; if you have loſt him,
Why, I have loſt him too.
Oth. Had it pleas'd heaven
To try me with affliction; had he rain'd
All kinds of ſores, and ſhames, on my bare head;
Steep'd me in poverty to the very lips;
Given to captivity me and my utmoſt hopes;
I ſhould have found in ſome part of my ſoul
A drop of patience: but (alas) to make me
A fixed figure, for the time of ſcorn [2]

[2] — *time of ſcorn*—] The reading of both the eldeſt quartos and the folio is,

— for *the time* of ſcorn.

Mr. Rowe reads—*hand* of ſcorn; and ſucceeding editors have ſilently followed him.

I would (though in oppoſition to ſo many great authorities in favour of the change) continue to read with the old copy:

—— *the* time *of ſcorn.*

We call the *hour in which we are to die*, the *hour of death*; —the time when we are to be judged,—*the day of judgment*; —the inſtant when we ſuffer calamity,—*the moment of evil*; and why may we not diſtinguiſh the time which brings contempt along with it, by the title of *the time of ſcorn?* Thus, in *Soliman and Perſeda*, 1599:

" So ſings the mariner upon the ſhore,
" When he hath paſt the dangerous *time of ſtorms.*"

To point his ſlow unmoving finger at,—
O! O!
Yet could I bear that too; well, very well:

But

Again, in Marſton's *Inſatiate Counteſs*, 1603:

" I'll poiſon thee; with murder curbe thy paths,
" And make thee know a *time of infamy.*'

Othello takes his idea from a clock. *To make me* (ſays he) *a fixed figure* (on the dial of the world) *for the hour of ſcorn to point and make a full ſtop at!* STEEVENS.

Might not Shakſpeare have written—

——— for *the ſcorn of time*
To point his ſlow unmoving finger at,—

i. e. the marked object for the contempt of all ages and all time. So. in *Hamlet*:

" For who would bear the whips and *ſcorns of time?*"

However, in ſupport of the reading of the old copies, it may be obſerved, that our author has perſonified *ſcorn* in his 88th Sonnet:

" When thou ſhalt be diſpos'd to ſet me light,
" And place my merit in the eye of *ſcorn*—"

The epithet *unmoving* may likewiſe derive ſome ſupport from Shakſpeare's 104th Sonnet, in which this very thought is expreſſed:

" Ah! yet doth beauty, like *a dial-hand*,
" *Steal from his figure*, and *no pace perceiv'd*;
" So your ſweet hue, which methinks *ſtill doth ſtand*,
" Hath motion, and mine eye may be deceiv'd."

In the clocks of the laſt age there was, I think, in the middle of the dial-plate a figure of time, which, I believe, was in our poet's thoughts, when he wrote the paſſage in the text.

The *finger* of the dial was the technical phraſe. So, in *Albovine King of the Lombards*, by D'Avenant, 1629:

" Even as the *ſlow finger of the dial*
" Doth in its *motion* circular *remove*
" To diſtant figures,—."

D'Avenant was a great reader of Shakſpeare, and probably had read his plays, according to the faſhion of the time, in the folio, without troubling himſelf to look into the quarto copies.

Unmoving is the reading of the quarto, 1622. The folio reads—*and moving*; and this certainly agrees with the image preſented and its counterpart, better than *unmoving*, which can be applied to a clock, only by licence of poetry, *(not appearing to move,)* and as applied to *ſcorn*, has but little force: to ſay nothing of the ſuperfluous epithet *ſlow*; for there needs

no

But there, where I have garner'd up my heart[3];
Where either I muſt live, or bear no life;
The fountain from the which my current runs,
Or elſe dries up; to be diſcarded thence!
Or keep it as a ciſtern, for foul toads
To knot and gender in!—turn thy complexion there[4]!
Patience, thou young and roſe-lipp'd cherubin;
Ay, there, look grim as hell!

Deſ. I hope, my noble lord eſteems me honeſt.

Oth. O, ay; as ſummer flies are in the ſhambles,
That quicken even with blowing. O thou weed[5],
Who art ſo lovely fair, and ſmell'ſt ſo ſweet,
That the ſenſe aches at thee,—'Would, thou had'ſt ne'er been born!

Deſ. Alas, what ignorant ſin have I committed?

Oth.

no ghoſt to tell us, that that which is *unmoving* is *ſlow*. *Slow* implies ſome ſort of motion, however little it may be, and therefore it appears to me to favour the reading of the folio.

I have given the arguments on both ſides, and, from reſpect to the opinion of others, have printed *unmoving*, tho' I am very doubtful whether it was the word intended by Shakſpeare. The quarto, 1622, has—*fingers*; the folio—*finger*. MALONE.

[3] — garner'd *up my heart*;] That is, *treaſur'd* up; the *garner* and the *fountain* are improperly conjoined. JOHNSON.

[4] — *turn thy complexion there!* &c.] At ſuch an object do thou, *patience*, thyſelf *change colour*; at this do thou, even thou, *roſy cherub* as thou art, *look grim as hell*. The old editions and the new have it,

I here look grim as hell.

I was written for *ay*, and not ſince corrected. JOHNSON.

Here in the old copies was manifeſtly an errour of the preſs. See the line next but one above. Mr. Theobald made the correction. MALONE.

[5] — *O thou weed,*] Dr. Johnſon has, on this occaſion, been unjuſtly cenſured for having ſtifled difficulties where he could not remove them. I would therefore obſerve, that Othello's ſpeech is printed word for word from the folio edition, tho' the quarto reads:

——*O thou* black *weed!*

Had this epithet, *black*, been admitted, there would ſtill have remained an incomplete verſe in the ſpeech: no additional

Oth. Was this fair paper [6], this moſt goodly book,
Made to write whore upon? What committed!
Committed [7]!—O thou public commoner!
I ſhould make very forges of my cheeks,
That would to cinders burn up modeſty,
Did I but ſpeak thy deeds.—What committed!
Heaven ſtops the noſe at it, and the moon winks;
The bawdy wind, that kiſſes all it meets *,
Is huſh'd within the hollow mine of earth,
And will not hear it: What committed!—
Impudent ſtrumpet!

Deſ. By heaven, you do me wrong.

Oth.

tional beauty would have been introduced; but inſtead of it, a paltry antitheſis between the words *black* and *fair*.
STEEVENS.

The quarto, 1622, reads:

"O thou *black* weed, *why* art ſo lovely fair?
"*Thou* ſmell'ſt ſo ſweet, that the ſenſe aches at thee," &c.
MALONE.

[6] *Was this fair paper*, &c.] Maſſinger has imitated this paſſage in *The Emperor of the Eaſt*:

"———————— can you think,
"This maſterpiece of heaven, this precious vellum
"Of ſuch a purity and virgin whiteneſs,
"Could be deſign'd to have perjury and whoredom
"In capital letters written upon't? STEEVENS.

[7] *Committed!*] This, and the three following lines, are omitted in the firſt quarto. STEEVENS.

This word in Shakſpeare's time, beſide its general ſignification, ſeems to have been applied particularly to unlawful acts of love. Hence perhaps it is ſo often repeated by Othello. So, in Sir Thomas Overbury's CHARACTERS, *(A very Woman)* 1614: "She *commits* with her ears for certain; after that, ſhe may go for a maid, but ſhe has been lain with in her underſtanding." The word is uſed in the ſame ſenſe in *King Lear*: "*Commit* not with man's ſworn ſpouſe."

Again, in Decker's *Honeſt Whore*, P. I.

"———————— if all *committers* ſtood in a rank,
"They'd make a lane, in which your ſhame might dwell."
MALONE.

* *The bawdy wind, that kiſſes all it meets*,] So, in *The Merchant of Venice*:

"Hugg'd and embraced by the ſtrumpet wind."
MALONE.

Oth. Are not you a ſtrumpet?
Def. No, as I am a chriſtian:
If to preſerve this veſſel for my lord [8],
From any other [9] foul unlawful touch,
Be—not to be a ſtrumpet, I am none.
Oth. What, not a whore?
Def. No, as I ſhall be ſaved.
Oth. Is it poſſible?
Def. O, heaven forgive us!
Oth. I cry you mercy, then;
I took you for that cunning whore of Venice,
That married with Othello.—You, miſtreſs,

Re-enter EMILIA.

That have the office oppoſite to St. Peter,
And keep the gate of hell; You! you! ay, you!
We have done our courſe; there's money for your pains;
I pray you, turn the key, and keep our counſel.
[*Exit.*

Emil. Alas, what does this gentleman conceive?—
How do you, madam? how do you, my good lady?
Def. 'Faith, half aſleep.
Emil. Good madam, what's the matter with my lord?
Def. With who?
Emil. Why, with my lord, madam?
Def. Who is thy lord [1]?
Emil. He that is yours, ſweet lady.
Def. I have none: Do not talk to me, Emilia;
I cannot weep; nor anſwer have I none,
But what ſhould go by water. Pr'ythee, to-night
Lay on my bed my wedding ſheets,—remember;—
And call thy huſband hither.
Emil. Here is a change indeed! [*Exit.*
Def.

[8] *If to preſerve this veſſel for my lord,*] This expreſſion, as well as many others, our authour has borrowed from the ſacred writings: "—to poſſeſs his *veſſel* in ſatisfaction."—1 Theſſ. iv. 4. MALONE.

[9] —*any* other—] Thus the folio. The quarto reads—any *hated.* STEEVENS.

[1] *Who is thy lord?*] This, and the following ſpeech, are omitted in the firſt quarto. STEEVENS.

Def. 'Tis meet I ſhould be us'd ſo, very meet.
How have I been behav'd, that he might ſtick
The ſmall'ſt opinion on my great'ſt abuſe [2]?

Re-enter EMILIA, *with* IAGO.

Iago. What is your pleaſure, madam? How is it with you?

Def. I cannot tell. Thoſe, that do teach young babes,
Do it with gentle means, and eaſy taſks:
He might have chid me ſo; for, in good faith,
I am a child to chiding.

Iago. What is the matter, lady?

Emil. Alas, Iago, my lord hath ſo bewhor'd her,
Thrown ſuch deſpight and heavy terms upon her,
As true hearts cannot bear.

Def. Am I that name, Iago?

Iago. What name, fair lady?

Def. Such as, ſhe ſays, my lord did ſay I was.

Emil. He call'd her, whore; a beggar, in his drink,
Could not have laid ſuch terms upon his callet [3].

Iago.

[2] — *on my great'ſt abuſe?*] This is the reading of the quarto, 1622, which Dr. Johnſon thought preferable to the reading of the folio—*on my leaſt miſuſe*. MALONE.

[3] — *upon his* callet.] *Callet* is a lewd woman; ſo called (ſays Dr. Grey) from the French *calote*, which was a ſort of head-dreſs worn by country girls. This head-dreſs is mentioned by Ben Jonſon in his *Magnetick Lady*:

"The wearing the *callet*, the politic hood."

The word is likewiſe found in *Cocke Lorelles Bote*, a ſatyre, bl. l. printed by Wynkyn de Worde; no date:

"Yf he called her *calat*, ſhe calleth him knave agayne."
STEEVENS.

This word is of great antiquity in the Engliſh language. Chaucer has it in his *Remedy of Love*:

"C, for calet, for of, we have O,
"L, for leude, D, for demeanure," &c. PERCY.

I meet this word in *The Tranſlation of Ariofto*, 1591:

"And thus this old ill-favour'd ſpiteful *callet*—."

Harrington, in a note on that line, ſays that "*callet* is a nick-name uſed to a woman," and that "in Iriſh it ſignifies a *witch*."

I have no faith in Dr. Grey's etymology of this word. *Calote* is a coif or light cap, worn by others beſide country girls. MALONE.

Iago. Why did he ſo?

Deſ. I do not know; I am ſure, I am none ſuch.

Iago. Do not weep, do not weep; Alas, the day!

Emil. Has ſhe forſook ſo many noble matches,
Her father, and her country, and her friends,
To be call'd — whore? would it not make one weep?

Deſ. It is my wretched fortune.

Iago. Beſhrew him for it!
How comes this trick upon him?

Deſ. Nay, heaven doth know.

Emil. I will be hang'd, if ſome eternal villain,
Some buſy and inſinuating rogue,
Some cogging cozening ſlave, to get ſome office,
Have not devis'd this ſlander; I'll be hang'd elſe.

Iago. Fie, there is no ſuch man; it is impoſſible.

Deſ. If any ſuch there be, heaven pardon him!

Emil. A halter pardon him! and hell gnaw his bones!
Why ſhould he call her, whore? who keeps her company?
What place? what time? what form? what likelihood?
The Moor's abus'd by ſome moſt villainous knave [4],
Some baſe notorious [5] knave, ſome ſcurvy fellow:—
O, heaven, that ſuch companions [6] thou'dſt unfold;
And put in every honeſt hand a whip,
To laſh the raſcal [7] naked through the world,
Even from the eaſt to the weſt!

Iago.

[4] — *ſome* moſt villainous *knave*,] Thus the folio. The quarto, 1622, reads—ſome *outrageous* knave. MALONE.

[5] — *notorious* —] For *groſs*, not in its proper meaning for *known*. JOHNSON.

[6] — *ſuch* companions —] *Companion*, in the time of Shakſpeare, was uſed as a word of contempt, in the ſame ſenſe as *fellow* is at this day. So, in *The Widow's Tears*, by Chapman, 1612: "How now, baſe *companion?*" Again, in *The Spaniſh Tragedy*, 1605:

"And better 'tis, that *baſe companions* die,
"Than by their life to hazard our good haps."

MALONE.

[7] — *the* raſcal —] Thus the quarto, 1622; folio—*raſcals*. Emilia firſt wiſhes that *all* baſe fellows were detected, and then that heaven would put a whip in every honeſt hand to puniſh in a ſignal manner that villainous knave, particularly in her thoughts, who had abuſed the too credulous Moor.

MALONE.

Iago. Speak within door [8].

Emil. O, fie upon him! ſome ſuch ſquire he was,
That turn'd your wit the ſeamy ſide without [9],
And made you to ſuſpect me with the Moor.

Iago. You are a fool; go to.

Def. O good Iago,
What ſhall I do to win my lord again?
Good friend, go to him; for, by this light of heaven,
I know not how I loſt him. Here I kneel [1]:—
If e'er my will did treſpaſs 'gainſt his love,
Either in diſcourſe of thought [2], or actual deed;
Or that mine eyes, mine ears, or any ſenſe,
Delighted them in any other form;
Or that I do not yet, and ever did,
And ever will,—though he do ſhake me off
To beggarly divorcement,—love him dearly,
Comfort forſwear me! Unkindneſs may do much;
And his unkindneſs may defeat my life,
But never taint my love. I cannot ſay, whore;
It does abhor me, now I ſpeak the word;
To do the act that might the addition earn,
Not the world's maſs of vanity could make me.

Iago. I pray you, be content; 'tis but his humour;
The buſineſs of the ſtate does him offence,
And he does chide with you [3].

Def. If 'twere no other,—

Iago. It is but ſo, I warrant you. [*Trumpets.*

[8] *Speak within door.*] Do not clamour ſo as to be heard beyond the houſe. JOHNSON.

[9] —*the ſeamy ſide without:*] That is, *inſide out.* JOHNSON.

[1] *Here I kneel*, &c.] Theſe words, and the following lines of this ſpeech, are omitted in the quarto, 1622. MALONE.

[2] *Either in* diſcourſe of thought, *or actual deed*;] Thus the old copies. So, in *Hamlet*:

"O heaven! a beaſt, that wants *diſcourſe of reaſon*,
"Would have mourn'd longer."

The modern editors, following Mr. Pope, read—diſcourſe, *or* thought. MALONE.

[3] *And he does chide* with *you.*] This line is from the quarto, 1622. STEEVENS.

To chide with was the phraſeology of the time. We have, I think, the ſame phraſe in one of our poet's *Sonnets.* MALONE.

Hark, how theſe inſtruments ſummon to ſupper!
And the great meſſengers of Venice ſtay [4]:
Go in, and weep not; all things ſhall be well.
[*Exeunt* DESDEMONA, *and* EMILIA.

Enter RODERIGO.

How now, Roderigo?

Rod. I do not find, that thou deal'ſt juſtly with me.

Iago. What in the contrary?

Rod. Every day thou doff'ſt me with ſome device, Iago; and rather (as it ſeems to me now) keep'ſt from me all conveniency, than ſupplieſt me with the leaſt advantage of hope. I will, indeed, no longer endure it: Nor am I yet perſuaded, to put up in peace what already I have fooliſhly ſuffer'd.

Iago. Will you hear me, Roderigo?

Rod. 'Faith, I have heard too much; for your words, and performances, are no kin together.

Iago. You charge me moſt unjuſtly.

Rod. With nought but truth. I have waſted myſelf out of my means. The jewels you have had from me, to deliver to Deſdemona, would half have corrupted a votariſt: You have told me—ſhe has received them, and return'd me expectations and comforts of ſudden reſpect and acquittance [5]; but I find none.

Iago. Well; go to; very well.

Rod. Very well! go to! I cannot go to, man; nor 'tis not very well: By this hand, I ſay, it is very ſcurvy; and begin to find myſelf fobb'd in it.

Iago. Very well.

Rod. I tell you, 'tis not very well. I will make myſelf known to Deſdemona: If ſhe will return me my jewels,

[4] *And the great meſſengers of Venice ſtay:*] Thus the quarto. The folio reads:

The meſſengers of Venice ſtay the meat. STEEVENS.

5 — *and* acquittance;] This is the reading of the original quarto, 1622. The folio reads—and *acquaintance.*

Acquittance is requital. So, in *K. Henry V.*

"And ſhall forget the office of our hand
"Sooner than *'quittance* of deſert and merit."

MALONE.

jewels, I will give over my ſuit, and repent my unlawful ſolicitation; if not, aſſure yourſelf, I will ſeek ſatisfaction of you.

Iago. You have ſaid now.

Rod. Ay, and I have ſaid nothing, but what I proteſt intendment of doing.

Iago. Why, now I ſee there's mettle in thee; and even, from this inſtant, do build on thee a better opinion than ever before. Give me thy hand, Roderigo: Thou haſt taken againſt me a moſt juſt exception; but yet, I proteſt, I have dealt moſt directly in thy affair.

Rod. It hath not appear'd.

Iago. I grant, indeed, it hath not appeared; and your ſuſpicion is not without wit and judgment [6]. But, Roderigo, if thou haſt that within thee indeed, which I have greater reaſon to believe now than ever,—I mean, purpoſe, courage, and valour,—this night ſhew it: if thou the next night following enjoyeſt not Deſdemona, take me from this world with treachery, and deviſe engines for my life.

Rod. Well, what is it? is it within reaſon, and compaſs?

Iago. Sir, there is eſpecial commiſſion [7] come from Venice, to depute Caſſio in Othello's place.

Rod. Is that true? why, then Othello and Deſdemona return again to Venice.

Iago. O, no; he goes into Mauritania, and takes away with him the fair Deſdemona, unleſs his abode be linger'd here by ſome accident; wherein none can be ſo determinate, as the removing of Caſſio.

Rod. How do you mean—removing of him?

Iago. Why, by making him uncapable of Othello's place; knocking out his brains.

Rod.

[6] — *your ſuſpicion is not without* wit *and* judgment.] Shakſpeare knew well, that moſt men like to be flattered on account of thoſe endowments in which they are moſt deficient. Hence Iago's compliment to this *ſnipe* on his ſagacity and ſhrewdneſs. MALONE.

[7] — *there is* eſpecial *commiſſion* —] Shakſpeare probably wrote—*a ſpecial.* MALONE.

Rod. And that you would have me to do?

Iago. Ay; if you dare do yourſelf a profit, and a right. He ſups to-night with a harlot, and thither will I go to him;—he knows not yet of his honourable fortune: if you will watch his going thence, (which I will faſhion to fall out between twelve and one,) you may take him at your pleaſure; I will be near to ſecond your attempt, and he ſhall fall between us. Come, ſtand not amazed at it, but go along with me; I will ſhew you ſuch a neceſſity in his death, that you ſhall think yourſelf bound to put it on him. It is now high ſupper-time, and the night grows to waſte[8]: about it.

Rod. I will hear further reaſon for this.

Iago. And you ſhall be ſatisfied. *[Exeunt.*

SCENE III.

Another Room in the Caſtle.

Enter OTHELLO, LODOVICO, DESDEMONA, EMILIA, *and Attendants.*

Lod. I do beſeech you, ſir, trouble yourſelf no further.

Oth. O, pardon me; 'twill do me good to walk.

Lod.

[8] — *and the night grows to* waſte:] I ſuppoſe Iago means to ſay, that *it is near midnight.* Perhaps we ought to print *waiſt.* Both the old copies, the quarto, 1622, and the folio, 1623, read—*waſt*, which was the old ſpelling of *waiſt.* So *Hamlet*:

" In the dead *waſt* [*waiſt*] and middle of the night."

See the note on that paſſage.

So alſo, in *The Puritan*, a comedy, 1607:

" ——— ere the day

" Be ſpent to the *girdle*, thou ſhalt be free."

The words, however, may only mean—*the night* is waſting apace. MALONE.

Lod. Madam, good night; I humbly thank your ladyſhip.

Deſ. Your honour is moſt welcome.

Oth. Will you walk, ſir?—O,—Deſdemona,—

Deſ. My lord?

Oth. Get you to bed on the inſtant; I will be return'd forthwith: diſmiſs your attendant there; look, it be done.

Deſ. I will, my lord. [*Exeunt.* OTH. LOD. *and Attend.*

Emil. How goes it now? he looks gentler than he did.

Deſ. He ſays, he will return incontinent:
He hath commanded me to go to bed,
And bade me to diſmiſs you.

Emil. Diſmiſs me!

Deſ. It was his bidding; therefore, good Emilia,
Give me my nightly wearing, and adieu:
We muſt not now diſpleaſe him.

Emil. I would, you had never ſeen him!

Deſ. So would not I; my love doth ſo approve him,
That even his ſtubbornneſs, his checks, and frowns,—
Pr'ythee, unpin me,—have grace and favour in them.

Emil. I have laid thoſe ſheets you bade me on the bed.

Deſ. All's one:—Good father[9]! how fooliſh are our minds!—
If I do die before thee, pr'ythee ſhroud me
In one of thoſe ſame ſheets.

Emil. Come, come, you talk.

Deſ. My mother had a maid, call'd—Barbara;
She was in love; and he, ſhe lov'd, prov'd mad,
And did forſake her[1]: ſhe had a ſong of willow,

An

[9] — *Good father!*] Thus the folio. The quarto, 1622, reads—all's one, good *faith.* MALONE.

[1] — *and he, ſhe lov'd, prov'd* mad,
And did forſake her: I believe that mad ſignifies only *wild, frantick, uncertain.* JOHNSON.

We ſtill call a wild girl a *mad-cap:* and in The Firſt Part of *King Henry VI.* are mentioned,

"*Mad,* natural graces, that extinguiſh art."

Again, in the *Two Gentlemen of Verona*:

"Come on, you *mad*-cap."

Again, in *Love's Labour's Loſt*: "Do you hear, my *mad* wenches?" STEEVENS.

An old thing 'twas, but it expreſs'd her fortune,
And ſhe dy'd ſinging it: That ſong, to-night,
Will not go from my mind; I have much to do,
But to go hang my head [2] all at one ſide,
And ſing it like poor Barbara. Pr'ythee, diſpatch.

Emil. Shall I go fetch your night-gown?

Deſ. No, unpin me here.—
This Lodovico is a proper man.

Emil. A very handſome man.

Deſ. He ſpeaks well.

Emil. I know a lady in Venice, would have walk'd barefoot to Paleſtine, for a touch of his nether lip.

Deſ. The poor ſoul [3] *ſat ſighing* [4] *by a ſycamore tree,*
Sing all a green willow; [ſinging.
Her hand on her boſom, her head on her knee,
Sing willow, willow, willow:

The

[2] — *I have much to* do,
But to go hang my head—] *I have much* ado to do any thing *but hang my head.* We might read:
Not *to go hang my head.*
This is perhaps the only inſertion made in the latter editions which has improved the play. The reſt ſeem to have been added for the ſake of amplification, or of ornament. When the imagination had ſubſided, and the mind was no longer agitated by the horror of the action, it became at leiſure to look round for ſpecious additions. This addition is natural. Deſdemona can at firſt hardly forbear to ſing the ſong; ſhe endeavours to change her train of thoughts, but her imagination at laſt prevails, and ſhe ſings it. JOHNSON.

Theſe words, and all that follows, to *Nay that's not next,* incluſively, are not in the original quarto, 1622; and appeared firſt in the folio. The remaining lines of the ſong alſo appeared firſt in that copy. MALONE.

[3] *The poor ſoul,* &c.] This ſong, in two parts, is printed in a late collection of old ballads; the lines preſerved here differ ſomewhat from the copy diſcovered by the ingenious collector. JOHNSON.

[4] — *ſat* ſighing —] The folio reads—*ſinging.* The paſſage, as has been already obſerved, is not in the original copy printed in 1622. The reading of the text is taken from a quarto of no authority printed in 1630. *Sighing,* as Mr. Steevens has obſerved, is alſo the reading in the black-letter copy of this ballad in the Pepys Collection, which Dr. Percy followed. See the *Reliques of Ancient Engliſh Poetry.* I. 192. MALONE.

The freſh ſtreams[5] *ran by her, and murmur'd her moans;*
Sing willow, &c.
Her ſalt tears fell from her, and ſoften'd the ſtones;
Lay by theſe:
Sing willow, willow, willow;
Pr'ythee, hye thee; he'll come anon —
Sing all a green willow muſt be my garland.

2.

Let no body blame him, his ſcorn I approve[6],—
Nay, that's not next.—Hark! who is it that knocks?
Emil. It is the wind.
Deſ. I call'd my love, falſe love[7]; *but what ſaid he then?*
Sing willow, &c.
If I court mo women, you'll couch with mo men[8].
So, get thee gone; good night. Mine eyes do itch;
Doth that bode weeping?
Emil. 'Tis neither here nor there.

Deſ.

[5] *The freſh ſtreams*, &c.] Theſe lines are formed with ſome additions from two couplets of the original ſong:

"*The cold ſtreams ran by him*, his eyes wept apace;
"O willow, &c.
"The ſalt tears fell from him, which drowned his face;
"O willow, &c.
"The mute birds ſate by him, made tame *by his mones*;
"O willow, &c.
"*The ſalt tears fell from him, which ſoften'd the ſtones.*"

[6] *Let nobody blame him, his ſcorn I approve*,] In the original:

"Let no body blame me, her ſcorns I *do* prove,
"O willow, &c.
"She was born to be fair; I to die for her love."

MALONE.

[7] *I call'd my love, falſe love*;] This couplet is not in the ballad, which is the complaint, not of a woman forſaken, but of a man rejected. Theſe lines were probably added when it was accommodated to a woman. JOHNSON.

[8] — *you'll* couch *with mo men.*] This verb is found alſo in *The Two Noble Kinſmen*, 1634:

"——— O, if thou *couch*
"But one night with her,—." MALONE.

Def. I have heard it ſaid ſo [9].—O, theſe men, theſe men!—
Doſt thou in conſcience think.—Tell me, Emilia,—
That there be women do abuſe their huſbands
In ſuch groſs kind?

Emil. There be ſome ſuch, no queſtion.

Def. Would'ſt thou do ſuch a deed for all the world?

Emil. Why, would not you?

Def. No, by this heavenly light!

Emil. Nor I neither, by this heavenly light;
I might do't as well i' the dark.

Def. Would'ſt thou do ſuch a deed for the world?

Emil. The world is a huge thing: 'Tis a great vice
For a ſmall vice.

Def. Good troth, I think thou would'ſt not.

Emil. By my troth, I think I ſhould; and undo't, when I had done. Marry, I would not do ſuch a thing for a joint-ring; nor for meaſures of lawn; nor for gowns, petticoats, nor caps, nor any petty exhibition: but, for the whole world,—Why, who would not make her huſband a cuckold, to make him a monarch? I ſhould venture purgatory for't.

Def. Beſhrew me, if I would do ſuch a wrong
For the whole world.

Emil. Why, the wrong is but a wrong i' the world; and, having the world for your labour, 'tis a wrong in your own world, and you might quickly make it right.

Def. I do not think, there is any ſuch woman.

Emil. Yes, a dozen; and as many to the vantage [1], as
Would ſtore the world they play'd for.
But, I do think [2], it is their huſbands' faults,
If wives do fall: Say, that they ſlack their duties,
And pour our treaſures into foreign laps [4];

Or

[9] *I have heard it ſaid ſo.*] This, as well as the following ſpeech, is omitted in the firſt quarto. STEEVENS.

[1] *— to the vantage,*] i. e. to boot, over and above. STEEVENS.

[2] *But, I do think,* &c.] The remaining part of this ſpeech is omitted in the firſt quarto. STEEVENS.

[4] *And pour our treaſures into foreign laps;*] So, in one of our authour's poems:

"Robb'd other beds' revenues of their rents."

MALONE.

Or elſe break out in peeviſh jealouſies,
Throwing reſtraint upon us; or, ſay, they ſtrike us,
Or ſcant our former having[3] in deſpight;
Why, We have galls; and, tho' we have ſome grace,
Yet have we ſome revenge. Let huſbands know,
Their wives have ſenſe like them[4]: they ſee, and ſmell,
And have their palates both for ſweet and ſour,
As huſbands have. What is it that they do,
When they change us for others? Is it ſport?
I think, it is; And doth affection breed it?
I think, it doth; is't frailty, that thus errs?
It is ſo too: And have not we affections?
Deſires for ſport? and frailty, as men have?
Then, let them uſe us well: elſe, let them know,
The ills we do, their ills inſtruct us ſo[5].

Def. Good night, good night: Heaven me ſuch uſage ſend[6],
Not to pick bad from bad; but, by bad, mend!

[*Exeunt.*

ACT V. SCENE I.

A Street.

Enter IAGO, *and* RODERIGO.

Iago. Here, ſtand behind this bulk; ſtraight will he come:
Wear thy good rapier bare, and put it home;
Quick,

[3] — *our former having*—] Our former allowance of expence. JOHNSON.

[4] — *have* ſenſe *like them:*] *Senſe* is uſed here, as in *Hamlet*, for *ſenſation* or *ſenſual appetite*. MALONE.

[5] — *inſtruct us* ſo.] This paſſage, as has been already obſerved, is not in the quarto, 1622. The reading of the text is that of the folio, 1623. The modern editors, following an alteration made by the editor of the ſecond folio, read—inſtruct us *to*. Our poet, for the ſake of rhyme, often uſes an uncommon phraſeology; I have therefore adhered to the authentick copy. MALONE.

[6] — *heaven me ſuch* uſage *ſend,*] Such *uſes* is the reading of the folio, and of the ſubſequent editions; but the old quarto has:

Quick, quick; fear nothing; I'll be at thy elbow:
It makes us, or it mars us; think on that,
And fix moſt firm thy reſolution.

Rod. Be near at hand; I may miſcarry in't.

Iago. Here, at thy hand; be bold, and ta kethy ſword. [*retires to a little diſtance.*

Rod. I have no great devotion to the deed;
And yet he has given me ſatisfying reaſons—
'Tis but a man gone:—forth, my ſword; he dies.
[*goes to his ſtand.*

Iago. I have rubb'd this young quat almoſt to the ſenſe,
And he grows angry[7]. Now, whether he kills Caſſio,
Or Caſſio him, or each do kill the other,
Every way makes my gain[8]: Live Roderigo,
He calls me to a reſtitution large

Of

——*ſuch* uſage ſend,—
Uſage is an old word for *cuſtom*, and, I think, better than *uſes*. JOHNSON.

[7] — *I have rubb'd this young* quat *almoſt to the ſenſe,*
And he grows angry.] This is a paſſage much controverted among the editors. Sir T. Hanmer reads *quab*, a *gudgeon*; not that a gudgeon can be *rubbed* to much *ſenſe*, but that a man groſsly deceived is often called a *gudgeon*. Mr. Upton reads *quail*, which he proves, by much learning, to be a very choleric bird. Dr. Warburton retains *gnat*, which is found in the early quarto. Theobald would introduce *knot*, a ſmall bird of that name. I have followed the text of the folio, and third and fourth quartos.

A *quat* in the midland counties is a *pimple*, which by rubbing is made to ſmart, or is *rubbed to ſenſe*. Roderigo is called a quat by the ſame mode of ſpeech, as a low fellow is now termed in low language a *ſcab*. *To rub to the ſenſe*, is *to rub to the quick*. JOHNSON.

So, in *The Devil's Law-caſe*, 1623: "O young *quat!* incontinence is plagued in all creatures in the world."

Again, in Decker's *Gul's Hornbook*, 1609: "—whether he be a *yong quat* of the firſt yeeres revennew, or ſome auſtere and ſullen-faced ſteward," &c.

Such another thought occurs in Ben Jonſon's *Catiline*:

"——— muſt have their diſgraces ſtill new *rubb'd*,
"To make them ſmart," &c. STEEVENS.

[8] — *my gain*: The quartos read—my *game*. STEEVENS.

Of gold, and jewels, that I bobb'd from him[1],
As gifts to Deſdemona;
It muſt not be: If Caſſio do remain,
He hath a daily beauty in his life,
That makes me ugly; and, beſides, the Moor
May unfold me to him; there ſtand I in much peril:
No, he muſt die:—But ſo, I hear him coming.

Enter CASSIO.

Rod. I know his gait, 'tis he;—Villain, thou dy'ſt.
[*ruſhes from his poſt, and makes a paſs at* Caſſio.

Caſ. That thruſt had been mine enemy indeed,
But that my coat is better than thou think'ſt;
I will make proof of thine.
[*draws, and wounds* Roderigo.

Rod. O, I am ſlain! [*falls.*

[Iago *ruſhes from his poſt, cuts* Caſſio *behind in the leg*[1], *and exit.*

Caſ I am maim'd for ever:—Help, ho! murder! murder! [*falls*

Enter OTHELLO, *at a diſtance.*

Oth. The voice of Caſſio:—Iago keeps his word.

Rod. O, villain that I am!

Oth. Hark! 'tis even ſo.

Caſ. O, help! ho! light! a ſurgeon!

Oth. 'Tis he;—O brave Iago, honeſt, and juſt,
That haſt ſuch noble ſenſe of thy friend's wrong!
Thou teacheſt me,—Minion, your dear lies dead,
And your fate hies apace[2]: Strumpet, I come:
Forth

[1] — *that I* bobb'd *from him,*] That I *fool'd* him out of. A *bob* formerly ſignified a mock, or jeer. Coles renders it in his Dictionary, 1679, by *fanna*, as he does *bobb'd* by *illuſus*.
MALONE.

[1] — *in the leg,*] Iago maims Caſſio in the *leg*, in conſequence of what he has juſt heard him ſay, from which he ſuppoſed that his *body* was defended by ſome ſecret armour.
MALONE.

[2] *And your fate hies apace:*] Thus the firſt quarto. The ſecond quarto and the folio read—And your *unbleſt fate hies.*
STEEVENS.

Forth of my heart [3] thoſe charms, thine eyes, are blotted;
Thy bed, luſt-ſtain'd, ſhall with luſt's blood be ſpotted.
[*Exit* OTHELLO.

Enter LODOVICO, *and* GRATIANO, *at a diſtance.*

Caſ. What, ho! no watch? no paſſage [4]? murder! murder!

Gra. 'Tis ſome miſchance; the cry is very direful.

Caſ. O, help!

Lod. Hark!

Rod. O wretched villain!

Lod. Two or three groans;—it is a heavy night [5]:
Theſe may be counterfeits; let's think't unſafe
To come into the cry, without more help.

Rod. No body come? then ſhall I bleed to death.

Enter

[3] — Forth *of my heart*, &c.] Thus the firſt quarto. The folio reads, *For of*: perhaps the true reading is, For *off*, &c. STEEVENS.

For off is the conjectural reading introduced by the editor of the ſecond folio, and is one of a thouſand proofs of capricious alterations made in that copy, without any regard to the moſt ancient editions. The original reading is undoubtedly the true one. So, in *Mount Tabor, or Private Exerciſes of a penitent Sinner*, 1639: "—whilſt all this was acting, there came *forth of* another door at the fartheſt end of the ſtage, two old men," &c.

Again, as Mr. Henley has obſerved, in *K. Richard III.*

"——! cloath my naked villainy
"With old odd ends, ſtolen *forth of* holy writ."

Again, *ibidem*:

"'Faith, none, but Humphrey Hour, that call'd your grace
"To breakfaſt once, *forth of* my company."
MALONE.

[4] — *no paſſage?*] No paſſenger? no body going by? JOHNSON.

So, in the *Comedy of errors*:

"Now in the ſtirring *paſſage* of the day."
STEEVENS.

[5] — *a heavy night*:] A *thick cloudy* night, in which an ambuſh may be commodiouſly laid. JOHNSON.

So, in *Meaſure for Meaſure*:

"Upon the *heavy* middle of the night."
STEEVENS.

Enter IAGO, *with a light.*

Lod. Hark!

Gra. Here's one comes in his ſhirt, with light and weapons.

Iago. Who's there? whoſe noiſe is this, that cries on murder[6]?

Lod. We do not know.

Iago. Did not you hear a cry?

Caſ. Here, here; for heaven's ſake help me.

Iago. What's the matter?

Gra. This is Othello's ancient, as I take it.

Lod. The ſame, indeed; a very valiant fellow.

Iago. What are you here, that cry ſo grievouſly?

Caſ. Iago? O, I am ſpoil'd, undone by villains!
Give me ſome help.

Iago. O me, lieutenant! what villains have done this?

Caſ. I think, that one of them is hereabout,
And cannot make away.

Iago. O treacherous villains!—
What are you there? come in, and give ſome help,
[*to* Lod. *and* Gra.

Rod. O, help me here!

Caſ. That's one of them.

Iago. O murderous ſlave! O villain! [Iago *ſtabs* Rod.

Rod. O damn'd Iago! O inhuman dog!—O! O! O!

Iago. Kill men i' the dark!—Where be theſe bloody thieves?
How ſilent is this town!—Ho! murder! murder!
What may you be? are you of good, or evil?

Lod. As you ſhall prove us, praiſe us.

Iago. Signior Lodovico?

Lod.

[6] —*whoſe noiſe is this, that cries* on *murder?*] Thus the quarto, 1622, and the folio 1623; and ſuch was the phraſeology of Shakſpeare's age. So, in *Eaſtward Hoe*, a comedy, 1605:

"*Who cries on murder?* lady, was it you?"

This line is a parody on one in *The Spaniſh Tragedy*.—The editor of the ſecond folio, who altered whatever he did not underſtand, for *cries on* ſubſtituted *cries out*, and has been followed by all the modern editors. MALONE.

Lod. He, ſir.
Iago. I cry you mercy; Here's Caſſio hurt by villains.
Gra. Caſſio!
Iago. How is it, brother?
Caſ. My leg is cut in two.
Iago. Marry, heaven forbid!—
Light, gentlemen;—I'll bind it with my ſhirt.

Enter BIANCA.

Bian. What is the matter, ho? who is't that cry'd?
Iago. Who is't that cry'd?
Bian. O my dear Caſſio! my ſweet Caſſio!
O Caſſio! Caſſio! Caſſio!
Iago. O notable ſtrumpet!—Caſſio, may you ſuſpect
Who they ſhould be, that have thus mangled you?
Caſ. No.
Gra. I am ſorry, to find you thus; I have been to ſeek you.
Iago. Lend me a garter[7]: So.—O, for a chair,
To bear him eaſily hence!
Bian. Alas, he faints:—O Caſſio! Caſſio! Caſſio!
Iago. Gentlemen all, I do ſuſpect this traſh
To be a party in this injury*.—
Patience a while, good Caſſio.—Come, come;
Lend me a light.—Know we this face, or no?
Alas! my friend, and my dear countryman,
Roderigo? no:—Yes, ſure;—O heaven! Roderigo.
Gra. What, of Venice?
Iago. Even he, ſir; did you know him?
Gra. Know him? ay.
Iago. Signior Gratiano? I cry you gentle pardon;
Theſe bloody accidents muſt excuſe my manners,
That ſo neglected you.
Gra. I am glad to ſee you.
Iago. How do you, Caſſio?—O, a chair, a chair!
Gra. Roderigo!

[7] *Lend me a garter*, &c.] This ſpeech is omitted in the firſt quarto. STEEVENS.

* *To be a party in this injury.*] Thus the folio. The quarto, 1622, reads—to *bear a part in this.* MALONE.

Iago. He, he, 'tis he:—O, that's well ſaid;—the chair— [*A chair brought in.*
Some good man bear him carefully from hence;
I'll fetch the general's ſurgeon.—For you, miſtreſs, [*to* Bianca.
Save you your labour.—He that lies ſlain here, Caſſio,
Was my dear friend: What malice was between you?

Caſ. None in the world; nor do I know the man.

Iago. [*to* Bian.] What, look you pale?—O, bear him out o' the air.—[Caſſio *and* Rod. *are borne off.*
Stay you, good gentlewoman[8]:—look you pale, miſtreſs?
Do you perceive the gaſtneſs[9] of her eye?—
Nay, if you ſtare[1], we ſhall hear more anon:—
Behold her well; I pray you, look upon her;
Do you ſee, gentlemen? nay, guiltineſs will ſpeak,
Though tongues were out of uſe.

Enter EMILIA.

Emil. 'Las, what's the matter; what's the matter, huſband?

Iago. Caſſio hath here been ſet on in the dark,
By Roderigo, and fellows that are ſcap'd;
He's almoſt ſlain, and Roderigo dead.

Emil. Alas, good gentleman! alas, good Caſſio!

Iago. This is the fruit of whoring.—Pr'ythee, Emilia,
Go know of Caſſio where he ſupp'd to-night[2].—
What

[8] —*good* gentlewoman:] Thus the quarto, 1622. The folio reads—*gentlemen*. That the original is the true reading, may be collected from the ſituation and feelings of the parties on the ſcene. No reaſon can be aſſigned why *Lodovico* and *Gratiano* ſhould immediately quit the ſpot where they now are, before they had heard from Iago further particulars of the attack on Caſſio, merely becauſe Caſſio was borne off: whereas, on the other hand, his miſtreſs, Bianca, who has been officially offering him aſſiſtance, would naturally endeavour to accompany him to his lodgings. MALONE.

[9] —*the* gaſtneſs—] So the folio. The quartos read, *geſtures*. STEEVENS.

[1] *Nay, if you ſtare,*] So the folio. The quartos read, *ſtirre*. STEEVENS.

[2] —*Pr'ythee, Emilia,* Go

What, do you ſhake at that?

Bian. He ſupp'd at my houſe; but I therefore ſhake not.

Iago. O, did he ſo? I charge you, go with me.

Emil. Fie, fie upon thee, ſtrumpet!

Bian. I am no ſtrumpet; but of life as honeſt,
As you that thus abuſe me.

Emil. As I? foh! fie upon thee!

Iago. Kind gentlemen, let's go ſee poor Caſſio dreſs'd:—
Come, miſtreſs, you muſt tell us another tale.—
Emilia, run you to the citadel,
And tell my lord and lady what has happ'd.—
Will you go on, I pray?—This is the night, [*Aſide.*
That either makes me, or fordoes [3] me quite. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.

A Bed-chamber: DESDEMONA *in bed, aſleep. A light, burning.*

Enter OTHELLO.

Oth. It is the cauſe, it is the cauſe, my ſoul,—
Let me not name it [4] to you, you chaſte ſtars!—

Go know of Caſſio where he ſupp'd to night:] In the laſt ſcene of the preceding act Iago informs Roderigo, that Caſſio was to ſup with Bianca; that he would accompany Caſſio to her houſe, and would take care to bring him away from thence between twelve and one. Caſſio too had himſelf informed Iago, in Act IV. ſc. i. that he would ſup with Bianca, and Iago had promiſed to meet him at her houſe. Perhaps, however, here Iago choſe to appear ignorant of this fact, conſcious that he had way-laid Caſſio, and therefore deſirous of being thought ignorant of his motions during the evening. MALONE.

[3] —*or* fordoes *me quite.*] To *fordo* is to undo, to ruin, to deſtroy. STEEVENS.

[4] *It is the cauſe, it is the cauſe, my ſoul,—* *Let*

It is the cauſe.—Yet I'll not ſhed her blood;
Nor ſcar that whiter ſkin of hers than ſnow,
And ſmooth as monumental alabaſter.
[*takes off his ſword.*
Yet ſhe muſt die, elſe ſhe'll betray more men [5].
Put out the light, and then put out the light [6]:

If

Let me not name it—] The abruptneſs of this ſoliloquy makes it obſcure. The meaning, I think, is this: "I am "here (ſays Othello in his mind) overwhelmed with horror. "What is the reaſon of this perturbation? Is it want of re"ſolution to do juſtice? Is it the dread of ſhedding blood? "No; it is not the action that ſhocks me, but *it is the cauſe*, "*it is the cauſe, my ſoul*; *let me not name it to you, ye chaſte* "*ſtars! it is the cauſe.*" JOHNSON.

Othello, full of horror at the cruel action which he is about to perpetrate, ſeems at this inſtant to be ſeeking his juſtification, from repreſenting to himſelf *the cauſe*, i. e. the greatneſs of the provocation he had received. STEEVENS.

Shakſpeare ſeems to have had the following verſe in the fifth chapter of Jeremiah in view: "They overpaſs the deeds of the wicked; they judge not *the cauſe, the cauſe* of the fatherleſs:--ſhall not *my ſoul* be avenged on ſuch as this?" In imitation of this the poet meant, if his interrupted expreſſions were completed, to ſay, "It is the cauſe, the cauſe *of virtue and chaſtity, which* I am going to maintain: my ſoul, *this is the offence thou haſt to avenge:* but let me not name the offence to you, ye chaſte ſtars; it is the cauſe *of chaſtity*, and ſhe muſt die, elſe ſhe'll betray more men. *Juſtice demands it from me.* ANONYMUS.

[5] *Yet ſhe muſt die, elſe ſhe'll betray more men*] This is the ſecond attempt of Othello to juſtify what he has undertaken. Firſt he ſays, *It is the cauſe*, i. e. his own *cauſe*; now he is willing to ſuppoſe himſelf the preventer of ſucceeding miſchief to others. STEEVENS.

[6] *Put out the light, and then put out the light:*] This is one of the paſſages to which I alluded in a note on *As you like it*, in which by a modern regulation our poet's words have obtained a meaning, which in my opinion was not in his thoughts. Mr. Upton was the firſt perſon who introduced the *conceit* in this line, which has been adopted ſince his book appeared, by pointing it thus:

Put out the light, and then—Put out the light! &c.

His explanation is as follows. "*I'll put out the light, and then*—ſtrangle her, he was going to ſay; but this recals a thouſand tender thoughts to his troubled ſoul: he ſtops ſhort; *If I quench*

If I quench thee, thou flaming miniſter,
I can again thy former light reſtore,

I quench the taper, how eaſy is it to reſtore its former light; but O Deſdemona, If I once put out thy light," &c.

On this Dr. Warburton grounded the following note:

"The meaning is, I will put out the light, and *then* proceed to the execution of my purpoſe. But the expreſſion of *putting out the light*, bringing to mind the effects of the extinction of the light of life, he breaks ſhort, and queſtions himſelf about the effects of this metaphorical extinction, introduced by a repetition of his firſt words; as much as to ſay, But hold, let me firſt weigh the reflections which this expreſſion ſo naturally excites."

I entirely agree with Dr. Farmer, that this regulation gives a ſpirit to this paſſage that was not intended. The poet, I think, meant merely to ſay,—"I will now put out the lighted taper which I hold, and then put out the light *of life*;" and this introduces his ſubſequent reflection and compariſon, juſt as aptly, as ſuppoſing the latter words of the line to be uſed in the ſame ſenſe as in the beginning of it, which cannot be done without deſtroying that equivoque and play of words of which Shakſpeare was ſo fond.

There are few images which occur more frequently in his works than this. Thus, in *K. Henry VI.* P. III. the dying Clifford ſays,

"Here *burns* my *candle out*, ay, here it dies."

Again, in *Macbeth*:

"Out, out, brief candle!"

Again, in *K. Henry VIII.*:

"This candle burns not clear; 'tis I muſt ſnuff it;
"Then out it goes."

Again, in his *Rape of Lucrece*:

"Fair torch, burn *out thy light*, and lend it not
"To *darken* her, whoſe *light* excelleth thine!"

Let the words—*put out her light*, ſtand for a moment in the place of—*darken her*, and then the ſentence will run—*Burn out thy light, fair torch, and lend it not to put out her light, whoſe light is more excellent than thine.* In the very ſame ſtrain, ſays Othello, "*let me firſt extinguiſh the light I now hold, and then put out the light* of life. But how different in effect and importance are theſe two acts! The extinguiſhed taper can be lighted again, but the light of life, when once extinguiſhed, can never, alas, be relumined."

The

Should I repent me:—but once put out thy light [6],
Thou cunning'ſt pattern of excelling nature [7],
I know not where is that Promethean heat,
That can thy light relume [8]. When I have pluck'd
thy roſe [9],

I cannot

The queſtion is not, which regulation renders the paſſage moſt elegant and ſpirited, but what was the poet's idea.—I believe, however, that Shakſpeare wrote—and then put out *thy* light; and the reading of the original copy in a ſubſequent line, "but once put out thine," ſeems to me to contenance this emendation.

In *The Merchant of Venice* the word *light* is uſed with equal ambiguity:

"Let me give *light*, but let me not be *light*."

MALONE.

This has been conſidered as a very difficult line. *Fielding* makes *Betterton* and *Booth* diſpute about it with the *author himſelf* in the other world. The punctuation recommended by Dr. Warburton, gives a ſpirit to it which I fear was not intended. It ſeems to have been only a *play upon words*. *To put the light out* was a phraſe for *to kill*. In *The Maid's Tragedy*, Melantius ſays,

"—'Tis a juſtice, and a noble one,
"*To put the light out* of ſuch baſe offenders."

FARMER.

Put out the light. This phraſe is twice uſed in *Sidney's Arcadia*, for killing a lady, p. 460, and 470, edit. 1633.

Again, in an unpubliſhed play, called *The Second Maiden's Tragedy*, by George Chapman, licenſed by Sir George Buc, October 31ſt, 1611, (now in the library of the Marquis of Lanſdown, who honoured me with the uſe of it):

"——. O ſoul of cunning,
"Came that arch ſubtilty from thy lady's counſel,
"Or thine own ſudden craft? confeſs to me
"How oft thou haſt been a bawd to their cloſe actions,
"Or *all thy light goes out*." STEEVENS.

[6] —*put out thy light*,] Thus the folio. The quarto reads—put out *thine*. STEEVENS.

[7] *Thou cunning'ſt pattern of excelling nature*,] So, in *Palmerin D'Oliva*, 1588, P. I. "—thoſe that beheld her, eſteemed her for the chiefeſt piece of workmanſhipp that ever Nature framed." REED.

[8] *That can thy light* relume.] Thus the folio. The quarto 1622, for *relume* has—*return*. The modern editors, following the quarto printed in 1630, read—*relumine*.

Our

I cannot give it vital growth again,
It needs muſt wither :—I'll ſmell it on the tree.—
[*kiſſing her.*
O balmy breath, that doſt almoſt perſuade
Juſtice herſelf to break her ſword!—Once more.—
Be thus when thou art dead, and I will kill thee,
And love thee after :—Once more, and this the laſt:
So ſweet was ne'er ſo fatal. I muſt weep,
But they are cruel tears: This ſorrow's heavenly[1];
It
It ſtrikes, where it doth love.—She wakes—
Deſ. Who's there? Othello?
Oth. Ay, Deſdemona.
Deſ. Will you come to bed, my lord?
Oth. Have you pray'd to-night, Deſdemona?
Deſ. Ay, my lord.
Oth. If you bethink yourſelf of any crime.
Unreconcil'd as yet to heaven and grace,
Solicit for it ſtraight.
Deſ. Alas, my lord, what may you mean by that?
Oth. Well, do it, and be brief; I will walk by:
I would not kill thy unprepared ſpirit;
No,

Our poet has *illume*, for *illuminate*, in *Hamlet*:
" Had made his courſe, to *illume* that part of heaven,
" Where now it burns." MALONE.

[9] —thy *roſe*,] Thus the folio. The quarto reads,—*the* roſe. Again, the quarto reads,
" I'll ſmell *it* on the tree."
The folio,
" I'll ſmell *thee* on the tree." STEEVENS.

[1] —*This ſorrow's heavenly*;] This tenderneſs, with which I lament the puniſhment which juſtice compels me to inflict, is a holy paſſion.

I wiſh theſe two lines could be honeſtly ejected. It is the fate of Shakſpeare to counteract his own pathos.
JOHNSON.

Perhaps the poet would not have retained both theſe images, had he publiſhed the play himſelf, though in the hurry of compoſition he threw them both upon paper. The firſt ſeems adopted from the fabulous hiſtory of the crocodile, the ſecond from a paſſage in the ſcripture. STEEVENS.

" Whom the Lord loveth, he chaſteneth." MASON.

No,—Heaven forefend!—I would not kill thy ſoul[2].
Deſ. Talk you of killing?
Oth. Ay, I do.
Deſ. Then, heaven
Have mercy on me!
Oth. Amen, with all my heart!
Deſ. If you ſay ſo, I hope you will not kill me.
Oth. Humph!
Deſ. And yet I fear you; for you are fatal then,
When your eyes roll ſo: Why I ſhould fear, I know not,
Since guiltineſs I know not; but yet, I feel, I fear.
Oth. Think on thy ſins.
Deſ. They are loves I bear to you.
Oth. Ay, and for that thou dy'ſt.
Deſ. That death's unnatural, that kills for loving[3].
Alas, why gnaw you ſo your nether lip?
Some bloody paſſion ſhakes your very frame:
Theſe are portents; but yet, I hope, I hope,
They do not point on me.
Oth. Peace, and be ſtill!
Deſ. I will ſo: What's the matter?
Oth. That handkerchief, which I ſo lov'd, and gave thee,
Thou gav'ſt to Caſſio.
Deſ. No, by my life and ſoul;
Send for the man, and aſk him.
Oth. Sweet ſoul, take heed,
Take heed of perjury; thou art on thy death-bed.
Deſ. Ay, but not yet to die.
Oth. Yes, preſently;
Therefore confeſs thee freely of thy ſin;

For

[2] *I would not kill thy ſoul.*] Sir *W. D'Avenant* has borrowed this thought in his *Albovine, King of Lombardy*, 1629:

" I am not fraught with devil's ſpleen; I would
" Not hurt *thy ſoul.*" STEEVENS.

[3] *That death's unnatural, that kills for loving.*] This thought is likewiſe found in *The Legend of Orpheus and Eurydice*, a poem, by H. L. 16mo. 1597:

" Unnatural

For to deny each article with oath,
Cannot remove, nor choke, the ſtrong conception
That I do groan withal. Thou art to die.

Deſ. Then, Lord have mercy on me!

Oth. I ſay, amen.

Deſ. And have you mercy too!—I never did
Offend you in my life; never lov'd Caſſio,
But with ſuch general warranty of heaven
As I might love: I never gave him token.

Oth. By heaven, I ſaw my handkerchief in his hand.
O perjur'd woman! thou doſt ſtone my heart,
And mak'ſt me call, what I intend to do,—
A murder, which I thought a ſacrifice [4]:
I ſaw the handkerchief.

Deſ. He found it then;
I never gave it him:—Send for him hither,
And let him confeſs a truth.

Oth. He hath confeſs'd.

Deſ. What, my lord?

Oth. That he hath—us'd thee [5].

"Unnatural, which kill where you ſhould kiſſe."

Again, in our poet's *K. Richard III.*

"It is a quarrel moſt unnatural,
"To be reveng'd on him that loveth thee."

MALONE.

[4] *A murder, which I thought a ſacrifice:*] This line is difficult. *Thou haſt hardened my heart, and makeſt me* kill thee with the rage of a *murderer*, when *I thought to have ſacrificed* thee to juſtice with the calmneſs of a prieſt ſtriking a victim.

It muſt not be omitted, that one of the elder quartos reads, *thou doſt ſtone* thy *heart*; which I ſuſpect to be genuine. The meaning then will be, *thou forceſt me* to diſmiſs thee from the world in the ſtate of the *murdered* without preparation for death, *when I intended* that thy puniſhment ſhould have been *a ſacrifice* atoning for thy crime.

I am glad that I have ended my reviſal of this dreadful ſcene. It is not to be endured. JOHNSON.

Thy heart, is the reading of the original quarto, 1622. MALONE.

[5] *That he hath*—us'd thee.] The quarto, 1622, exhibits this line thus:

That he hath—*uds death.* MALONE.

Deſ. How? unlawfully?

Oth. Ay.

Deſ. He will not ſay ſo.

Oth. No, his mouth is ſtopp'd;
Honeſt Iago hath ta'en order for't [6].

Deſ. My fear interprets then,—What, is he dead?

Oth. Had all his hairs been lives [7], my great revenge
Had ſtomach for them all.

Deſ. Alas! he is betray'd, and I undone.

Oth. Out, ſtrumpet! Weep'ſt thou for him to my face?

Deſ. O, baniſh me, my lord, but kill me not.

Oth. Down, ſtrumpet!

Deſ. Kill me to-morrow, let me live to-night.

Oth. Nay, if you ſtrive,—

Deſ. But half an hour.

Oth. Being done,
There is no pauſe [8].

Deſ.

[6] —*hath* ta'en order *for't.*] i. e. has *taken meaſures.* So, in Holinſhed's Reign of *King John:* "—he *took* ſuch *order* for him, that he was deſpoiled of all his goods and benefices." STEEVENS.

Again, in *Dido Queen of Carthage*, by Marlowe and Naſhe, 1594:

"I will *take order for that* preſently." MALONE.

[7] *Had all his hairs been lives,* —] This thought appears to have been very common, as it occurs frequently in dramatic performances prior to Shakſpeare's *Othello.* So, in *The Devil's Charter*, by Barnaby Barnes, 1607:

"Know, Cæſar, had I now as many lives
"As there are ſtones, or hairs upon my head,
"I would," &c.

Again, in Beaumont and Fletcher's *King and no King*:

"———— but *if all*
"*My hairs were lives*, I would not be engaged
"In ſuch a cauſe" STEEVENS.

King and no King, as appears from Sir Henry Herbert's papers, was produced in 1611. See Vol. I. P. II. *Hiſtorical Account of the Engliſh Stage.* MALONE.

[8] *Being done,*
There is no pauſe.] The firſt quarto omits this ſpeech. STEEVENS.

Def. But while I ſay one prayer.

Oth. It is too late[9]. [*He ſmothers her.*

Emil. [*within.*] My lord, my lord! what ho! my lord, my lord!

Oth. What noiſe is this?—Not dead? not yet quite dead?
I, that am cruel, am yet merciful;
I would not have thee linger in thy pain.—
So, ſo.

Emil. [*within*] What ho! my lord, my lord!

Oth. Who's there?

Emil. [*within*] O, good my lord, I would ſpeak a word with you.

Oth. Yes;—'tis Emilia:—by and by.—She's dead.
'Tis like, ſhe comes to ſpeak of Caſſio's death;
The noiſe was high.—Ha! no more moving?
Still as the grave. Shall ſhe come in? Were't good?
I think, ſhe ſtirs again:—No.—What's the beſt:
If ſhe come in, ſhe'll ſure ſpeak to my wife:—

My

[9] *It is too late.*] After this ſpeech of Othello, the elder quarto adds an invocation from Deſdemona, conſiſting only of the ſacred name thrice repeated. As this muſt be ſuppoſed to have been uttered while ſhe is yet ſtruggling with death, I think an editor may be excuſed from inſerting ſuch a circumſtance of ſupererogatory horror, eſpecially as it is found in but one of the ancient copies. STEEVENS.

This alteration was probably made in conſequence of the ſtatute of the 3d of James I. c. 21. which lays a penalty for the profane uſe of the name of God, &c. in ſtage-plays, enterludes, May-games, &c. TOLLET.

The ſtatute was neceſſary; for not only the ancient moralities, but the plays (thoſe of *Chapman* in particular) abound with the moſt wanton and ſhocking repetitions of a name which never ought to be mentioned in ſuch an irreverend manner on the ſtage. STEEVENS.

The alteration was undoubtedly made by the Maſter of the Revels. MALONE.

My wife! my wife! what wife?—I have no wife[1]:
O inſupportable! O heavy hour!
Methinks, it ſhould be now a huge eclipſe
Of ſun and moon; and that the affrighted globe
Should yawn at alteration.

Emil. [*within.*] I do beſeech you I may ſpeak with you,
O, good my lord!

Oth. I had forgot thee: O, come in, Emilia:—
Soft,—by and by:—Let me the curtains draw.—
Where art thou? What's the matter with thee now?

[*unlocks the door.*

Enter EMILIA.

Emil. O, my good lord, yonder's foul murder done.

Oth. What? now?

Emil. But now, my lord?

Oth. It is the very error of the moon;
She comes more near the earth than ſhe was wont,
And makes men mad.

Emil. Caſſio, my lord, has kill'd a young Venetian,
Call'd—Roderigo.

Oth. Roderigo kill'd!
And Caſſio kill'd?

Emil. No, Caſſio is not kill'd.

Oth. Not Caſſio kill'd? Then murder's out of tune,
And ſweet revenge grows harſh.

Deſ. O, falſely, falſely murder'd[2]!

Emil. Alas! what cry is that?

Oth.

[1] *My wife! my wife! what wife?—I have no wife:*] "Filium unicum adoleſcentulum habeo: ah! quid dixi habere me? imo habui, Chremete." *Ter. Heautont.* STEEVENS.

[2] *O falſely, falſely murder'd*] It cannot be ſuppoſed that a perſon who had been effectually *ſtrangled* or *ſmothered*, could ſpeak

Oth. That! what?
Emil. Out, and alas! that was my lady's voice:—
Help!

ſpeak again; for if the power of breathing returned after the inſtrument of ſuffocation was removed, no act of violence had in reality taken place, by which the concluſion of life could be brought on. But ſuch is the peculiar fate of Deſdemona, that ſhe is ſuppoſed to be ſmothered, revives to acquaint us that *ſhe ſmothered herſelf*, and then dies without any oſtenſible cauſe of death. I am of opinion that ſome theatrical direction has been omitted; and that when Othello ſays,

Not dead? not yet quite dead?
I, that am cruel, am yet merciful;
I would not have thee linger in thy pain:—
So, ſo.

he then ſtabs her, repeating the two laſt words, as he repeats the blow. Thus Virgil:

——*ſic, ſic* juvat ire ſub umbras.

After a repetition of wounds, Deſdemona might ſpeak again, with propriety, and yet very ſoon expire; as ſays Caſſio of Roderigo:

—— even but now he ſpake,
After long ſeeming dead.

The firſt reſolution of Othello was to poiſon her, but from this meaſure he is diſſuaded by the policy of Iago. He is next determined to uſe the poniard; but, his tenderneſs awaking, he cannot bear to deform thoſe beauties which he had ſo often approached with other ſenſations and for different purpoſes. Therefore, ſays he,

—— I'll not ſhed her blood,
Nor ſcar that whiter ſkin of hers than ſnow,
And ſmooth as monumental alabaſter:

And this reſolution we are to imagine he would have kept, but that he was averſe to employing thoſe means again, which had already appeared to be uncertain in their effect.

If this apparent want of a play-houſe direction had occaſioned any abſurdity in the original repreſentation of the play, probably it is glanced at by Ben Jonſon in the *Alchemiſt*, Act V.: "Did'ſt hear a cry, ſaid'ſt thou? Yes, ſir, like unto a man that had been *ſtrangled* an hour, and could not ſpeak."

STEEVENS.

The Alchemiſt was firſt repreſented in the year 1610, and this paſſage is found in the original copy printed in that year.

MALONE.

Help! help, ho! help!—O lady, ſpeak again!
Sweet Deſdemona! O, ſweet miſtreſs, ſpeak!
Def. A guiltleſs death I die.
Emil. O, who hath done
This deed?
Def. Nobody; I myſelf; farewel:
Commend me to my kind lord; O, farewel. [*dies.*
Oth. Why, how ſhould ſhe be murder'd?
Emil. Alas, who knows?
Oth. You heard her ſay herſelf, It was not I.
Emil. She ſaid ſo; I muſt needs report the truth.
Oth. She's, like a liar, gone to burning hell;
'Twas I that kill'd her.
Emil. O, the more angel ſhe,
And you the blacker devil!
Oth. She turn'd to folly, and ſhe was a whore[3].
Emil. Thou doſt belie her, and thou art a devil.
Oth. She was falſe as water[4].
Emil. Thou art raſh as fire, to ſay
That ſhe was falſe; O, ſhe was heavenly true!
Oth. Caſſio did tup her; aſk thy huſband elſe.
O, I were damn'd beneath all depth in hell,
But that I did proceed upon juſt grounds
To this extremity; Thy huſband knew it all.
Emil. My huſband?
Oth. Thy huſband.
Emil. That ſhe was falſe to wedlock?
Oth. Ay, with Caſſio. Nay, had ſhe been true,
If heaven would make me ſuch another world
Of one entire and perfect chryſolite,
I'd not have ſold her for it.
Emil. My huſband?
Oth.

[3] *She turn'd to* folly, *and ſhe was a whore.*] *Folly* ſignifies here, as in the ſacred writings, *depravity of mind.* So, in our author's *Rape of Lucrece*:

"Her ſad behaviour feeds his vulture *folly.*

MALONE.

[4] —*falſe as water.*] As water, that will ſupport no weight, nor keep any impreſſion. JOHNSON.

Oth. Ay, 'twas he that told me firſt [5]:
An honeſt man he is, and hates the ſlime
That ſticks on filthy deeds.
Emil. My huſband?
Oth. What needs this iteration [6], woman?
I ſay, thy huſband.
Emil.[7] O miſtreſs, villainy hath made mocks with love [8]!
My huſband ſay, that ſhe was falſe?
Oth. He, woman;
I ſay, thy huſband; Doſt underſtand the word?
My friend, thy huſband, honeſt, honeſt Iago.
Emil. If he ſay ſo, may his pernicious ſoul
Rot half a grain a day! he lies to the heart;
She was too fond of her moſt filthy bargain.
Oth. Ha!
Emil. Do thy worſt:
This deed of thine is no more worthy heaven,
Than thou waſt worthy her.
Oth. Peace, you were beſt.
Emil. Thou haſt not half the power to do me harm,
As I have to be hurt [9]. O gull! O dolt!

As

[5] —*that told me firſt*;] The folio reads,— that told me *on her* firſt. STEEVENS.

[6] —*iteration*,] The folio reads—*iterance*. STEEVENS.

[7] *Emil.*] The firſt quarto omits this and the following ſpeech. STEEVENS.

[8] —villainy *hath made mocks with love*!] *Villainy* has taken advantage to *play upon* the weakneſs of a violent paſſion. JOHNSON.

I have ſometimes thought that theſe words might mean, that "villainy hath play'd on its object under a pretence of kindneſs." So, in *Macbeth*:

" ——— the ſurfeited grooms
" Do *mock* their charge *with ſnores*."

But in this I have very little confidence. MALONE.

[9] *Thou haſt not half the power to do me harm,*
As I have to be hurt.] She means to ſay, *I have in this cauſe power to endure more than thou haſt power to inflict.* JOHNSON.

This ſentiment is more expanded in *K. Henry VIII.*

" — I am able now, methinks,
" (Out of a fortitude of ſoul I feel,)

As ignorant as dirt! thou haſt done a deed,—
I care not for thy ſword; I'll make thee known,
Though I loſt twenty lives:—Help! help, ho! help!
The Moor has kill'd my miſtreſs; Murder! murder!

Enter MONTANO, GRATIANO, *and* IAGO.

Mon. What is the matter?—How now, general?

Emil. O, are you come, Iago? you have done well,
That men muſt lay their murders on your neck.

Gra. What is the matter?

Emil. Diſprove this villain, if thou be'ſt a man:
He ſays, thou told'ſt him that his wife was falſe;
I know, thou did'ſt not, thou'rt not ſuch a villain;
Speak, for my heart is full.

Iago. I told him what I thought; and told no more
Than what he found himſelf was apt and true.

Emil. But did you ever tell him, ſhe was falſe?

Iago. I did.

Emil. You told a lie; an odious, damned lie;
Upon my ſoul, a lie; a wicked lie:—
She falſe with Caſſio!—Did you ſay, with Caſſio?

Iago. With Caſſio, miſtreſs; Go to, charm your tongue[1].

Emil.

"To endure more miſeries and greater far,
"Than my weak-hearted enemies dare offer."

Again, in *K. Henry VI.* P. II.

"More can I bear than you dare execute."

Of this laſt line there is no trace in the old play on which Shakſpeare formed the Second Part of *K. Henry VI.*

MALONE.

[1] —*charm your tongue.*] By this expreſſion, *Charm your tongue*, the poet means no more than to make Iago ſay, Apply ſome power, ſtrong as *a charm* would be, to your tongue; for nothing leſs can ſtop its volubility. So, in *King Henry VI.* P. II.

"Peace, wilful boy, or I will *charm your tongue*."

So, Ben Jonſon, in *Cynthia's Revels:*

"— *charm* your ſkipping tongue."

Again, in Spenſer's *Faery Queen*, b. 5. c. 9.:

"That well could *charm his tongue*, and time his ſpeech."

Again,

Emil. I will not charm my tongue; I am bound to ſpeak;
My miſtreſs here lies murder'd in her bed[2].
All. O heavens forefend!
Emil. And your reports have ſet the murder on.
Oth. Nay, ſtare not, maſters; it is true, indeed.
Gra. 'Tis a ſtrange truth.
Mon. O monſtrous act!
Emil. Villainy, villainy, villainy!—
I think upon't,—I think,—I ſmell't;—O villainy!
I thought ſo then;—I'll kill myſelf for grief.—
O villainy, villainy!
Iago. What, are you mad? I charge you, get you home.
Emil. Good gentlemen, let me have leave to ſpeak;
'Tis proper I obey him, but not now:—
Perchance, Iago, I will ne'er go home.
Oth. O! O! O! [*hanging over his wife.*
Emil. Nay, lay thee down, and roar;
For thou haſt kill'd the ſweeteſt innocent,
That e'er did lift up eye.
Oth. O, ſhe was foul!— [*riſing.*
I ſcarce did know you, uncle: There lies your niece,
Whoſe breath, indeed, theſe hands have newly ſtopp'd:
I know, this act ſhews horrible and grim.
Gra. Poor Deſdemona! I am glad thy father's dead;
Thy match was mortal to him, and pure grief
Shore his old thread in twain: did he live now,
This ſight would make him do a deſperate turn;
Yea, curſe his better angel from his ſide,

And

Again, in *The Yorkſhire Tragedy*, 1619;

"The ſureſt way to *charm* a woman's tongue,
"Is to break her neck:—a politician did it."

Pliny informs us, that *favete linguis* was the conſtant exclamation before any religious *charm* was applied. From this circumſtance the phraſe, to *charm* a tongue, might have originated. STEEVENS.

[2] *My miſtreſs*, &c.] This line, and the following ſix ſpeeches, are wanting in the firſt quarto. STEEVENS.

And fall to reprobation[3].

Oth. 'Tis pitiful: but yet Iago knows,
That ſhe with Caſſio hath the act of ſhame
A thouſand times committed[4]; Caſſio confeſs'd it:

And

[3] *Yea, curſe* his better angel from his ſide,
And fall to reprobation.] So, in our authour's 144th *Sonnet*:

" —— —— my female evil
" Tempteth *my better angel from my ſide.*"

MALONE.

[4] *A thouſand times committed*;] This is another paſſage which ſeems to ſuppoſe a longer ſpace compriſed in the action of this play than the ſcenes include. JOHNSON.

That ſhe with Caſſio hath the act of ſhame
A thouſand times committed;]

And again:

'Tis not a year or two ſhews us a man.] I am not convinced from theſe paſſages only, that a longer ſpace is compriſed in the action of this play than the ſcenes include.

What Othello mentions in the firſt inſtance, might have paſſed ſtill more often, before they were married, when Caſſio went between them; for ſhe, who could find means to elude the vigilance of her father in reſpect of Othello, might have done ſo in reſpect of Caſſio, when there was time enough for the occurrence ſuppoſed to have happened. A jealous perſon will aggravate all he thinks, or ſpeaks of; and might uſe a *thouſand* for a much leſs number, only to give weight to his cenſure: nor would it have anſwered any purpoſe to have made Othello a little nearer or further off from truth in his calculation. We might apply the poet's own words in *Cymbeline*:

" —ſpare your arithmetic;
" Once, and a million."

The latter is a proverbial expreſſion, and might have been introduced with propriety, had they been married only a day or two. Emilia's reply perhaps was dictated by her own private experience; and ſeems to mean only, " that it is too " ſoon to judge of a huſband's diſpoſition; or that Deſde- " mona muſt not be ſurprized at the diſcovery of Othello's " jealouſy, for it is not even a year or two that will diſplay " all the failings of a man."

Mr. Tollet, however, on this occaſion has produced ſeveral inſtances in ſupport of Dr. Johnſon's opinion; and as I am unable to explain them in favour of my own ſuppoſition, I ſhall lay them before the public.

" Act

And ſhe did gratify his amorous works
With that recognizance and pledge of love
Which I firſt gave her; I ſaw it in his hand;
It was a handkerchief [5], an antique token
My father gave my mother.

Emil.

" Act. III. ſc. iii. Othello ſays:

" What ſenſe had I of her ſtolen hours of luſt?
" I ſaw it not, thought it not, it harm'd not me:
" *I ſlept the next night well*, was free and merry:
" I found not Caſſio's kiſſes on her lips."

" On *Othello's* wedding-night he and Caſſio embarked from Venice, where *Deſdemona* was left under the care of *Iago*. They all meet at Cyprus: and ſince their arrival there, the ſcenes include only one night, the night of the celebration of their nuptials. *Iago* had not then infuſed any jealouſy into *Othello's* mind, nor did he ſuſpect any former intimacy between *Caſſio* and *Deſdemona*, but only thought it " apt, and of great credit that ſhe loved him." What night then was there to intervene between *Caſſio's* kiſſes and *Othello's* ſleeping the next night well? *Iago* has ſaid, " I lay with *Caſſio* lately," which he could not have done, unleſs they had been longer at *Cyprus* than is repreſented in the play; nor could *Caſſio* have kept away, for the ſpace of a whole week, from *Bianca*."

STEEVENS.

[5] *It was a handkerchief*, &c.] Othello tells his wife, Act III. ſc. iv:

—— *that handkerchief*
Did an Ægyptian to my mother give.

And here he ſays:

It was a handkerchief,—
My father gave my mother.

This laſt paſſage has been cenſured as an overſight in the poet; but perhaps it exhibits only a freſh proof of his art. The firſt account of the handkerchief, as given by Othello, was purpoſely oſtentatious, in order to alarm his wife the more. When he mentions it a ſecond time, the truth was ſufficient for his purpoſe.

This circumſtance of the handkerchief is perhaps ridiculed by Ben Jonſon, in his *Poetaſter*: " You ſhall ſee me do *the Moor*; maſter, lend me your *ſcarf*. STEEVENS.

I queſtion whether Othello was written early enough to be ridiculed in the *Poetaſter*. There were many other *Moors* on the ſtage. It is certain at leaſt, that the paſſage,

" —our

Emil. O heaven! O heavenly powers!

Iago. Come, hold your peace.

Emil. 'Twill out, 'twill out:—I hold my peace, sir? no;

No, I will speak as liberal as the air[6];
Let heaven, and men, and devils, let them all,
All, all, cry shame against me, yet I'll speak.

Iago. Be wise, and get you home.

Emil. I will not. [Iago *offers to stab his wife.*

Gra. Fie!
Your sword upon a woman?

Emil. O thou dull Moor! that handkerchief thou speak'st of,
I found by fortune, and did give my husband;
For often, with a solemn earnestness,
(More than, indeed, belong'd to such a trifle,)
He begg'd of me to steal it.

Iago.

"—our new heraldry is *hands*, not *hearts*."
could not be inserted before the middle of the year 1611.
FARMER.

If the allusion in the *Poetaster* (which was printed in 1601) were to *Othello*, it would fix its date much earlier than I conceive it to have been written. But the allusion in the passage quoted, is not to *Othello*, but to an old play called the *Battle of Alcazar*, 1594.—In the *Poetaster*, Pyrgus, who says, "you shall see me do the *Moor*," proceeds in the same scene, and repeats an absurd speech of the Moor in the *Battle of Alcazar*, beginning with this line:

"Where art thou, boy? where is Calipolis?
which ascertains the allusion to be to that play. MALONE.

[6] *No, I will speak as liberal as the* air] The quarto, 1622, reads:

I'll be in speaking liberal as the *air*.
The folio:

No, I will speak as liberal as the *north*.
The text is formed out of the two copies. MALONE.

Liberal, is free, under no controul. This quality of the North-wind is mentioned in *Vittoria Corombona*, &c. 1612:

"And let th' *irregular* North wind sweep her up."
Again, in *Jeronimo*, i. e. the first part of the *Spanish Tragedy*, 1605:

"Now let your bloods be *liberal* as the sea."
STEEVENS.

Iago. Villainous whore!
Emil. She give it Caſſio! no, alas; I found it,
And I did give it my huſband.
Iago. Filth, thou lieſt.
Emil. By heaven, I do not; I do not, gentlemen:
O murd'rous coxcomb! what ſhould ſuch a fool
Do with ſo good a wife?
[Iago *ſtabs* Emilia, *then runs out.*
Oth. Are there no ſtones in heaven,
But what ſerve for the thunder [7]?—Precious villain!
Gra. The woman falls; ſure, he has killed his wife.
Emil. Ay, ay; O, lay me by my miſtreſs' ſide!
Gra. He's gone, but his wife's kill'd.

Mon.

[7] *Are there no ſtones in heaven,*
But what ſerve for the thunder? Othello does not want a thunderbolt for Iago. He only aſks, if there are no leſſer degrees of chaſtiſement more proportioned to the guilt of mortals, ready to drop down on ſuch villains as Iago, though Omnipotence withholds its thunder, as too noble an inſtrument for the puniſhment of crimes like his?

The ſame thought occurs in *The Revenger's Tragedy*, 1607:

" Is there no thunder left? or is't kept up
" In ſtock, for heavier vengeance?"

Shakſpeare might however mean, does heaven reſerve its thunder only to make a noiſe? has it no implements of miſchief to puniſh as well as terrify?

" — quum fulmina torques,
" Nec quicquam horremus? cæcique in nubibus ignes
" Terrificant animos, et inania murmura miſcent?"

STEEVENS.

The meaning, I think, is, Has not Heaven one ſupernumerary bolt, to hurl directly at the head of this atrocious villain? Muſt all the ſtores of its arſenal be reſerved for common and ordinary thunder, which, though ſometimes deſtructive, is in the uſual courſe of nature not ſpecifically pointed at a particular object?

" ——— Magne regnator deûm,
" Tam lentus audis ſcelera? tam lentus vides?
" Ecquando fævâ fulmen emittes manu,
" Si nunc ſerenum eſt?—
" Cur dextra, divûm rector atque hominum, vacat
" Tua, nec triſulcâ mundus ardeſcit face?
" In *hunc tones, hunc figas.*" MALONE.

Mon. 'Tis a notorious villain. Take you this weapon,
Which I have here recover'd from the Moor:
Come, guard the door without; let him not paſs,
But kill him rather; I'll after that ſame villain,
For 'tis a damned ſlave. [*Exeunt* MON. *and* GRA.

Oth. I am not valiant neither,
But every puny whipſter gets my ſword:
But why ſhould honour out-live honeſty?
Let it go all.

Emil. What did thy ſong bode, lady?
Hark, can'ſt thou hear me? I will play the ſwan,
And die in muſick;—*Willow, willow, willow*[8].—
Moor, ſhe was chaſte; ſhe lov'd thee, cruel Moor:
So come my ſoul to bliſs, as I ſpeak true;
So ſpeaking as I think, I die,—I die. [*dies.*

Oth. I have another weapon in this chamber,
It is a ſword of Spain, the ice-brook's temper[9];—
O, here

[8] *And die in muſick*, &c.] This, and the two former lines of the ſpeech, are wanting in the firſt quarto. STEEVENS.

[9] — *the* ice-brook's *temper*;] The quarto, 1622, has *Iſe brookes*, which is only the old ſpelling of *Ice-brooke's* the reading of the folio. Sir William Blackſtone doubts whether *ice-brooks* are uſual in the climate of Spain. How that fact may be, I know not; and I am confident Shakſpeare did not inquire. MALONE.

I believe the old reading changed to *ice-brook* is right. Steel is hardened by being put red hot into very cold water. JOHNSON.

The particular name of the *ice-brook* may be determined by the following paſſages in Martial. It was undoubtedly the *brook* or *rivulet* called *Salo* (now Xalon), near *Bilbilis* in Celtiberia. In this the Spaniards plunged all their ſwords and other weapons while hot from the forge; and to the *icy* qualities of the waters, they were indebted for their ſtubborn temper:

Sævo Bilbilin optimam metallo
Et ferro Plateam ſuo ſonantem,
Quam *fluctu tenui* ſed inquieto
Armorum Salo temperator ambit.

Again:

Quibus remiſſum corpus aſtringes brevi,
Salone qui ferrum *gelat*.

Again

O, here it is:—Uncle, I muſt come forth.

Gra. [*within.*] If thou attempt it, it will coſt thee dear;
Thou haſt no weapon, and perforce muſt ſuffer.

Oth. Look in upon me then, and ſpeak with me,
Or, naked as I am, I will aſſault thee.

Re-enter GRATIANO.

Gra. What is the matter?

Oth. Behold! I have a weapon:
A better never did itſelf ſuſtain
Upon a ſoldier's thigh [1]: I have ſeen the day,
That, with this little arm, and this good ſword,
I have made my way through more impediments
Than twenty times your ſtop:—But, O vain boaſt!
Who can control his fate? 'tis not ſo now.—
Be not afraid, though you do ſee me weapon'd [2]
Here is my journey's end, here is my butt,
And very ſea-mark of my utmoſt ſail.
Do you go back diſmay'd? 'tis a loſt fear;
Man but a ruſh againſt Othello's breaſt,
And he retires;—Where ſhould Othello go?—

Now,

Again:

Pugio, quem curvis ſignat brevis orbita venis,
Stridentem *gelidis* hunc *Salo* tinxit aquis.

Again, in *Juſtin*, l. 44. "Præcipua his quidem ferri materia, ſed aqua ipſa ferro violentior; quippe temperamento ejus ferrum acrius redditur; nec ullum apud eos telum probatur quod non aut in *Bilbili* fluvio aut Chalybe tingatur. Unde etiam Chalybes fluvii hujus finitimi appellati, ferroque cæteris præſtare dicuntur." Theſe parts of Spain have been at all times famous for the temper of their arms. STEEVENS.

[1] *A better never did itſelf ſuſtain*
Upon a ſoldier's thigh:] So, in *The Two Noble Kinſmen*, 1634:

"——————— On his thigh a *ſword*
"Hung by a curious baldrick, when he frowns,
"To ſeal his will by; *better, on my conſcience,*
"*Never was ſoldier's friend*" MALONE.

[2] — *though you do ſee me* weapon'd;] This uncommon participle is uſed by Sidney in his *Arcadia*. MALONE.

Now, how doſt thou look now? O ill-ſtarr'd wench![3]
Pale as thy ſmock! when we ſhall meet at compt,
This look of thine will hurl my ſoul from heaven,
And fiends will ſnatch at it. Cold, cold, my girl?
Even like thy chaſtity.—
O curſed, curſed ſlave!—Whip me, ye devils,
From the poſſeſſion of this heavenly ſight!
Blow me about in winds! roaſt me in ſulphur!
Waſh me in ſteep-down gulfs of liquid fire!—
O Deſdemona! Deſdemona! dead?
Dead? O! O! O!

Enter LODOVICO, MONTANO, CASSIO, *carried in a chair, and Officers, with* IAGO, *priſoner.*

Lod. Where is this raſh and moſt unfortunate man?
Oth. That's he, that was Othello; here I am.
Lod. Where is that viper? bring the villain forth.
Oth. I look down towards his feet[4];—but that's a fable:
If that thou be'ſt a devil, I cannot kill thee.
[Othello *wounds* Iago.
Lod. Wrench his ſword from him.
Iago. I bleed, ſir; but not kill'd.
Oth. I am not ſorry neither; I'd have thee live
For,

[3] —*O ill-ſtarr'd wench!*] This, and the ſix preceding lines, are omitted in the firſt quarto. *Wench* originally ſignified only a young woman. *Caſſandra*, in Whetſtone's *Promos*, &c. 1578, ſays of herſelf,

"O wretched *wench*, where may I firſt complayne?"

Again:

"Therefore, ſweet *wenche*, helpe me to rue my woe."

The word is uſed without any diſhonourable meaning in the Bible. "And a *wench* told him, &c.

And again, by Gawin Douglas, in his verſion of the Æneid;

"—audetque viris concurrere *virgo*"

"This *wenche* ſtoutlye rencounter durſt with men."

STEEVENS.

[4] —*towards his feet*;—] To ſee if, according to the common opinion, his feet be cloven. JOHNSON.

For, in my ſenſe, 'tis happineſs to die [5].
Lod. O thou Othello, that waſt once ſo good,
Fall'n in the practice [6] of a curſed ſlave,
What ſhall be ſaid to thee?
Oth. Why, any thing:
An honourable murderer, if you will;
For nought I did in hate, but all in honour.
Lod. This wretch hath part confeſs'd his villainy:
Did you and he conſent in Caſſio's death?
Oth. Ay.
Caſ. Dear general, I never gave you cauſe [7].
Oth. I do believe it, and I aſk your pardon.
Will you, I pray, demand that demi-devil,
Why he hath thus enſnar'd my ſoul and body?
Iago. Demand me nothing: What you know, you know:
From this time forth I never will ſpeak word.
Lod. What? not to pray?
Gra. Torments will ope your lips.
Oth. Well, thou doſt beſt.
Lod. Sir, you ſhall underſtand what hath been fall'n,
Which, as I think, you know not: Here is a letter,
Found in the pocket of the ſlain Roderigo;
And here, another: the one of them imports
The death of Caſſio to be undertook
By Roderigo,
Oth. O villain!
Caſ. Moſt heatheniſh, and moſt groſs!
Lod. Now here's another diſcontented paper,

[5] *For, in my ſenſe, 'tis happineſs to die.*] The ſame thought has already occurred in *Antony and Cleopatra*:

" ——— 'Tis well thou'rt gone,—
" If it be well to live." STEEVENS.

[6] *—in the practice—*] In the *ſnare*, by the *ſtratagem*. JOHNSON.

[7] *Dear general, I never gave you cauſe.*] Our poet, probably without knowing it, has uſed the words of *The Spaniſh tragedy*, 1605:

" Hieronimo, *I never gave thee cauſe?*" MALONE.

Found in his pocket too; and this, it ſeems,
Roderigo meant to have ſent this damned villain;
But that, belike, Iago in the interim [8]
Came in and ſatisfied him.

Oth. O the pernicious caitiff!—
How came you, Caſſio, by that handkerchief
That was my wife's?

Caſ. I found it in my chamber:
And he himſelf confeſs'd, but even now [*],
That there he dropp'd it, for a ſpecial purpoſe,
Which wrought to his deſire.

Oth. O fool! fool! fool!

Caſ. There is, beſides, in Roderigo's letter,—
How he upbraids Iago, that he made him
Brave me upon the watch; whereon it came
That I was caſt: And even but now he ſpake,
After long ſeeming dead,—Iago hurt him,
Iago ſet him on.

Lod. You muſt forſake this room, and go with us;
Your power and your command is taken off,
And Caſſio rules in Cyprus. For this ſlave,—
If there be any cunning cruelty,
That can torment him much, and hold him long,
It ſhall be his: You ſhall cloſe priſoner reſt,
Till that the nature of your fault be known
To the Venetian ſtate:—Come, bring him away.

Oth. Soft you; a word or too, before you go,
I have done the ſtate ſome ſervice, and they know it;
No more of that:—I pray you, in your letters.
When you ſhall theſe unlucky deeds relate,

Speak

[8] — *in the interim*—] The firſt copy has—in the *nick*. It was, I ſuppoſe, thought upon reviſal, that *nick* was too familiar. JOHNSON.

[*] — *confeſs'd, but even now,*] The quarto, 1622, reads—confeſs'd *it even* now. The folio—confeſs'd *it*, *but* even now. The word *it* was manifeſtly caught by the compoſitor's eye glancing on the ſubſequent line. MALONE.

Speak of me as I am [9]; nothing extenuate,
Nor ſet down aught in malice: then muſt you ſpeak
Of one, that lov'd not wiſely, but too well;
Of one, not eaſily jealous, but, being wrought,
Perplex'd in the extreme; of one, whoſe hand,
Like the baſe Júdean, threw a pearl away
Richer than all his tribe [1]; of one, whoſe ſubdu'd eyes,
Albeit unuſed to the melting mood *,
Drop tears as faſt as the Arabian trees

[9] *Speak of me as I am*;] The firſt quarto reads, *Speak of them as they are*. The preſent reading, which is the reading of the folio, has more force. JOHNSON.

[1] —*of one, whoſe hand,*
Like the baſe Júdean, *threw a pearl away*
Richer than all his tribe;] Thus the folio. The firſt quarto, 1622, reads—*Ind an*. Mr. Theobald therefore is not accurate in the following note, in his account of the old copies. MALONE.

I have reſtored *Judian*, from the elder quarto, as the genuine and more eligible reading. Mr. Pope thinks this was occaſioned probably by the word *tribe* juſt after: I have many reaſons to oppoſe this opinion. In the firſt place, the moſt ignorant Indian, I believe, is ſo far the reverſe of the *dunghill-cock* in the *fable*, as to know the eſtimation of a pearl beyond that of a barley-corn. So that, in that reſpect, the thought itſelf would not be juſt. Then, if our author had deſigned to reflect on the *ignorance* of the Indian without any farther reproach, he would have called him *rude*, and not *baſe*. Again, I am perſuaded, as my friend Mr. Warburton long ago obſerved, the phraſe is not here *literal*, but *metaphorical*; and, by his *pearl*, our author very properly means *a fine woman*. But Mr. Pope objects farther to reading *Judian*, becauſe, to make ſenſe of this, we muſt pre-ſuppoſe ſome particular

* —— *whoſe ſubdu'd* eyes
Albeit unuſed to the melting mood,] So, in our poet's 30th Sonnet:
"Then can I drown *an eye unus'd to flow*."
MALONE.

Their med'cinable gum [2]: ſet you down this:
And ſay, beſides,—that in Aleppo once,

Where

particular ſtory of a Jew alluded to; which is much leſs obvious: but has Shakſpeare never done this, but in this ſingle inſtance? I am ſatisfied, in his *Judian*, he is alluding to Herod; who, in a fit of blind jealouſy, threw away ſuch a jewel of a wife as Mariamne was to him. What can be more parallel in circumſtance, than the conduct of Herod and Othello? Nor was the ſtory ſo little obvious, as Mr. Pope ſeems to imagine: for, in the year 1613, the lady Elizabeth Carew publiſhed a tragedy called MARIAM, *the fair Queen of* JEWRY. I ſhall only add, that our author might write *Judian*, or *Judean*, with the ſame licence and change of accent, as, in his *Anthony and Cleopatra*, he ſhortens the ſecond ſyllable of Euphrates in pronunciation: which was a liberty likewiſe taken by Spenſer, of whom our author was a ſtudious imitator. THEOBALD.

The elder quarto reads *Judian*, and this is certainly right. And by the *Judian* is meant Herod, whoſe uſage to Mariamne is ſo appoſite to the ſpeaker's caſe, that a more proper inſtance could not be thought of. Beſides, he was the ſubject of a tragedy at that time, as appears from the words in *Hamlet*, where an ill player is deſcribed,

" — to out-herod Herod."

The metaphorical term of a *pearl* for a fine woman, is ſo common as ſcarce to need examples. In *Troilus and Creſſida*, a lover ſays of his miſtreſs,

" There ſhe lies a PEARL.

And again,

" Why ſhe is a *pearl*, whoſe price," &c.

WARBURTON.

I cannot join with the learned critics in conceiving this paſſage to refer either to the ignorance of the natives of India, in reſpect of *pearls*, or the well-known ſtory of Herod and Ma-

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[2] *Their* med'cinable *gum*:] Thus the folio. The original quarto, 1622, reads—*medcinal*. I have preferred *the* reading of the folio, becauſe the word occurs again in *Much ado about nothing*:] " — any impediment will be *medicinable* to me." i. e. ſalutary." MALONE.

Where a malignant and a turban'd Turk [3]
Beat a Venetian, and traduc'd the ſtate,

T 5 I took

Mariamne. The poet might juſt as fairly be ſuppoſed to have alluded to that of Jephtha and his daughter.

Othello, in deteſtation of what he had done, ſeems to compare himſelf to another perſon who had thrown away a *thing of value*, with ſome circumſtances of the *meaneſt villainy*, which the epithet *baſe* ſeems to imply in its general ſenſe, tho' it is ſometimes uſed only for *low* or *mean*. The Indian could not properly be termed *baſe* in the former and moſt common ſenſe, whoſe fault was *ignorance*, which brings its own excuſe with it; and the crime of Herod ſurely deſerves a more aggravated diſtinction. For though in every crime, great as well as ſmall, there is a degree of baſeneſs, yet the *furiis agitatus amor* ſuch as contributed to that of Herod, ſeems to aſk a ſtronger word to characterize it; as there was ſpirit at leaſt in what he did, though the ſpirit of a fiend, and the epithet *baſe* would better ſuit with *petty larceny* than *royal guilt*. Beſides, the ſimile appears to me too appoſite almoſt to be uſed on the occaſion, and is little more than bringing the fact into compariſon with itſelf. Each through jealouſy had deſtroyed an innocent wife; circumſtances ſo parallel, as hardly to admit of that variety which we generally find in one alluſion, which is meant to illuſtrate another, and at the ſame time to appear as more than a ſuperfluous ornament. Of a like kind of imperfection, there is an inſtance in Virgil, B. XI. where after Camilla and her attendants have been deſcribed as abſolute Amazons,

" At medias inter cædes exultat Amazon
" Unum exerta latus pugnæ pharetrata Camilla.
" At circum lectæ comites," &c.

we find them, nine lines after, compared to the Amazons themſelves, to Hypolita or Penthefilea, ſurrounded by their companions:

" Quales Threiciæ, cum flumina Thermodoontis
" Pulſant, et pictis bellantur Amazones armis:
" Seu circum Hypoliten, ſeu cum ſe martia curru
" Penthefilea refert."

What

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[3] *Where a malignant and a turban'd Turk*—] I am told that it is immediate death for a Chriſtian to ſtrike a Turk in Aleppo. Othello is boaſting of his own audacity.

ANONYMUS.

I took by the throat the circumcised dog,
And smote him—thus. [*stabs himself.*
Lod.

What is this but bringing a fact into comparison with itself? Neither do I believe the poet intended to make the present simile coincide with all the circumstances of Othello's situation, but merely with the single act of having *basely* (as he himself terms it) destroyed that on which he ought to have set a greater value. As the *pearl* may bear a *literal* as well as a *metaphorical* sense, I would rather choose to take it in the *literal* one, and receive Mr. Pope's rejected explanation, *presupposing some story of a Jew alluded to*, which might be well understood at that time, though now perhaps forgotten, or at least imperfectly remembered. I have read in some book, as ancient as the time of Shakspeare, the following tale; tho' at present, I am unable either to recollect the title of the piece, or the author's name.

A Jew, who had been prisoner for many years in distant parts, brought with him at his return to Venice a great number of pearls, which he offered on the change among the merchants, and (one alone excepted) disposed of them to his satisfaction. On this pearl, which was the largest ever shewn at market, he had fixed an immoderate price, nor could be persuaded to make the least abatement. Many of the magnificos, as well as traders, offered him considerable sums for it, but he was resolute in his first demand. At last, after repeated and unsuccessful applications to individuals, he assembled the merchants of the city, by proclamation, to meet on the Rialto, where he once more exposed it to sale on the former terms, but to no purpose. After having expatiated, for the last time, on the singular beauty and value of it, he threw it suddenly in the sea before them all. Though this anecdote may appear inconsistent with the avarice of a Jew, yet it sufficiently agrees with the spirit so remarkable at all times in the scattered remains of that vindictive nation.

Shakspeare's seeming aversion to the Jews in general, and his constant desire to expose their *avarice* and *baseness* as often as he had an opportunity, may serve to strengthen my supposition; and as that nation, in his time, and since, has not been famous for crimes *daring* and *conspicuous*, but has rather contented itself to thrive by the meaner and more successful arts of *baseness*, there seems to be a particular propriety in the epithet. When Falstaff is justifying himself in *Henry IV.* he adds, "If what I have said be not true, I am a Jew, an Ebrew "Jew," *i. e.* one of the most suspected characters

Lod. O bloody period!
Gra. All, that is ſpoke, is marr'd.

Oth.

characters of the time. The liver of a Jew is an ingredient in the cauldron of Macbeth; and the vigilance for gain, which is deſcribed in Shylock, may afford us reaſon to ſuppoſe the poet was alluding to a ſtory like that already quoted.

Richer than all his tribe, ſeems to point out the Jew again in a mercantile light; and may mean, that *the pearl was richer than all the gems to be found among a ſet of men generally trading in them.* Neither do I recollect that Othello mentions many things, but what he might fairly have been allowed to have had knowledge of in the courſe of his peregrinations. Of this kind are the ſimilies of the Euxine ſea flowing into the Propontick, and the Arabian trees dropping their gums. The reſt of his ſpeeches are more free from mythological and hiſtorical alluſions, than almoſt any to be found in Shakſpeare, for he is never quite clear from them; though in the deſign of this character he ſeems to have meant it for one who had ſpent a greater part of his life in the field, than in the cultivation of any other knowledge than what would be of uſe to him in his military capacity. It ſhould be obſerved, that moſt of the flouriſhes merely ornamental were added after the firſt edition; and this is not the only proof to be met with, that the poet in his alterations ſometimes forgot his original plan.

The Metaphorical term of a pearl for a fine woman, may, for aught I know, be very common; but in the inſtances Dr. Warburton brought to prove it ſo, there are found circumſtances that immediately ſhew a woman to have been meant, So, in *Troilus and Creſſida:*

"HER BED IS INDIA, there SHE lies a *pearl.*
"Why SHE is a *pearl* whoſe price hath launch'd,—"
&c.

In Othello's ſpeech we find no ſuch leading expreſſion; and are therefore at liberty, I think, to take the paſſage in its *literal* meaning.

Either we are partial to diſcoveries which we make for ourſelves, or the ſpirit of controverſy is contagious; for it uſually happens that each poſſeſſor of an ancient copy of our author is led to aſſert the ſuperiority of all ſuch readings as have not been exhibited in the notes, or received into the text of the laſt edition. On this account, our preſent republication (and more eſpecially in the celebrated plays) affords a greater number of theſe diverſities than were ever before obtruded on the

publick.

Oth. I kiſs'd thee, 'ere I kill'd thee;—No way but this, [*falling upon* Deſdem.
Killing myſelf, to die upon a kiſs[4]. [*Dies.*

Caſ. This did I fear, but thought he had no weapon;
For he was great of heart.

Lod. O ſpartan dog[5],
More fell than anguiſh, hunger, or the ſea!
Look on the tragick loading of this bed; [*to* Iago.
This is thy work: the object poiſons ſight;—
Let it be hid.—Gratiano, keep the houſe,
And ſeize upon the fortunes of the Moor,
For they ſucceed to you—To you, lord governor,
Remains the cenſure of this helliſh villain[6];

The

publick. A time however may arrive, when a complete body of variations being printed, our readers may luxuriate in an ample feaſt of *thats* and *whiches*; and thenceforward it may be prophecied, that all will unite in a wiſh that the ſelection had been made by an editor, rather than ſubmitted to their own labour and ſagacity.

To this note ſhould be ſubjoined (as an apology for many others which may not be thought to bring conviction with them) that the true ſenſe of a paſſage has frequently remained undetermined, till repeated experiments have been tried on it; when one commentator, making a proper uſe of the errors of another, has at laſt explained it to univerſal ſatisfaction. When miſtakes have ſuch effects, who would regret having been miſtaken, or be ſorry to prove the means of directing others, by that affinity which a wrong reading or interpretation ſometimes has to the right, though he has not been ſo lucky as to produce at once authorities which could not be queſtioned, or deciſions to which nothing could be added? STEEVENS.

I abide by the old text, "the baſe *Judian*." Shakſpeare ſeems to allude to *Herod* in the play of *Mariamne*:

"I had but one ineſtimable *jewel*—
"Yet I in ſuddaine choler caſt it downe,
"And daſht it all to pieces."— FARMER.

The words quoted by Dr. Warburton from *Hamlet* do not prove what they are adduced for. The *Herod* there alluded to was a character in one of the ancient *Myſteries*.

The laſt paragraph but one in Mr. Steevens's note was added by him in his edition printed in 1778, and relates to that edition.

I once

The time, the place, the torture,—O inforce it!
Myſelf will ſtraight aboard; and, to the ſtate,
This heavy act with heavy heart relate[7]. [*Exeunt.*

I once thought that the accent here given to *Júdean* was a ſtrong objection to this reading; and that the word muſt have been *Judéan* or *Judæan*, (as a derivative from *Judea*) which would not ſuit the metre. But the objection was founded on a miſtake; for derivative words of this kind were thus accented in Shakſpeare's time. Thus, in the *Merry Wives of Windſor*, we have in the old copies "an *Epicurian* raſcal," which aſcertains the pronunciation of that word to have been different formerly from what it is now. The word is thus ſpelt by North alſo in his tranſlation of Plutarch. Again, in *Antony and Cleopatra*:

"Keep his brains fuming, Epicúrean cooks."

So in *Hamlet*, we have the *Némean* lion (which is written in the old copy *Nemian.*)

Thoſe who would adopt the original reading, *Indian*, may urge in its ſupport that the pearl naturally brings the people of the Eaſt to Shakſpeare's mind; the connexion in his time being conſidered ſo ſtrong, that a contemporary author has diſtinguiſhed the inhabitants of *India* by an epithet founded on the circumſtance of their abounding in pearls:

"——where the bright ſun with his neighbour beams
"Doth early light the *pearl'd Indians.*"

Cornelia, a tragedy, by T. Kyd, 1594.

On the other hand, the word *tribe* is ſtrongly in favour of the reading of the text, and I have now no doubt that it is the true one.

Webſter in his *Appius and Virginia* appears to have had this paſſage in his thoughts:

"— Had your lordſhip yeſterday
"Proceeded, as 'twas fit, to a juſt ſentence,
"The apparel and the *jewels* that ſhe wore,
"*More worth than all her tribe*, had then been due
"Unto our client." MALONE.

[4] *Killing myſelf, to die upon a kiſs.*] So, in the Second Part of Marlow's *Tamburlain*, 1590:

"Yet let me kiſſe my lord before I dye,
"And let me dye with kiſſing of my lord.

STEEVENS.

[5] *O Spartan dog!*] The dogs of Spartan race were reckoned among thoſe of the moſt fierce and ſavage kind.

HANMER.

The

The Spartan dogs in our poet's contemplation, were *blood-hounds*. MALONE.

[6] — *To you, lord governor,*
Remains the cenſure of this helliſh villain;] Rymer, who had neither vigour of imagination to make a poet, nor ſtrength of judgment to make a critick, as appears from his *Edgar*, and his *Remarks on Shakſpeare*, had yet juſt enough to play the buffoon and caviller. His criticiſm on the *Poets of the laſt age*, with only a mixture of trite remarks, tranſcribed from the French commentators on *Ariſtotle*, are one continued heap of ignorance and inſolence. Almoſt the only remark on Shakſpeare, which, I think, deſerves an anſwer, is upon Iago's character, which he thus cenſures. *To entertain the audience* (ſays he) *with ſomething new and ſurprizing, againſt common ſenſe and nature, he would paſs upon us a cloſe, diſſembling, falſe, ungrateful raſcal, inſtead of an open-hearted, frank, plain-dealing ſoldier, a character conſtantly worn by them for ſome thouſands of years in the world.* This hath the appearance of ſenſe, being founded on that rule of *Nature* and *Ariſtotle*, that each character ſhould have manners convenient to the age, ſex, and condition.

Ætatis cujuſque notandi ſunt tibi mores, &c.

ſays Horace. But how has our critic applied it? According to this rule it is confeſſed, that a ſoldier ſhould be brave, generous, and a man of honour. This is to be his dramatick character. But either *one* or *more* of any order may be brought in. If only one, then the character of the order takes its denomination from the manners of that *one*. Had therefore the only ſoldier in this play been Iago, the rule had been tranſgreſſed, and Rymer's cenſure well founded. For then this *eternal villain* muſt have given the character of the ſoldiery; which had been unjuſt and unnatural. But if a *number* of the ſame order be repreſented, then the character of the order is taken from the manners of the majority; and this, according to nature and common ſenſe. Now in this play there are many of the order of the ſoldiery; and all, excepting Iago, repreſented as open, generous, and brave. From *theſe* the ſoldier's character is to be taken; and not from Iago, who is brought as an exception to it, unleſs it be unnatural to ſuppoſe there could be an exception; or that a villain ever inſinuated himſelf into that corps. And thus Shakſpeare ſtands clear of this impertinent criticiſm.

WARBURTON.

— *the* cenſure —] i. e. the ſentence. STEEVENS.

[7] *This heavy act with heavy heart relate.*] The beauties of this play impreſs themſelves ſo ſtrongly upon the attention of the reader, that they can draw no aid from critical illuſtration. The fiery openneſs of Othello, magnanimous, artleſs, and

and credulous, boundleſs in his confidence, ardent in his affection, inflexible in his reſolution, and obdurate in his revenge; the cool malignity of Iago, ſilent in his reſentment, ſubtle in his deſigns, and ſtudious at once of his intereſt and his vengeance; the ſoft ſimplicity of Deſdemona, confident of merit, and conſcious of innocence, her artleſs perſeverance in her ſuit, and her ſlowneſs to ſuſpect that ſhe can be ſuſpected, are ſuch proofs of Shakſpeare's ſkill in human nature, as, I ſuppoſe, it is vain to ſeek in any modern writer. The gradual progreſs which Iago makes in the Moor's conviction, and the circumſtances which he employs to inflame him, are ſo artfully natural, that, though it will perhaps not be ſaid of him as he ſays of himſelf, that he is *a man not eaſily jealous*, yet we cannot but pity him, when at laſt we find him *perplexed in the extreme*.

There is always danger, leſt wickedneſs, conjoined with abilities, ſhould ſteal upon eſteem, though it miſſes of approbation; but the character of Iago is ſo conducted, that he is from the firſt ſcene to the laſt hated and deſpiſed.

Even the inferior characters of this play would be very conſpicuous in any other piece, not only for their juſtneſs, but their ſtrength. Caſſio is brave, benevolent, and honeſt, ruined only by his want of ſtubbornneſs to reſiſt an inſidious invitation. Roderigo's ſuſpicious credulity, and impatient ſubmiſſion to the cheats which he ſees practiſed upon him, and which by perſuaſion he ſuffers to be repeated, exhibit a ſtrong picture of a weak mind betrayed by unlawful deſires to a falſe friend; and the virtue of Æmilia is ſuch as we often find, worn looſely, but not caſt off, eaſy to commit ſmall crimes, but quickened and alarmed at atrocious villainies.

The ſcenes from the beginning to the end are buſy, varied by happy interchanges, and regularly promoting the progreſſion of the ſtory; and the narrative in the end, though it tells but what is known already, yet is neceſſary to produce the death of Othello.

Had the ſcene opened in Cyprus, and the preceding incidents been occaſionally related, there had been little wanting to a drama of the moſt exact and ſcrupulous regularity. JOHNSON.

To Dr. Johnſon's admirable and nicely diſcriminative character of *Othello*, it may ſeem unneceſſary to make any addition; yet I cannot forbear to conclude our commentaries on this tranſcendent poet with the fine eulogy which the judicious and learned Lowth has pronounced on him, with

with a particular reference to this tragedy, perhaps the moſt perfect of all his works.

" In his viris [tragediæ Græcæ ſcilicet ſcriptoribus] acceſſio quædam Philoſophiæ erat Poetica facultas: neque ſane quiſquam adhuc Poeſin ad faſtigium ſuum ac culmen evexit, niſi qui prius in intima Philoſophia artis ſuæ fundamenta jecerit.

" Quod ſi quis objiciat, nonnullos in hoc ipſo poeſeos genere excelluiſſe, qui nunquam habiti ſunt Philoſophi, ac ne literis quidem præter cæteros imbuti; ſciat is, mè rem ipſam quærere, non de vulgari opinione aut de verbo laborare: *qui autem tantum ingenio conſecutus eſt, ut naturas hominum, vimque omnem humanitatis, cauſaſque eas, quibus aut incitatur mentis impetus aut retunditur, penitus perſpectas habeat, ejuſque omnes motus oratione non modo explicet, ſed effingat, planeque oculis ſubjiciat; ſed excitet; regat, commoveat, moderetur; eum, et ſi diſciplinarum inſtrumento minus adjutum, eximie tamen eſſe Philoſophum arbitrari.* Quo in genere affectum Zelotypiæ, ejuſque cauſas, adjuncta, progreſſiones, affectus, in una SHAKSPEARI noſtri fabula, copioſius, ſubtilius, accuratius etiam veriuſque pertractari exiſtimo, quam ab omnibus omnium Philoſophorum ſcholis in ſimili argumento eſt unquam diſputatum. MALONE.

THE END OF THE FIFTEENTH VOLUME.